FORGET ME NOT,
A
Christmas
&
New Years
PRESENT
For
1823.

Forget me not

1823

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Robert Taylor
1825

FORGET ME NOT.

1823.

Published by R: Ackermann, *Jan.y 1, 1823.*

MADONNA.

From a painting by Vincenzio de san Gimignano,
in the Dresden Gallery.

Engraved by J. Agar.

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A

CHRISTMAS

AND

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE British Public is here presented with the first attempt to rival the numerous and elegant publications of the Continent, expressly designed to serve as tokens of remembrance, friendship, or affection, at that season of the year which ancient custom has particularly consecrated to the interchange of such memorials. The Publisher flatters himself that as well from the nature of the literary department, in which it has been his aim to unite the agreeable with the useful, as from the execution of the graphic embellishments, this first volume of the FORGET-ME-NOT will be deemed not unworthy of the purpose for which it is intended.

The Plates consist of a highly finished engraving, by AGAR, of a *Madonna*, after GEMIGNANO, on whom the genius of his master Raphael so largely rested, and emblematical representations of the *Twelve Months*, also engraved by AGAR, from designs by BURNEY. These embellishments, to which the names of the artists alone must be a sufficient recommendation, are accompanied with poetical illustrations from the pen of an eminently popular writer. *

In addition to the above-mentioned Plates, there will be found at the beginning of the volume an engraved wreath of the flower, bearing the name selected for the title of this work, with a blank for the purpose of receiving a presentation inscription.

It would be superfluous to enter into any comments on the literary compositions which form the chief portion of this vo-

* The author of the Three *Tours of Dr. Syntax*; the *Dance of Death*; the *Dance of Life*; and the *History of Johnny Quæ Genus*.

lume; they must be left to speak for themselves; but among the documents introduced into the concluding sheets, the Publisher begs leave to direct the Reader's attention to the importent Tables exhibiting the results of the late Census, compiled from the returns of the Population of Great Britain, just printed by order of the House of Commons. For some of the other useful articles of reference in this part of the volume, he professes his obligations to the *Gotha Almanac*, a work of acknowledged accuracy and of high reputation on the Continent.

It is intended that the FORGET-ME-NOT shall be ready for delivery every year, early in November; and the Publisher has no doubt that, in the prosecution of his plan, he shall be enabled, by experience, to introduce improvements into the succeeding volumes, for which he shall neglect no means to secure the contributions of the most eminent writers, both at home and abroad—while his long and extensive connexion with the Arts, and the credit with

which he has acquitted himself in his various undertakings in that line, will, he trusts, be a satisfactory pledge that his best exertions shall not be wanting to give to this Work a decided superiority in regard to its embellishments, over every other existing publication of the kind.

Address.

ANOTHER year is gone and past,
Nor life, nor time, was made to last:
As through the months which are no more,
So through the time now passing o'er,
I said, and say, each fleeting day,
FORGET ME NOT.

While the chill *Winter's* bound in frost,
And Nature's gayest beauty's lost;
While the crackling dry faggots blaze,
And echoing songs the Minstrels raise;
Through day or night, 'mid your delight,
FORGET ME NOT.

When Phœbus calls the blooming *Spring*,
And tells the nightingale to sing;
When other strains, and other measures,
Awake the soul to softer pleasures;
Amid the day, while zephyrs play,
FORGET ME NOT.

When *Summer* bids its bounty yield
The yellow harvests of the field;
When rural sports the heart employ
In many a festival of joy;
Amid those hours, in shady bowers,
FORGET ME NOT.

When *Autumn's* loaded branches shine,
And bursting clusters give their wine;
When the yearly sun grows old,
And heat begins to yield to cold,
While the leaves fall—within the hall
FORGET ME NOT.

Through ev'ry change and chance of time,
In life's first days, in pleasure's prime;
Or, in advancing years, when age
Begins to mark life's closing page;
Through the varying seasons all,
Whate'er my lot, FORGET ME NOT,
And keep my gift, although the gift be small.

JANUARY.

How the rolling seasons vary
Through the Year from January!
When the infant smile awakes
On New Year's gifts and sugared cakes.

January

HAIL, two-fac'd *Janus!* form'd to cast
On the old year for ever past,
The look that pleasure would employ
When fond reflection tells of joy,
That smil'd with its heart-cheering power
On many a fascinating hour;
Or shew'd the frownings that would share
The symbols of afflicting care.—
Thus, as thy two-fold look was hurl'd,
It gave a picture of the world;
For as the flame was seen to rise
Upon thy shrine in sacrifice,
Or when thy doors were seen to close,
Man liv'd in conflict or repose:
That was thy office, which the page
Relates in many a former age,
While *Numa* held th' imperial power
And through the Augustan, classic hour,
To when a Saviour's wond'rous birth
Bade Peace, celestial, beam on earth,

And gave the universal plan
Of Heaven's supreme good-will to man.
—But *Janus*, in these latter days,
New themes may wake the poet's lays,
And Household Play-games may inspire
The tinklings of the humble lyre.
The month, to which thou giv'st a name,*
Will its more homely pleasures claim.
Th' expected New-Year's Gifts are thine;
And while thy glitt'ring altars shine,
Sweet Kings and Queens are made by thee
To aid the joyous revelry;
And many a volume is unroll'd,
In which th' instructive tale is told.

* The name of this month was derived from Janus, the double-faced deity, as it looks both into the Old and the New year.

FEBRUARY.

It freezes hard, my child, come here,
And warm thy perish'd Hands, my dear,
While, on the hearth, fresh faggots raise
Let bellows force the flame to blaze!

February.

THERE was, as has been told, a time,
And we may tell the tale in rhyme,
When custom did this month employ
To heighten matrimonial joy;
We mean that joy, which, in due measure,
To parents yields parental pleasure,
And gives the bosom to possess
A mother's purest happiness:
When, as a chaste and fruitful wife,
She to the smiling babe gives life,
Who may in health and vigour grow,
With nature's best impressions glow;
Nay, by due care, be understood
To gain whate'er is great and good.
Then he may noble service yield
If Mars should arm him for the field;
Or 'mid the senate's walls defend,
As a firm advocate and friend,
The laws that make the crowd obey,
And shield their rights from tyrant sway.

Then as the Pagan ritual rul'd,
And Rome its sacred system school'd,
The more celestial names were given,
Ta'en from the calendar of heaven.
'Twas thus this month was known to claim
The lasting honour of its name
From sov'reign Jove's imperial dame,
Who was ordain'd by his decree
To guard Rome's infant progeny.*

* *Februa*, *Februaca*, or *Fabrualis*, all names of Juno, who was worshipped by the Roman women, to secure the protection of the goddess over their infant and rising children.

MARCH.

The jovial days of feasting past,
Tis pious prudence come at last:
And eager gluttony is taught
To be content with what it ought.

March.

THE merry months are pass'd away,
When song and dance, when sport and play,
By reason hallow'd, offered pleasure
To young and old in sober measure;
But in these days, now hast'ning by,
A truce is made with luxury,
And this dark time, though not so lasting,
Must share its doubtful feasts with fasting.
Such is the checquer'd state of things,
This picture our experience brings,
That good and evil we must bear,
And Lentern times alternate share:
Nor does this well-known truth appear
In bounded current through the year,
Nature displays it as we see,
In all its due variety.
The mountain top the prospect gains,
O'er the wide circumambient plains,
While the deep dale may shelter form
To save us from the coming storm.

Hence, then, we make the alternate stay,
And take reflection on our way,
To make the feast on what is good,
And fast where evil's seen to brood:
Ne'er to withhold our longing sight,
From what we know and feel is right,
And there please wholesome appetite;
But check enjoyment's jovial song,
When'er the sensual taste is wrong.
Where the intemperate passion's blind
To the wise dictates of the mind,
It is but right to seek the rule
By which the warmer passions cool:
In short, while life is doom'd to last,
We may FEAST, and we must FAST.

APRIL.

When early flowers grow fresh and gay.
Let Innocence in best array,
Be led. by fond. maternal care
To seek with Joy. the House of prayer.

April.

Next, April's varying month appears,
With sunny smiles, and show'ry tears,
When pregnant nature gives their birth
To the first fruits of teeming earth,
And does the growing spring prepare
To deck with charms the early year;
Then beckons eager May to come,
And shower around its fragrant bloom.

'Tis now the ravish'd eye may see
The progress of life's progeny;
Soon as the early mind is taught,
First to receive the gift of thought,
When, by right culture, 'tis endued
To feel the sense of what is good,
And asks affection to presage
The virtues of improving age.

Come, then, parental care! and give
The power to make those virtues live,

Which infant reason scarce knows why,
Forms the alternate smile and sigh,
Till reason whispers to explain
Why good gives joy, and evil pain :
While the fair April of the mind,
To its endearing prospects kind,
With kindred hopes that ne'er betray,
Hold forth to view a blooming May.

Improving nature thus proceeds,
From virtuous thoughts to virtuous deeds,
Borne onward by the wings of time,
From earliest years to manhood's prime,
Through the long track of growing age,
Till wisdom crowns the hoary sage.

MAY.

May.

Say, need we make the fond request,
Why *May*, of months, is thought the best?
Is it because all nature's gay,
That flow'rets bloom, and zephyrs play?
Or is it then the passions move,
Or Muses ask to sing of love?
No, 'tis that, dreary winter past,
The spring, enliven'd, breathes at last,
And does in all its glow appear
To give the promise of the year.
This is the month, the laughing time,
When youth, exulting in its prime,
Snatches the hey-days' joyous hour;
Though oft beneath the fragrant flower
Some serpent Vice may seize the heart,
Or to th' incautious mind impart,
In many a tempting form so fair,
What may increase and fester there—
Of *May*, then; thoughtless youth beware!

Now to the Muse it doth belong
To sing the gay but moral song,
To weave the garlands sweet and fair,
That Reason's choice may seek to wear,
Which, not by wanton pleasure, made
Just to adorn the month and fade,
But in their varying forms appear
Throughout each season of the year;
And, as life hastens on its way,
Bid time to snatch an hour, and stay
To think an hour on blooming May.

Still let Remembrance keep in view,
The honour'd name of MONTAGUE.*
She op'd her sumptuous doors to bless
The sooty urchins of distress,
Who, through the year, could call on *May*,
To give them *one* auspicious day,
Which fed them well, and made them gay.

* Mrs. Montague's *May-Day* festival to theChimney Sweepers, in Portman-square, will long be remembered-

JUNE.

June.

From the earliest time 'tis seen,
The love of liberty has been
Of ev'ry age a darling aim,
And hence this month derives its name.*

In every clime, in every race,
The noble principle we trace,
That leads to virtue, and to worth
And calls those genuine feelings forth,
Which forms, in long successive plan,
The noble character of Man.
We see the young ambition wait,
When Freedom opes the cottage gate,
Where humble learning gives the law,
And holds its fearful imps in awe—

* About this season of the year, the young people of Rome, (*Juniores*) were assigned a period of recreation.

This the reward, that gives renown,
From horn-book page to laurel crown.
Thus, as we range the rural green,
The little infant train is seen,
Scatt'ring around in many a ring,
To hear the voice of freedom sing,
In accents of untuneful noise,
The gate unbarr'd for stated joys.

Nor does the ancient page deny,
In ev'ry form, the history
Of freedom, as its records show'r
Bright honours on the boasted hour
Of heroes, who now ride sublime
Upon the outspread wings of time;
And nations who still live in fame,
While freedom smiles upon the name,
And aids the glory of that throne,
On which old England builds her own;
Nay, feels the hope, that it may last
Till many an age is gone and past,
Free from convulsion's furious blast.

JULY.

The cautious Mother carves in vain
To temper the imp to School again.
The path of learning now appears
To be bedecked with flowery flowers.

July.

When freedom's standard was unfurl'd,
And Rome gave law to half the world,
The tyrant struck the alarming blow,
To lay the boasted fabric low;
And as he filled ambition's aim
To this fair month he gave its name.*
O, let it be our hope, our boast,
That freedom's duties ne'er are lost,
But bears its office to restrain,
Not render passing hours vain!
No, 'tis not giv'n to pass away
In listless idleness the day;
But our best virtues to prepare
For gen'rous toil and future care.
We must not use this precious treasure
In idle scenes of empty pleasure!

* Julius Cæsar reformed the Calendar, and this month, in consequence of that change derived its present name from him.

Freedom's the scene when the best powers
Of mortal man employ his hours,
The nobler virtues to extend,
And be of human race the friend:
'Tis that which wisdom's self has sought,
For which so many heroes fought,
And has through ages been the boast,
The darling pride of Britain's coast;
And long be it our pride to tell
We use the heavenly blessing well.

AUGUST.

The Scythe and Sickle stream abroad
With busy fork to form the load
Of Ceres plenty which commands
Industrious Labours smiling hands.

August.

In ev'ry state, in ev'ry age,
So sings the wisdom of the sage,
'Tis labour marks the mortal page:
It is we feel, or more or less,
Our mis'ry and our happiness.
Who will deny it is the one,
When ev'ry active duty's done?
Who will refuse th' applausive meed
To fair and honourable deed?
And who will the bright joy deny,
That springs from virtue's eulogy?
Nor will th' inactive thought refrain
To leave a vacancy for pain,
When some so sleepy dullness low'rs
Around those vacant idle hours,
In which the listless sluggard knows
The yawning mis'ry of repose;
To which fond fashion may decree
The bootless name of *Ennui*.

Think not, howe'er of wealth possest,
And though th' embroider'd sofa's prest ;
Though all is ready to the hand
And the tongue speaks but to command ;
Think not that labour, as it treads
The yellow fields and verdant meads,
May not within itself possess
A more substantial happiness ;
A greater freedom far from pain,
Than fashion's gay, luxurious train,
Who haunt the crowded, sickly throng,
That does the sleepless night prolong ?
They know not, no, in pleasure's dome,
The joys that wait on HARVEST HOME.

SEPTEMBER.

Turn little Sportsman, turn thine eye
To wound the gaudy butterfly;
And thus prepare thy playful aim
For future Years more tempting game.

September.

Life has been call'd a sporting day
That does man's various skill display,
Ever employ'd to take his aim
At life's uncertain, fleeting game.

Ambition tries the upward flight,
Attacks the quarry on its height,
And brings the glitt'ring plumage down,
To make for pride a painted crown.

The man who seeks in wealth to shine,
Pores in the darkness of the mine,
Or lays his trap in ev'ry brake
Where trick or toil may treasure take.
His eager chase is ne'er at rest
While he can load the yawning chest;
Nor does he hope to gain repose
Till that same yawning chest o'erflows.

But valour's eye is seen to choose
A loftier game, his passion views
The laurel wreath, which forms a crown
That tells of honour and renown ;
While his ear hears the trump of fame
That breathes the whistling of a name :
For this the warrior treads the plain,
Wet with the blood of thousands slain ;
He looks to win a nation's praise :—
Such is the labour of his days.

The learned beat about and toil,
Enlighten'd by the midnight oil ;
They rake amid the gloom of ages,
And trace the devious course of sages,
Who, 'mid time's old and fallen ruins,
Have hunted after ancient doings.
But happier, O, far happier they
Who take the calm, retired way,
Who, on the tranquil virtues bent,
Seek that best game, and find CONTENT.

OCTOBER.

See how the blushing clusters shine.
Just gather'd from the yielding vine.
The Time may come, when thy red Lip
May, from the Cup, the Nectar sip.

October.

Now to the gladden'd eye appear
The bounteous fruitage of the year;
And here in higher lustre shine
The purple clusters of the vine,
The vintage harvest, that imparts
Its cheerful joy to human hearts;
Nay, with enliv'ning vigour fraught,
Will elevate the human thought,
Enliven genius with its power,
And change to smiles the sadden'd hour.

O juice benign! feign would I claim
The power to consecrate thy name,
And, in my weak, my feeble verse,
Th' inspiring virtues to rehearse
Of Bacchus' fruits, which bard and sage
Have made a theme in ev'ry age,
Whene'er the jovial glass went round,
And social, temp'rate joys abound.

'Tis not when wholesome evenings pass,
The ruby sparkling in the glass,
That reason ever will controul
The bursts of the enliven'd soul.

Hail then, thou rich, inspiring juice!
Given, in our spirits, to infuse
The gay delight that softens strife,
And may disperse the frowns of life
That will, in spite of reason's power,
Intrude upon the passing hour.
Thus, while we view the cluster'd spoil,
The plenteous autumn's smiling toil,
Let us fair Nature's bounty bless,
Let us our grateful thoughts express,
And make it serve for happiness,
By filling up the glass, to prove
Our zeal for harmony and love!

NOVEMBER.

O'er, in this month the healing beam
Seems its reviving power to gain
The noxious vapours that arise
From fetid damps and misty skies

November.

Is there a blessing above wealth?
This all allow, and that is health:
And, if the well-known proverb's true,
This month bears but a sickly hue,
And of all others in the year,
Does in more threat'ning guise appear.
Is it that fallen leaves infuse
Unwholesome mixture with the dews,
Or that the chimney vapours meet
The hazy moisture of the street;
And Phœbus, on his dim decline,
So seldom bids his rays to shine:
Whether 'tis nature that prepares,
Now Autumn's gone, its fetid airs
The vigour of the mind to shake,
And make the manly spirits quake;—
Howe'er that be, or false or true,
Whether to truth or fancy due,
Reason and duty both combine
To make their off'rings at the shrine,

Where chaste *Hygeia* bears the sway,
And e'en *blue devils* must obey.—
If health then is the greatest blessing,
The best worth mortal man's possessing,
'Tis surely better far to dwell
On high-way side, in humble cell,
Where free from anguish and from pain
The smiling nymph is felt to reign,
Than on the downy couch to lie
With pale-fac'd sickness sitting by;
And 'neath some stately mansion fear,
November's threat'ning dews all hov'ring near.

DECEMBER.

Pub.d by R. Ackermann 1822.

This is the joyous Time when Pleasure
Fills its rolling car with treasure.
And the due Symbols of delight
Break upon th'enraptur'd sight.

December.

Though now 'tis cold and winter drear,
With trees disrob'd of leaves appear;
Though nature's lively mantle's lost
In drizzly rain or chilly frost,
And eddying streamlets cease to flow,
Bound fast in ice,—when showers of snow
Scatter their silv'ry sleet around,
And verdure no more decks the ground,—
Yet Christmas comes and with it brings
The face that smiles, the voice that sings,
While plenty pours its welcome hoard,
And social pleasure crowns the board.
Then blazing hearths, to great and small,
Illuminate the festive hall;
While the brisk dance and lively strain
Bid mirth appear, nor bid in vain.

To *Age* the series now appears
Of many past revolving years:

Youth owns a season of delight
As time proceeds in rapid flight;
And *Childhood* is first taught to know
How the successive seasons flow;
Nay, sturdy labour we may see
Enjoy its days of liberty.

Religion, too, the time employs
In sacred feast and holy joys,
While the all-sacred doctrine's taught
With those benign instructions fraught,
Which teach the human heart to scan
The great, sublime good will to man.
The anthem was of heavenly birth
That sung the strain of peace on earth;
And man would never dare complain,
Did he fulfil th' harmonious strain;
But bid his worldly jarrings cease,
And make his life one scene of peace.

THE

CHURCH-YARD

OF

SCHWYTZ.

I HAD just arrived from the Vierwaldstäd Lake at Schwytz. My soul was yet full of the remarkable objects I had seen—Tell's chapel, and the mead with the three springs rising near the cottage in which dwelt that champion of independence; the broad mirror of the lovely lake bordered with rocks ten thousand feet high; all the beauties of nature and the monuments of olden time. I was lolling in the window of my inn: opposite to me the Mythen towered aloft with its double peak, and its wooden cross pointing to the sky; it reminded me of the melancholy fate of the overwhelmed valley of Goldau, and that the place where I was reposing was every moment liable to a similar calamity. Should this crumbling mass topple from its aërial height, the town of Schwytz

must inevitably perish with every soul that it contains; for it is situated close to the foot of the mountain. The longer I contemplated it, the more the venerable mass seemed to totter; while the cross, planted by a bold hand on its summit, bowed towards the little town, as though to admonish the inhabitants to betake themselves to those devotions befitting the last moments of their existence.

I could bear to look no longer at the tremendous crag which threatens sooner or later to entomb the poor Schwytzers alive, as the people of Goldau were a few years since surprized and buried by its murderous neighbour. I banished as well as I could the idea of the possibility of speedy destruction from my mind; it was just then growing dusk: I commended my soul to Providence, and went out to enjoy the beauty of the evening. The simple sound of the bell of the Dominican nunnery apprized me that the pious sisters were there offering their prayers to him, who keeps the sea in its appointed bounds, and assigns to the starry orbs their courses through the dark firmament; and with tranquil resignation I contemplated the warm golden hues of a brilliant sun-set. Black and silent stood the colossal Rigi in the foreground: on its elevated summit yet glistened the great cross in the reflected rays of the sun, which had already sunk behind the lofty moun-

tain; while its foot was shrouded in vapour and darkness.

With a feeling of inexpressible melancholy, and a longing in my heart after I knew not what, I slowly strolled towards Siti. The Fallenflue to the eastward, and the Schönbuch and Frohnalp to the south, all three enveloped in a mantle of dusky gray, were my guides. But it was not to them that I aspired; they belonged with their hoary heads to heaven, while I was irresistibly attracted to earth.

At the extremity of the long avenue of trees near Siti there is a summer-house. Hence a path that is not much frequented leads eastward to a hermitage, situated in the heart of the forest, where I purposed to pass the night, if I liked the hermit. In early childhood I had read of such hermits, and figured to myself with enthusiasm the peaceful life of a pious anchoret; and now I was going to see one for the first time. I descended the hill through bushes and underwood, and all at once an old man stood before me—it was the hermit himself. He had been performing his evening devotions at the chapel only a few hundred paces distant from his cell, and was returning to his solitary habitation. I greeted him with silent reverence, and he repaid the salutation without speaking. "Reverend father!" said I, "will you permit me to accompany you to your hermitage?"

"What is your business with me?" asked the old man, not in a surly, but yet not in a friendly tone.

"My business with you?—strictly speaking, none," rejoined I frankly, and with a courteous smile: "I come from the North, and have never before seen a hermit; I heard of you, and should like to have some conversation with you. Such men as you are wiser and more pious than we children of the world; ye live for solitude and devotion; your prayers are not disturbed by those excitements to sin, with which we are incessantly beset; and God is nearer to you, because ye are pure, and strangers to vice.—Are you happy here, pious father?"

"Happy?" repeated he slowly, stood still and looked stedfastly at the cross on the summit of the Rigi, yet faintly tinged with the fading radiance of eve. "My son," he again began, after a pause of a few moments, "have you ever seen *one* happy mortal?"

"Certainly, reverend father! I am myself happy, for no guilt oppresses my conscience; I am young and in good health; I have dear relatives and friends at home; I possess a competence; I am now come to visit your beautiful country, where nature is so enchanting, and where God so wonderfully manifests himself in his glory."

"Happy?" once more exclaimed the old man, dubiously shaking his hoary head. "Do you never sympathize in the afflictions of others?"

This question took me by surprise—I was at a loss for a reply.

"My conscience, too," continued the venerable anchoret, is not oppressed by guilt; I too enjoy health; I too have objects that are dear to me, if not at home, yet in the mansions of everlasting peace; I too possess all I need; to me too the admirable works of God afford great delight;—and yet I am not happy; for the distress and the woes of others often sink deeply into my heart; and it is but singly, and now and then, that the weary and heavy laden seek my cell—But you, who live amidst the busy world, have you yet seen no tears shed?—have you yet heard no sighs, no lamentations?—have you never yet felt the pain occasioned by the wish coupled with the inability to afford relief?"

So powerfully was I struck by these words, that I could not raise my eyes to look the speaker in the face.

"Who can relieve all?" replied I, by way of excuse. "A Crœsus himself would be reduced to beggary at last."

"I perceive," said the hermit, "that you don't understand me; and you show how little sympathy you have hitherto felt with your suf-

fering fellow-creatures. Gold does not always relieve. The beggar is frequently—nay invariably—happier than the afflicted in spirit. Comfort, counsel, indulgence, kindness—these are what you owe to your fellow-creatures, and so long as you fail to perform this duty to the utmost of your power, so long I cannot call you happy. Withhold not relief till it is solicited of you; as soon as you know that it is wanted, hasten to afford it, and expect no thanks; you do but your duty, for which you deserve none—but it is this very consciousness of having done one's duty that constitutes the highest happiness of life. God be with you!"

With these words this extraordinary man quitted me, and I had now seen a hermit. He proceeded in silence towards his cell; while I had no other alternative than to pass the night in the open air or to return to Schwytz.

I could scarcely recollect how our conversation had taken so singular a turn, and I felt as if the words of the venerable man had awakened me from agreeable dreams. I directed my pensive steps toward the town, bringing with me a new view of life, but a gloomy and painful one—I was to seek out my afflicted fellow-creature, to offer him my assistance; and not even to expect his thanks in return.

I endeavoured at first to persuade myself that this was the language of an overstrained

ascetic; that such strictness as this might be practised by a recluse in his lonely cell, though not by a man living in the world and liable to a thousand claims—but all my evasions would not do. I felt but too sensibly that the hermit was right; only it seemed to me a very difficult task for a man to come up to his standard.

On the way back to my inn, I passed the church; it stands in the town, on a little eminence, in the centre of the church-yard, where all the graves, according to the pleasing custom prevailing here, are planted with flowers, so that the whole, unlike our dreary cemeteries, disfigured with stones and weeds and briers, resembles a beautiful garden. Millions of pinks and carnations of all colours perfumed the atmosphere. Here and there small basins of hewn stone peered above the flowers, and these contained consecrated water for watering them. I seated myself on the low wall surrounding the church-yard to rest awhile.

Profound stillness reigned all around; the living slumbered in the town, and here at my feet the dead slept beneath their flowers. The hermit's words again recurred to my mind; and the solitude and silence of the tombs rendered it the more susceptible to their impression. I confessed to myself that pleasure had often been my only aim; that there only I had taken

delight, where gaiety had called and mirth had smiled upon me; that I had sought such persons exclusively, who were agreeable to me for their cheerful disposition, their humour, or their wit.—Now, in order to be happy, I was to seek the sufferer! To dry the tear of the mourner was to be my pleasure—to console the afflicted my delight. None, thought I, but a person accustomed to the rigour of a monastic life could impose such a task on the possessor of youth and health and a fondness for social enjoyments.

I rose from my seat undecided whether to follow the precepts of the hermit or my own wayward disposition, intending to walk round the church among the flower-enamelled graves, and then return to my quarters.

Behind the church there is a small chapel. It stood open, and was lighted only by the faint glimmer of one ever-burning lamp. I stepped with one foot across the threshold; but I must confess, it was so dark, so gloomy, and so cold, in the little oratory, that an involuntary awe prevented my farther advance.

I was about to retire when, by the sparing light of the frugal lamp, I perceived a female figure kneeling at the foot of the altar in fervent prayer. My entrance disturbed her; she therefore finished her devotions, bowed to the crucifix, crossed her forehead and breast, and passed me in silence.

It was too dark to discover her features, but it was evident from her gait and manner that she was young. I followed her at a distance. She stopped by a grave, sunk slowly on her knees at the foot of it, and prayed: she then rose, and taking up water in the hollow of her hand from the nearest basin, sprinkled the flowers. I had meanwhile approached, and moved by this simple evening devotion, I asked in a low tone, who was buried there?

"My mother," replied she, weeping, and covering her face with her hands: she then proceeded across the church-yard towards the town.

I could not follow, sensible that it would be more agreeable to the stranger, if I left her to her devotion and her sorrow. Had she chosen to speak to me she would have staid; for she must have inferred from my question that I was desirous to know something more about her.

Of what use then, in this instance, was the anchoret's rigid precept? here would I gladly have dispensed consolation, and my sympathy with the sorrows of the stranger would certainly have alleviated her affliction; but she afforded me no opportunity for the exercise of my philanthropy. I could not run after and force my kindness upon her. O, how just was the observation of the old recluse of the forest: So long as a man has not performed the duty he owes

to his suffering fellow-creatures, so long he cannot be happy! At least I know I was not: I was vexed, and out of humour; but my concern was not wholly free from a feeling of a very different sort.

Dark as it was, I had nevertheless remarked so much dignity, taste and grace, in the contour of the stranger's figure, in her dress, and in her carriage, that I should have been very glad to have exchanged a few more words with her; and yet the only two I had heard her pronounce were sufficient to produce a thorough conviction, that filial affection, piety and innocence, dwelt in her bosom. Those two words—"My mother"—yet resounded in the recesses of my heart; and then the harmony of her voice—I was certain that I should be able, even after the lapse of years, to recognize her by it among thousands.

It would have been an easy matter for me to follow her to see where she lived, and then I might have made farther enquiry; but Schwytz is a very small place; had but a single individual observed me going after her at that late hour, ten to one but the circumstance had been the common town-talk the next day. Still easier would it have been for me to learn her name and every other particular I wished to know, had I but related my little adventure to my landlady. But then she was a very shrewd, sly woman, who would, to a certainty, have

seen farther than I wished she should, and who would at last have made out things which neither I nor the pious church-yard visitant had so much as thought of. I determined therefore to keep my secret locked within my own breast, and reckoned upon the following evening, when I concluded that I should find the stranger again at the grave of her mother. I now knew what my heart had wanted while I was strolling to Siti: I had longed for something, and an obscure feeling told me that I had now found it. The Mythen, which I again contemplated from my window, no longer appeared to be so imminently dangerous; and should the loose mass begin to quake, I would repair to the habitation of the dear girl, and if it buried us both together, why then, methought, death in her company—if die I must—could not be so very terrible.

According to my original plan I should have set out next morning for Zug, but this intention was now relinquished. The day was to me an eternity. I went to see the arsenal, the town-house, the hospital, the seminary, and the cabinet of coins belonging to the chevalier Hedlinger: thus passed the forenoon. After dinner I took a stroll on the Urny, walking like one in a dream, among cottages, and gardens, and orchards; thinking of nothing but evening and the stranger. I was angry at the slow progress

of the sun, which this day seemed as if it would never sink behind the Rigi, and returned to Schwytz a great deal too early. By way of passing the time I sauntered again to Siti, and beyond it towards the forest. My old acquaintance, the hermit, was not there; but on the steps of the chapel who should be seated but the fair stranger!

I had not been able the preceding night to discern a single feature of her face, because it was much too dark—but I could have sworn it was the same figure: for there were not two so elegant and of such ideal perfection, I will not say in Schwytz, but in Switzerland, or even in Europe. She blushed when she perceived me, probably recognizing the disturber of her last night's devotions among the tombs.

"What are you doing here?" said I familiarly; and she modestly replied, that she was waiting for the hermit. Yes, it was she—for the two words she had pronounced were again present to my soul, when I heard the silver tones of her voice. I have seen the most celebrated galleries in the world, but such an angelic face I never yet beheld. That regular oval, that mild lustre of the soft black eye, that smile of love on the rosy cheek; those balmy lips; those rows of snow-white teeth, and that air of modesty and innocence which pervaded the whole—what pencil can pourtray!

The maiden could not be more than sixteen at the utmost, and yet so fully formed was the whole lovely figure, from the silken locks to the neat little foot, that if such damsels only visited the hermit, I would have turned hermit that very day.

The enchanting girl sat on the lowest of the three steps that lead to the chapel: she had some herbs in her lap, from which she was plucking the flowers; these she put into a basket that stood beside her. Upon pretext that I had occasion to wait for the hermit, I seated myself by the basket.

I remember having once seen in the royal gallery at Dresden, a picture by Gemignano, the principal figure in which is a Madonna.* This admirable performance made an impression upon me that will never be erased. In the face of the Virgin Mother the earthly was so intimately combined with the heavenly, that it was difficult to decide whether it partook more of the human or the angelic. I could have fancied that my lovely neighbour had sat for that picture, so close was the resemblance.

The girl must certainly have supposed that I had lost my speech, for since the question with

* Of this beautiful picture, which might be mistaken for the work of Raphael himself, a large print, engraved in a masterly style, in the line manner, by Garavaglia, has been recently published by Messrs. Schenck and Co. of Brunswick. EDITOR.

which I first accosted her, and the assurance that I would wait for the hermit, not a syllable had escaped my lips, so absorbed was I in the contemplation of her charms. Nature, transported with the magnificence of the evening scene, was equally silent: stillness pervaded the whole forest; not a breeze, not a leaf stirred. Whoever speaks much, feels little; and for my part I revelled in an ocean of the most delicious sensations.

At length awaking from my reverie—"How long," said I, "has your mother reposed beneath those flowers which you last night watered?"

"A year, yesterday," replied she in a low voice, while a deep sigh heaved her virgin bosom.

"Is your father living?" asked I, deeply moved by the painful emotion visible in her lovely face. She silently shook her head, held it down lower over her work, and said, after a pause, that she had lost him while an infant.

"Have you no relations—no friends?"

"At Schönenwerth, in the canton of Solothurn—perhaps you may know the convent of St. Clara there—I have an uncle; I have to-day received an answer to a letter which I wrote to him, and came to shew it to the hermit, and to ask his advice, and now he is not at home!"

"And what does your uncle write?"

"He is himself in very indifferent circumstances," answered she, forgetting her own distress—"he has a large family and can scarcely find them bread." She again sighed, and with her hand brushed a tear from her eye.

In these few words she had unintentionally revealed to me her whole situation.

"What will you do then?" enquired I, in a tone of sympathy.

"I don't know," said she sorrowfully, and with difficulty repressing her tears. "The hermit is to tell me what I am to do—and now he is not here!"

"He will tell you to pray and to put your trust in God."

"Ah, Sir, that I have not neglected to do, and I know that the Lord will hear me. Hitherto I have lived upon what my mother left me: it was but little, for she was poor. Now it is all gone, and nobody cares about me: but God is yet my God, and will not suffer me to want. I will begone—only I know not whither."

"And what can you do for a living?" said I, looking at her hands, than which no lady's of the highest rank could be more delicate.

"I can scarcely tell what I can do," replied she, looking somewhat confused, and still smiling: "not much indeed—yet others can live by it: when I am once away I shall find means to

earn a subsistence. Here I have nothing but the ashes of my lamented mother. Two girls from this place have obtained situations a great way off, one at Vienna, the other at Berlin; why should not I hope to be equally fortunate?"

I gazed on the beauteous maiden in silent astonishment: her childlike simplicity and her decided resolution, her determination to go into the world and the high ingenuousness of her innocence, formed a singular contrast. She had not once looked at me during this whole conversation, neither did she make the least scruple to sit with me in the twilight, unseen by human eye, or express the slightest degree of curiosity to know who I was.

At length she rose, shook the stalks of the herbs from her lap, and took up the basket containing the flowers she had been picking, with the intention, as she said, of putting them down before the hermit's habitation. She had gathered the herbs that she might not be idle; and the poor hermit exchanged them in the town for the necessaries of life. She tripped towards his hut, with as much grace as if she had been a pupil of Vestris himself. I had striven with all my might to suppress the flame that raged within my bosom, or at least to conceal from the girl near what a Vesuvius she had been sitting.

I was fearful lest there might be another way

to Schwytz, in which case my lovely neighbour might not come back to me: and there I sat in a suspense as painful as if a kingdom had been at stake. From this anxiety I was relieved on seeing her pour out the flowers on the bench in front of the hermitage, and return towards the chapel. I rose and went a few paces to meet her. While she was gone to the hut, I had taken three louis d'ors out of my purse, and these, as I walked along by her, I dropped unobserved into her basket.

Twice, on our way back to Siti, was I on the point of offering her my arm, and had not the courage; for she gave me a look, as though she would decline it. In the middle of the vast orchard which leads from Siti to Schwytz, she turned off into a more direct road to the town, probably that we might not enter it together. On bidding me good-night, she reached me her snowy hand, which I raised to my lips and kissed with fervour.

"Pray don't, Sir," said she, in a tone of entreaty; "it is not becoming with a poor girl like me."

"Shall I see you again to-morrow?" asked I, at the same time gazing on her black eyes, as stedfastly as though I would have read in the bottom of her soul what were her feelings in regard to me.

"By all means, Sir, if it will give you plea-

sure," answered she, with an unaffected simplicity and kindness, which a city coquette can have no conception of, much less assume.

"I shall think of you all night," said I, laying her right hand on my tumultuously throbbing heart.

"And I of you," replied she, smiling. "You speak so fine that I should never be tired of hearing you. It is already late, and I know not how the time has glided away. Here in the whole town there is not one that I like to talk with so well as you."

"Where shall I see you again, and at what time?"

"The people here," rejoined she familiarly, "are very comical: though we have said nothing but what any body might have heard, yet if one of them knew that we had been alone together, they would all think ill of us. And what have we been talking about but death, and praying, and virtue, and a future state?"

That I had told her in the overflowing of my heart that she looked like an angel, and that there was an ocean of bliss in her soft black eye—about all this the sly creature never said a single syllable.

"Well," I repeated in an urgent tone, "when and where shall I see you?"

"Leave that to chance, Sir," said she, checking my importunity. "If you wish me but half

so well as I wish you, I am sure you will not desire that the people here should think ill of me; and this they infallibly would, if I were to be seen alone with you."

"And how, then, to chance?" asked I, throwing my arm round the enchanting girl; for the idea of parting so soon from the lovely creature operated like a cramp upon all my nerves, which so affected my arm, that it involuntarily encircled and pressed her to my bosom.

"The day after to-morrow I am to leave this place, and then I shall never—never see you more. By right I ought to have set out to-day; but the hope of meeting with you detained me; it urged me to ramble the whole day in the environs of your town; it suggested the walk to the hermitage, and there on the steps of the chapel I actually found you engaged with your healing herbs. Have you none for me, to allay the anguish of this throbbing heart when I think of parting from you, angelic creature?"

A city beauty would have considered this declaration of love as a mere compliment; but the simple Swiss damsel took the words in the true sense in which they were intended and spoken.

"And did you look for me? Did you stay here on my account?" asked the lovely girl, while a sweet smile of flattered self-satisfaction played upon her rosy lips. I then described to

her frankly, and without reserve, the profound impression which the scene of the preceding night, at the grave of her mother, had made upon my heart; the desire which it had excited to become better acquainted with her; and my good fortune in having realized this wish. I acknowledged that I was captivated by her charms and her moral worth, and repeatedly solicited her to grant me her company the following day.

The idea of parting has a peculiar charm for the human mind; but the heart of woman feels the pang of separation more keenly than that of the other sex, for she loves more truly. With an obscure feeling of all this, I therefore told her, that I could stay no longer than over the morrow, hoping that when she saw there was but a single day between us and parting, she would not be able to deny me that. This time I was right in my calculation.

"Must you go so soon as the day after to-morrow?" said she with emotion. "Well, I must see you once more in this life. I will attend you then to-morrow, but we must meet far from this place, and very early, before people are stirring. Will you visit the Engelsstock, or the Ruffiberg, or the Rigi? I will shew you the calcareous Alps, and the Nagelflue mountains; and you shall see things that will make you remember our canton as long as you live."

"Let us go to the Rigi," replied I joyfully,

revelling by anticipation in the felicity of contemplating the magnificence of nature by the side of such a female, from the summit of the giant mountain.

"Be it so," said the roguish girl, "and if you have courage enough I will take you where you shall learn to climb, but you shall be rewarded for your trouble; you shall see fourteen lakes and the Jura, the peaks of the St. Gotthard, the ancient city of Zurich, fourteen cantons, innumerable towns and villages, and high above the clouds, the everlasting show of the majestic Jungfrau.

"But the principal object that I shall see tomorrow, you have forgotten to mention," said I, pressing her hand to my lips.

"The principal object!" asked she, thoughtfully, at the same time stroking my cheek without seeming to be aware of it.

"Yourself, enchanting girl—yourself you have not yet mentioned."

"How can I be worth mentioning, when speaking of that world which you will see from the Rigi. My name is Liesli. You will not find a syllable," added she, smiling, "about the Schwytz girl, Liesli, in any of the books that have been written concerning our beautiful Alpine country; but they all tell you of our mountains and our lakes; every body knows them."

"Liesli, my dear, dear Liesli!"

"Don't you like the name?"

"On the contrary, I could watch all night, look at nothing but you, and say nothing but Liesli. Liesli, my sweet, my lovely Liesli!"

"Good night, sir!" said Liesli, extricating herself somewhat anxiously from my grasp; "it is already dark night, and we must be up early, or else, if the sun gets above us, we shall find climbing rather fatiguing."

Having hastily described the place where we were to meet at four o'clock next morning, she slipped out of my hands like an eel, and away she went.

Long did I stand fixed to the spot gazing after her. I could faintly perceive, at a considerable distance, her white figure under the dark trees, till at length it entirely disappeared. Like one intoxicated, I pronounced her name amid the solemn stillness of night; I extended my longing arms towards her, and whom should I catch in my embrace but—the hermit. I started back some paces in amazement.

"Whence come you?" asked he, in a tone which sounded as if he was not in the best of humours.

"Ah! is it you, reverend father?" rejoined I, recovering myself; "I could not at first tell who it was, for it is so dark here under the trees, that you can scarcely see your hand before you. I am coming from your cell; I wanted to see you."

"I have been from home the whole day," replied he, "was any one else there enquiring for me?"

"Not a soul," answered I—for there was no occasion to let the old man know that I had been meanwhile chatting with Liesli. With what confidence one may tell lies in the dark; it is on this account I suppose that the devil is styled the prince of darkness. The lie glided so smoothly from my lips, that I could not help chuckling within myself.

"I have brought something for you," said the old man, putting into my hand a small paper packet; "but don't open it till you get home; for it is of value, and here you might perhaps drop something out of it. Will you give me a call to-morrow morning?"

"With pleasure," I replied, that he might stay at home and wait for me; otherwise, if he went abroad he might chance to meet me with Liesli. "My thanks for your valuable something I will bring you to-morrow," added I, rather sarcastically; for of what value could be the gift of a poor hermit, for whom Liesli had been just gathering herbs that he might exchange them for victuals! Probably a delicate mode of begging, thought I—a gudgeon thrown out for a salmon.

"Good night then," said he, "and pray late and early that you may not fall into temptation,

and that the evil one may have no power over you. The world is plunged in wickedness; and he who there imagines that he shall enjoy himself on the morrow, is often caught in his own net, and then supposes that it has been placed for him by others.—Farewell!"

With these words he departed, proceeding straight towards his hermitage, while I hastened after the beloved white figure, which, however, I did not see again. Liesli had probably been long in bed, when I arrived at my inn, and called for a light to satisfy my curiosity by examining the valuable present of the poor recluse.

The packet contained neither more nor less than my three louis d'ors. I was petrified with astonishment.

Was the hermit a sorcerer? Was Liesli a phantom?—Were—God forgive the thought!—Were the old hermit, nothing but skin and bone, and the lovely Liesli in all the fullness of a thousand charms, one and the same person!—How came the old man by the money?—What did he mean—for now every one of his words seemed to be pregnant with meaning—by his pointed allusion to people who think to enjoy themselves on the morrow?—If, as I verily believed, the hermit and Liesli were two distinct persons what had they to do with one another?—What business had the old emaciated recluse with the

blooming maiden, and the hermit beyond Siti with the flowery graves at the foot of the Mythen?—Or, could the girl, for heaven knew what reason, personate a hermit.—But no, no, no, this was morally impossible: the hermit was a head taller than Liesli; his eye was hollow and languid, his voice tremulous, his skin wrinkled; all this no mask could imitate, no illusion attain.

Thus did I puzzle my brains and hit upon the most absurd conjectures. To my fevered imagination the most probable seemed to be, that Liesli was a mere apparition—her whole figure was so delicate, so elegant, so ideal; in her eye there was something so celestial; her voice had sounded like that of one speaking to me from heaven; her gait rather resembled the motion of a seraph than the step of a mortal; and her face might have served the painters, in the golden age of the art, as a model for their angels and cherubs. Her body—no, that was purely human—it had all the plumpness of youth and health; and the blood that mantled her cheek poured in a warm and living current from the heart.

I went to bed, but amidst these doubts and perplexities was unable to close my eyes. At length towards morning I fell asleep. On awaking, I found that I had overslept myself, and arrived at the place of rendezvous half an

hour after the time agreed upon. There stood the Rigi; but I saw nothing of Liesli.

Amidst a thousand self-reproaches, doubts, and conjectures of all kinds, I waited a long painful hour. The everlasting Rigi still stood before me, but the young and lovely Liesli came not.

This is a trick of the hermit's, said I to myself, and his words recurred to my mind. Yes indeed, I did expect this day to enjoy myself; and I imagined too, that the old man had spread for me the net in which I was caught, the net of the most inexplicable doubts. The hermit might well prophecy; for the whole contrivance was his own. He, and no other, had disappointed me of the felicity I had promised myself from the excursion to the Rigi in the society of Liesli. There, on its lofty summit, where the rising sun was just tinging the great cross with his first rays; there, so much nearer to heaven, in the presence of God, and before the face of free Switzerland, I would have embraced the girl with chaste affection, and asked her whether she would be mine and share with me joy and sorrow, and, when the Lord should be pleased to call me, deck my grave like her mother's with flowers, and pray for my repose. Such was the resolution I had formed in the night, when, after long puzzling myself, I had acquired the conviction that Liesli was not a supernatural being, but pure flesh and blood. And now the moment, in which I would have

invited all nature to witness the solemn contract, was fled, perhaps irrevocably fled!

Nothing could equal my vexation. Where could I look for Liesli? Where was it likely to find her? Had Liesli been there? Had she concluded from my accidental delay, that I should not come at all? A hundred such questions occurred to me, and I was more and more angry with myself, with my ill-luck, with Liesli, with the hermit, and in short with every thing.

In the first place I resolved to question the hermit, how he had come by the money.—Of course he could have received it from nobody but Liesli—then to make enquiries concerning the girl, and discover, if possible, the nature of their connection; and if I found that he had any influence over her, to acquaint him frankly with my views and determination.

I hastened back to Schwytz, and thence to Siti and the hermitage. The hermit was not at home. I staid the whole day till late at night, without eating or drinking, before the door of his habitation. It was to no purpose. I returned to Schwytz quite out of humour.

All day, at the slightest noise, I had flattered myself with the certainty that Liesli was coming; and a thousand times had I been disappointed. Whoever is acquainted with the pangs of love, and has waited but one hour in his life for the girl of his heart, will be able to estimate

the tediousness of this miserable day. Late in the evening I went into the church-yard to the chapel, in which I had first beheld Liesli, and to the grave of her mother. She was nowhere to be seen. It was a mild delicious summer night; the dews of eve gemmed the flowers on the graves, and their perfume impregnated the whole atmosphere. Not a breath of air was stirring; all around was still and silent, while lightning flashed along the horizon. Ah! that my sweet Liesli would but join me! I figured her to myself reclining on my bosom. The distant lightning was reflected in her eyes; her soft round arm encircled my neck; my heart beat close to hers; from her lips I imbibed life and love—But Liesli came not. I stole sorrowfully home.

The following day was passed in the same miserable manner. To-morrow, said I to myself, I will repair once more to the hermitage, and if I cannot then find its inhabitant, nothing shall prevent me from seeking Liesli herself. In this small place it will not be long before I discover the girl. What I would have said to her on the summit of the Rigi, I can tell her just as well in her humble chamber.

Again I waited the whole day before the door of the hermit; but he never made his appearance. I now considered myself as released from all those duties which, I know not wherefore, I

fancied that I owed the hermit. It had hitherto seemed to me as if he had some authority over Liesli; the girl wanted to ask his advice, and she had given him the money, that he might return it to me. There must, of course, be something between them. Could I but win the old man, Liesli would be mine. Such was my conclusion, and on this account I had waited three days, each of which was an eternity. More I could not require of my forbearance. Had the hermit concealed himself from me, or was he really from home?—What was that to me? I had now done with him. I would go for one moment to the church-yard, and if I did not meet with Liesli there, I would enquire the girl's abode of my landlady, and proceed thither this very day. My patience was now completely exhausted, and I was resolved to remain no longer in suspense.

Liesli was not there. How changeable is man! I now felt quite pleased at not meeting with the girl. On the threefold disappointment of my hopes I founded a sort of right to go to Liesli, and in her apartment, unseen by all the world, a dialogue of this kind might certainly be carried on better than on an elevation of 5876 feet, on the top of the Rigi, on the margin of a perpendicular abyss, which no one could look down without shuddering; and better than here in the public church-yard, where the graves were not exactly adapted for bridal beds.

The hour which I had determined to wait here, the last hour, had expired. I rose from the low wall on which I had been sitting, when, in the dark, I perceived something black advancing between the graves towards me. My blood curdled—the hermit in his cowl stood before me.

"You have been at my cell?" he began, in a voice that sounded as though it issued from a sepulchre.

"Yes, reverend father," I replied, gazing in astonishment at the incomprehensible man. How did he know that I had sought him? Why did he come at the very moment when I was going to seek Liesli? Which way did he come? It was, positively, just as if there was a subterraneous passage from his hermitage to the church-yard! "I have waited for you three days," continued I, "but to no purpose."

"I know it," replied he, mildly. "A herdsman's boy saw you and told me so. You would make enquiry of me concerning the girl you met with on the steps of the chapel. Why should you care about the orphan? But answer me not—truth doth not always proceed from your lips.—You seek the girl, but desist from your search; you will never find her. Her dying mother charged me to watch over the welfare of her child. The morning, on which you had appointed to ascend the Rigi with Liesli, she

went away to her relations. I had informed them of the death of her mother, and it was not till the anniversary of her decease that I received an answer, and money to defray the expences of her journey. The evening that you sought me and found Liesli, I was in the city making the necessary preparations for her departure. When you gave her the three louis d'ors she knew nothing of the matter. It was not till the next morning before day-break that it was communicated to her. As she quickened her steps after quitting you, she heard the money rattle in her basket, and naturally concluding, that none but you could be the donor, she gave it to me, as I just then happened to meet her, to be returned to you. In the art of giving you have yet made but little proficiency."

"Liesli gone!—and whither, reverend father, is she gone? If you be a real friend to the girl, tell me; it will be for her advantage. The intentions of my heart are honourable: I would offer it to the girl, together with my hand and fortune."

"You would?" replied the recluse, somewhat sarcastically. "You have known the girl but a few hours, and you would offer her your whole life? But are you sure that this virtuous maiden, rich as she is in knowledge and in charms, would deem you worthy of her love? Or do you suppose, that every thing in the world is to be purchased with your paltry gold?"

"You seem to have taken a dislike to me, reverend father."

"I cannot like any one," replied he, keenly, "who strives to deceive me with falsehoods. I asked you the other evening, when I met you in the avenue, whether any person besides yourself had been enquiring for me at my cell. 'Not a soul,' was your answer, and not five minutes before, my honest Liesli, who never yet was guilty of a lie, informed me that she had been conversing with you all the evening. I asked you whether you would call on me the next morning. 'With pleasure,' was your reply, though you had agreed with Liesli, as she had just told me, to go with her the same morning to the Rigi. What had I done to you, that you should deceive me and tell me lies? He that lies will steal. Should I not act foolishly, if I were to inform the thief, where I have deposited the treasure committed to my charge?"

The two confounded lies! I was so angry with myself that I could almost have beaten my head against the wall. My greatest triumph would now have been to retaliate on the old man who had played me such a scurvy trick, and robbed me of the happiness of my life, of my Liesli—but I had no opportunity; there was nothing to fasten upon.

"Well," said I at length, bitterly mortified, "if you are so faithful a votary of truth, which

I, too, honour and revere, tell me without reserve how Liesli expressed herself concerning me. With so ardent and so pure a passion as glows in my heart for Liesli, I cannot but be anxious to know what are her sentiments in regard to me."

"You are the girl's first acquaintance: to this circumstance you must ascribe it, if Liesli has allowed you a greater degree of familiarity than was, in fact, becoming."

From this turn of the sly hermit, my vanity inferred that I was not indifferent to the girl.

"Once more," I rejoined, rather more boldly, "cannot you acquaint me with Liesli's place of abode?"

"No," replied he, hastily, and peremptorily.

"Consider," said I, "You will once have to answer for this refusal to the girl, and to your own conscience."

"You value yourself very highly," tauntingly replied the hermit: "you must certainly suppose that Liesli cannot live without you and your money. And, yet at this moment, she is perhaps richer than you—You are still young," added he, after a pause, in a rather milder tone; "Liesli's person has perhaps fascinated you, and allured you into a resolution which you might hereafter repent. If, at a year's end, your sentiments in regard to Liesli be still the same as at this moment, come back to me, and we

will talk farther of the matter." I was considering whether it might not be possible to bring the old man to more reasonable terms, when he took from his cowl a paper, in which he had carefully enveloped an Alpine rose; he delivered it to me. "You have just challenged my conscience," said he, with a smile. "Liesli sends you this as a token of remembrance. The girl plucked the flower on the way to the place where we parted, bedewed it with her tears, and made me promise to deliver it to you. Do you now doubt my conscience?"

"No, no?" cried I, joyfully pressing the flower to my lips. "And now, that you too may have no doubt of my honour, I no longer desire to know where Liesli is; in a year I shall return and demand her at your hands."

"Time will shew," calmly rejoined the recluse, and took leave of me with a request that I would not call again at his cell, as he was going from home, and should be long absent. "But, father!" cried I, "if we should never see each other again! A year is a long time. You are aged and infirm. God may remove you from this world ——."

"In that case apply to the magistracy of this town, to whom my papers will be transferred after my decease; and these will furnish you with farther particulars."

As harsh and rough as he had at first been,

so kindly and cordially did he shake me by the hand at parting. A presentiment that we should never meet again must have pervaded his soul. "God be with thee!" said he, in a benedictory strain. "May he make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee in thy purpose to deserve the maiden's love! Amen, Amen!" Hereupon he pursued the way he had come between the dewy graves, and I never saw him more.

He was gone—Liesli was gone—I was to wait a year, and did not even know who Liesli was. The girl was no longer here, and now any questions I might ask could not injure her reputation. I hastened, therefore, with impatient curiosity to my inn. I first sounded my landlady, who was a talkative woman, concerning the hermit, under the idea, that, as a matter of course, something would be said about Liesli.

She entertained a profound respect for the hermit. All the distressed solicited his advice; he served every one he could with unwearied assiduity; his conduct was pure and exemplary, and his reputation extended far and wide. I caught every word from the lips of the panegyrist, and confessed to myself with shame, that I had harboured a secret suspicion, that the hermit was not to be trusted. To me his cell seemed admirably situated for practising imposition under the cloak of sanctity.

"Is that a relation of his whom I have several times seen at his hermitage?" asked I, and then described Liesli so precisely, that whoever had but once seen her must have recognized my portrait.

"Aye, aye," jocosely replied my hostess; "you had a good mind, I dare say, to turn hermit too—there's a girl for you, indeed! We have many pretty lasses in Schwytz, but not one that comes up to her. You mean Liesli, with the large black eyes, and ——"

"Yes, yes, the same," cried I, interrupting her, transported with joy at having somebody to talk with concerning my beloved Liesli. "But who is this girl?"

"Why that, indeed, nobody can tell exactly. In that dreadful year, 99, when Jellachich, Suwarrow and Massena, Soult and Mortier, were in these parts, there was once warm work—I believe it was on the first of October—in the Multa-valley. About a mile hence is the bridge of Ibach—you probably know it: so far the Russians had pushed forward. General Lecourbe, who had landed at Brunnen, fell upon them in the rear, and put them to flight. Immediately after the action a young and handsome lady was brought in; her husband, an officer of distinction, had fallen, and in the first moment of her anguish for his loss she had attempted to make away with herself. Whether

he had belonged to the French, the Russians, or the Austrians, no human being could ever learn; for the mere mention of her husband was sufficient to drive her quite distracted, so desperately had she loved him. Benevolent people, here in the town, were very kind to the poor creature. She gave lessons in French, Italian, and music, and earned enough to live in a very frugal way. She is said to have been from the environs of Solothurn; but none of her relations took any notice of her while she was here; she had probably offended her family by going with this officer. Half a year afterwards she was delivered of a child, the same pretty Liesli you have seen. The mother brought up the girl in the fear of God, and all of us in the town loved her as our own child. Now her mother is dead, the hermit has procured her a situation; he has taken her along with him, and God bless the maiden, I say, and prosper her all the days of her life!"

I involuntarily pressed the hand of the hostess in return for her prayer for Liesli's future prosperity, and was rejoiced to hear so good a character of the dear girl from such an impartial reporter; but I was still ignorant of what I more particularly desired to know.

When alone in my chamber, I harassed myself with all possible conjectures respecting Liesli's condition and abode. Was it likely that the

hermit would provide thus for the girl, merely out of duty and friendship, and without any selfish motive? I was confident that I was myself capable of rendering any service in the world to this angel, but could not believe the same thing of another. I was jealous, because Liesli had entrusted the direction of her lot to his hands and not to mine. I could feel all my blood rise into my cheeks. I determined to go again, the next morning, to the hermit's, and a loaded pistol clapped to his breast, would no doubt induce him to confess what he had done with the lovely damsel. Simpleton that I was, I had suffered him to treat me like an infant in leading-strings. How the sly old fellow must chuckle! who could tell what designs he might himself have upon Liesli! age is no security against folly. While there was no obstacle to these designs, the girl was left to herself; but the moment he discovers that I am not wholly indifferent to the innocent creature, he tears her from my arms, shuts her up in some subterraneous dungeon about his hermitage, and keeps her concealed there till I am beyond the frontiers of the canton: then I may go whithersoever I please, seek and fret, and worry myself as much as I like—'tis all one to him—he laughs in his sleeve, and Liesli is his—with all the thousand charms that would have bloomed for me alone, had not the hypocritical friar thrust himself between us.

Day had not yet dawned, when I was at the door of the hermitage. I thumped, I knocked, I stormed, and called Liesli by her name—no answer, no sound whatever was to be heard. A cow-boy, disturbed by my incessant noise, came down from his alp, and informed me that the hermit had gone a journey, and, according to the report of all his acquaintance in the neighbouring country, he was likely to be absent for several months.

Liesli was lost to me—that was evident—lost beyond hope, beyond retrieve. I was now disgusted with Switzerland. I had had enough of clambering its mountains and glaciers, of sailing upon its lakes; of bestowing alms on its beggars; of contributing to enrich its innkeepers; I had seen enough of its girls—but, for heaven's sake, not another word about the girls of Switzerland! It was like plunging a dagger into my heart, when in company the conversation turned on the Swiss girls, and any one asked me, how I liked them. Away, away from the country, where the highest earthly felicity presented itself to me, and was so cruelly, so abruptly, dashed from my grasp! And yet, no sooner had I turned my back on its sky-capped mountains, than I felt so powerful an attraction to this region of rocks, that I was several times on the point of turning back. I was sure that Liesli was still among the giant mountains of

her native land, else whence this unaccountable longing that pervaded my bosom?

The idea of re-visiting Switzerland at the expiration of a year was the only one that supported my soul in this severe trial. I figured to myself with exultation the first interview I should then have with his reverence the hermit. I vowed to myself that he should not escape out of my clutches alive, if he had recourse to the slightest subterfuge respecting Liesli.

Meanwhile, I was not a little tormented by the people about me. "A pretty thing indeed!" said they sneeringly, behind my back—"now, after he has seen the world, there is nothing at home good enough for my gentleman. While we, who have never been abroad, can find charms in our own country, which nature has not quite forgotten in the general distribution of her gifts; there he sits moping, and turns up his nose at our humble hills, as if they were the work of moles or pismires. They are no glaciers to be sure; but then, do potatoes grow upon his Swiss ice-crags, as upon our eminences? Why the man himself will be a glacier at last, so cold is he growing to all around him."

I let them talk, and when I wished particularly to enjoy myself, repaired privately to the loftiest of their potatoe-alps, and turning to the distant region where dwelt my Liesli, I implored the zephyrs that played about me, to waft to her my kisses and my wishes.

It wanted just three months till the period, when I intended to call the hermit to a strict account. A powerful obstacle now interposed between this purpose and the probability of its accomplishment. This obstacle presented itself in the shape of an appointment to a situation under government. My friends congratulated, and the mob envied me; while I would have given the document, together with the great seal, and all the calligraphic embellishments, for a trifle, or indeed gratis; for now a journey to Switzerland was out of the question. What would my superiors say, if, only three months after my appointment, I were to apply for leave of absence; and yet I could not totally abandon the bold idea. Love renders all things possible: I thought of frankly informing the head of the department, that it was my intention to enter into the state of holy matrimony, and to solicit permission to fetch my wife home from her native country. But—in case I should not find Liesli, and I were to return home without a wife, what could he suppose, but that I had met with a rebuff. Might not this injure me in his estimation, and in that of all my acquaintance? or, could I enter into my story of Liesli and the hermit with a man of business, buried among official papers, and a total stranger to love affairs? I had, nevertheless, made up my mind to pursue the latter course, when, quite unex-

pectedly, I was charged with a mission to St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg and Switzerland! only a couple of thousand miles distant from one another! If I went to St. Petersburg, I should lose Liesli; for the hermit, in case I staid away, must consider my confession as the result of youthful ebullition, and naturally conclude that I had forgotten his ward. Meanwhile twenty suitors, aye, and perhaps twenty to that, might have preferred claims to Liesli's heart; and as she knew nothing of my love, how could I be angry with her, if she gave her hand to another?

If I went to Switzerland, I must previously demand my dismission and relinquish all my prospects; for, situated as I was in regard to my office, I had no excuse whatever for declining the mission to Russia. It was besides so honourable, and opened to me the expectation of so desirable a post, that it would be derogatory to my interest and reputation to refuse it.

That I might not, however, sacrifice the happiness of my life, the hand of my Liesli, to my official duties, I devised, in my anxiety, a desperate expedient. Laugh not, ye happy mortals, who know that the girls of your hearts reside round the next corner, at my simplicity. I wrote, namely, to my landlady at Schwytz, made her my confidante, and related to her my whole adventure with Liesli and the hermit,

begging her to give the inclosure to the former, if she should be in that town; on the other hand, if she did not know Liesli's place of abode, I desired her to deliver it to the hermit, to be opened by him, and forwarded to Liesli. In this inclosure I had, in a few affectionate words, offered her my hand as a pledge of my everlasting love.

I sealed the letter, put it into the post, admired the dexterity with which I had managed the business, and set out, somewhat more composed, for St. Petersburg.

On the day of the nuptials of the Grand-duke Nicolai Pawlowitsch with the Grand-duchess Alexandra Feodorowna, I had attended all the solemnities and festivities from the marriage ceremony to the ball in the hall of St. George. Before the conclusion of the ball, the emperor and empress proceeded to the palace of the young and amiable pair, who soon followed, together with the empress-mother, and the nobility and gentry of both sexes in their splendid ball-dresses. It was one of the most magnificent processions I ever witnessed. The brilliantly illuminated streets were thronged with people; the concourse of inquisitive spectators, many of whom, out of pure loyalty, had drunk a cup too much to the health of the new-married couple, was beyond description. At the moment when the court was passing, the huzzas, the plaudits,

and the pressure, rose to the highest pitch. The police-officers, who were keeping order, commanded the people to make room, and this completed the confusion. There was nothing but screaming and shoving one against another; first of all a fat quass-woman was thrown into my arms; then a Finlander trod on my toes; a tall Polish nobleman lay on my shoulders; while a droschka-driver on one side, and a little Samoyede-looking chambermaid on the other, thrust their elbows into my ribs and hips. In this truly painful situation, a fresh wave of this tempestuous human ocean threw a young lady on my bosom. It was Liesli! another succeeded, and away she was driven again. Like a madman I thrust aside the quass-woman, the Finlander, the Pole, the droschka-man, and the Samoyede; but all five stuck to me like burs, and instead of the wearer, I caught only her shawl. I cried: "Liesli! Liesli!" but the angel was gone; and a couple of sledge-drivers, a female Grusian peasant, a Tschuwash, three Wogules, besides I know not how many Karakalpacs, Buraits, Mordwines, Barabinzes, Tunguses, and Tschetschenzes, were wedged into so compact a mass, both before and behind me, that I could neither see nor hear any thing more of Liesli. I thanked God that I had at least been able to secure her shawl. A Calmuck near me, who had seen how I obtained possession of the

prize, archly cocked his eye and grinned, in token of his high commendation of what he conceived to be a successful piece of knavery. A Frenchman, slippery as an eel, wound through all the Yakutes, Wotyaiks, Teleutes, Yukagires, and people belonging to I know not how many more Russian tribes, and broadly hinted, that if I would take a reasonable price, he would buy the old thing unseen. When I affected not to hear what he said, the scoundrel muttered, that the police officers were close at hand, and would know how to proceed with fellows who were so ready to save ladies the trouble of carrying home their shawls.

I profited by the hint. What indeed had I to do here? Liesli would not come back again I was sure—and where was I to look for her among a crowd of a quarter of a million of people, and in the middle of the night too! I had the luck to escape the Frenchman and the police, but not to meet again with Liesli.

Tired to death, I reached my lodgings. My landlord's family, who had been that evening among the spectators, had just arrived. I showed them my shawl, pretending I had found it. Mother and daughters turned up their eyes in amaze: they unanimously estimated the value of my prize at a thousand ducats. I was staggered: and the more they admired the genuine Turkish texture, and the fine quality

and the taste, and the softness, and the colours, the more dejected I grew, since in this case the female, whom the tribes of Russia had thrown upon my bosom, was not my Liesli; for how could my poor dear girl, who a year ago was in so forlorn a situation, become possessed of such a superb piece of finery? or, rather, what should bring Liesli to St. Petersburg?

I could scarcely close my eyes the whole night. Sometimes I was quite confident that it was Liesli herself whom I had seen—at others, I hoped that I was mistaken; for if it were Liesli, she was either the wife of some wealthy man, or she had learned to degrade her heavenly charms by the odious arts———But no, no, perish the unfinished thought! it is not possible; so low the girl cannot have sunk, who, a year ago, prayed with such childlike piety at the grave of her mother.

The first thing I did next morning was to repair to a newspaper-office, with the intention of advertising the shawl, and informing the owner how she might recover it, on producing satisfactory evidence of its being her property. In this manner the mystery could not fail to be elucidated, for I had made up my mind not to deliver the shawl to any human being but the lady from whose neck I had snatched it.

The mystery was, alas! but too speedily solved. I had been egregiously mistaken. No

sooner had the clerk read my advertisement, than he told me, with great glee, that a servant of Count Barczikoff's had just left an advertisement, in which the shawl was accurately described, and offering a gratuity of two hundred rubles to the finder, on its being restored to the owner. It was the very same. Of course the article which I had so honestly stolen, belonged not to my Swiss girl, but to a Countess Barczikoff. The Count's address was explicitly given—in the Newski Perspective, near the Casan-church. Thither I drove, in not the best of humours.

From the magnificence of the mansion, and the costly and tasteful furniture in all the apartments, it was fair to infer, that the owner's wife or daughter could afford to wear a shawl worth a thousand ducats. I mentioned my errand to the servant who conducted me, and anticipated the mingled pain and pleasure of beholding the image of my Liesli. In anxious suspense I fixed my eyes on the door, at which the mistress of my prize was to make her appearance. At length the door opened—and Liesli herself stood before me.

She knew me at the first glance: surprise crimsoned her whole face, and a cry of joy expressed the welcome of her heart. I forgot Petersburg and Russia; I was again in Schwytz. I thought not of the Countess Barczikoff; I

saw only my Liesli, my sweet, my lovely Liesli, before me. Each asked the other a thousand questions in a breath, and it was more than half an hour, before we could sufficiently compose ourselves to relate to one another the events of the past year.

Liesli's father, the only son of Count Barczikoff, had fallen in the action at the bridge of Ibach. The Count had highly disapproved his son's marriage with a young lady of respectable family, but no fortune, in the environs of Solothurn; and had therefore never acknowledged Liesli's mother as his daughter-in-law. After her decease, the hermit, who had been made accurately acquainted with Liesli's family-connections by her mother, wrote to the old Count, who, being so much farther advanced in years, of course so much nearer the grave, and therefore appreciating more justly the paltry prejudices of rank, resolved to send for Liesli, and to acknowledge her as his grand-daughter, and sole heir to his very considerable property. The hermit had not—for that was his way—said a word to Liesli on the matter. At two o'clock the same morning when she was to have gone with me to the Rigi, he had called her up and told her, that she must go along with him. Liesli frankly confessed, that she had agreed to spend the day with me; on which he grew extremely angry. Here my pretty Countess

skipped the story of the three louis d'ors, which, together with the falsehoods I had told the hermit the preceding night, had probably incensed the latter against me, and I felt no call to recur to the subject—in short, he was angry, and bade her relinquish all thoughts of the excursion to the Rigi, intimating that, as the guardian appointed by her mother, he had a right, and it was his duty, to insist on implicit obedience. From the next station he accompanied her to Zurich, and at the inn there he consigned her to the care of a young lady who was going as governess to Russia. It was not till then that he had communicated to Liesli the change in her condition, saluted her as Countess Barczikoff, and informed her, that her grandfather was anxiously expecting her. A carriage, travelling apparel, and attendants, had been all provided by the hermit, by means of an order from the old Count on a banker of Zurich; and in an hour he handed the girl, who was scarcely recovered from her surprise at her altered fortunes, into the carriage. "And from that moment," said I, interrupting her narrative, "the Rigi, and its prospects, and your unfortunate friend, were forgotten."

"Ah no, no!" rejoined the lovely maiden, with the same Swiss bluntness and natural frankness as ever; "after I was in the carriage, I begged the hermit—did he not execute my

commission?" "The rose!" cried I, guessing what she meant. "O yes, I have it, and preserve it as a most sacred relic. But was he to have done any thing else?" asked I with vehemence.

She was confused and hesitated, while I became the more urgent. At length, with downcast eyes, and faltering voice, she said: "I perceived that the old man was rather prepossessed against you, and therefore begged him not to scold you; and I made him promise, when he saw you, to inform you where I was—and to write me word—whether he had spoken to you."

These last words she could scarcely bring across her lips; a deep crimson glowed on her cheeks. I felt that I had attained the summit of my boldest hopes. "Has the hermit written?" asked I. She nodded an affirmative. "Has he written every thing?"—The Countess looked up at me with a smile of inexpressible kindness and the sweetest confusion in her languishing eye. I sunk at the feet of the angel. "A year," said I, "the term fixed by the hermit, is expired. You alone, my adored girl, have swayed this heart. Let me now know my fate!"

Lisinka wept; she begged me to rise, and in a grave and solemn tone thus addressed me:—"My beloved friend, you are the first and the

only one for whom my heart has throbbed. You promised me love and truth, when I was poor; in you I will put my trust. In the chapel, while at prayer, I beheld you for the first time. At the grave of my dear unfortunate mother I exchanged the first word with you. Thenceforward my rugged mountains became dearer to me: and not till then did I know the father of the universe, the charms of nature, and my own heart. At this moment, too, I acknowledge the goodness of Divine Providence, which has brought us together here at the extremity of our quarter of the globe, as if to indicate, that pure and pious love finds everywhere its home. O my beloved mother, if thy sainted spirit hover near me, bless our covenant." With these words she sunk, weeping aloud, on my bosom, which overflowed with rapture; I clasped my bride in my arms, when out popped, at a side-door, Lisinka's grandfather!

The old gentleman must have been not a little surprised to find his grand-daughter in the embrace of an utter stranger. I was as much alarmed, as if the angel with the flaming sword was come to drive me from my paradise. Lisinka, however, introduced me to him as the friend of whom she had often spoken, concerning whom the hermit had several times written, and with whom she had just renewed the former covenant of love, for which she dutifully begged her grandfather's blessing.

The Count, whose septuagenarian blood flowed rather more soberly in his veins than ours did, observed with a smile, that there was no need for such precipitation; he bade me a hearty welcome; and gently patting the cheek of the loveliest of all grandchildren in all the Russias, assured her that we should have no reason to complain of him, if on farther acquaintance he found me to be what he hoped and wished.

I had then to relate the adventure with the shawl, of the recovery of which he had been apprized by the servant, but which we had both been too agreeably engaged to think of. My Lisinka had not observed me, nor heard me call. Had I not luckily snatched at the shawl, I should probably have left Petersburg without seeing my angel again. On such delicate threads does the destiny of man often depend!

From this time I was a daily visitor at the Count's. It is well known that grand-parents cannot deny their grandchildren any indulgence. From the Icy Ocean to the Black Sea, and from the Pacific, to the turnpike of Polangen, that is to say, in all the fifty-one governments of the Russian empire, there could not be a kinder grandfather than old Count Barczikoff.

Lisinka was his life and his idol. Did Lisinka but express a wish, it was sure to be gratified, even though it had cost the whole of the

many thousand peasants in the governments of Pleskow, Tschernigow, Yekatarinoslaw, Grusia, Tomsk, and heaven knows in how many more corners of the gigantic empire, who called the old Count their master.

Imagination cannot conceive the bliss of the days that now awaited me on the shores of the Neva. I could fill a volume were I to describe all the parties of pleasure and excursions to Peterhof and Cronstadt, and Oranienbaum, and Czarskoi-Selo, &c. and all the entertainments and other festivities of which I partook. But to me the most delicious hours were those, which the god of love bestowed on me in the company of Lisinka alone.

Eight weeks had thus glided away, when one morning the old Count entered the room with more than usual cheerfulness in his looks. He had received letters, by express, from the hermit, who had been commissioned to procure the most circumstantial intelligence respecting me, my connections, situation, and character. Liesli's welfare was at stake; the hermit had therefore spared no pains, and, throwing off his cowl, had personally visited my native country in the disguise of a travelling merchant, and collected the most minute particulars concerning me. That his report was favourable might be seen in the face of the old Count. He at first began to joke, saying, he had received letters which

required my immediate return to my own country; but, as the sudden news had such an effect on my susceptible Lisinka, that her eyes filled with tears, he tenderly clasped the beauteous girl in his arms, and with that good-nature, which is a feature in the character of his nation: "No," said he, "my dove; thou shalt not weep, thou shalt rejoice and laugh. Look here," continued he exultingly, producing the papers; "now I no longer believe, but I know, that this young man is worthy of thee. There," he added, turning to me, in a tremulous but solemn tone, placing the hand of the heavenly Lisinka in mine—"There, take the child of my dear, my only son, who fell for his country, and who sleeps far away from me in Lisinka's native land. May ye live together as happily as I have done with my Anna Iwanowna. God Almighty bless you, and may his angels ever be your safeguard."

Tears spoke our thanks to the good Count for this joyful surprise; and a week ago the loveliest of all Liesli's on the face of the whole earth became my wife. Next spring we shall pay a visit to the old hermit, and to the flowery grave of her mother, in the church-yard of Schwytz. We shall then proceed to my native country, and after that make farther arrangements.

The preceding narrative is extracted from the letters of my lucky friend. Lucky, indeed, is he who offers his hand to a poor girl, and finds himself so profusely rewarded by Fortune. Where the bride brings innocence and virtue for a dowry to the man of her heart, there the blessing of the Almighty is never withheld.

The benevolent hermit has since entered into the joy of his Lord. EDITOR.

THE

BRIDAL

OF

ST. DOMINGO.

At Port au Prince, in the French part of the island of St. Domingo, on the plantation of M. Guillaume de Villeneuve, there lived, at the beginning of this century, when the blacks were slaughtering the whites, a ferocious old negro named Congo Hoango. This man, a native of the Gold Coast of Africa, who seemed in his youth to be of a faithful and honest disposition, had been loaded with favours by his master, because he had once saved his life in a voyage to Cuba. Not only did M. de Villeneuve, on his return to St. Domingo, present him with a house and land, but a few years afterwards he even appointed him, contrary to the custom of the country, overseer of his extensive estate; and as he would not marry again, he gave him a mulatto woman, named Babekan, belonging

to his plantation, to live with him in the place of a wife. Nay, more—as soon as this negro had attained the age of sixty years, he allowed him to retire from his service, settled on him a considerable annuity, and crowned his bounty by setting him down in his will for a handsome legacy. All these proofs of gratitude, however, could not protect M. de Villeneuve from the cruelty of this wretch. When the impolitic measures of the National Convention had kindled the flames of revenge in the flourishing plantations of St. Domingo, Congo Hoango was one of the first to seize the musket, and mindful of the tyranny which had dragged him from his native land, he dispatched the master to whose kindness he was so deeply indebted. His next step was to set fire to the house in which the wife of his victim, with her three children, and all the whites belonging to the plantation, had taken refuge, and to lay waste the whole estate, to which the heirs, who resided at Port au Prince, might have laid claim. Having razed to the ground all the other buildings on the plantation, he proceeded, with the negroes of the vicinity whom he had collected and armed, to assist his fellow blacks in their struggle with the whites. Sometimes he lay in wait for travellers who were crossing the country in armed companies; at others, he fell in broad day upon the planters who had fortified themselves to the

best of their power in their establishments, and caused all who were taken alive to be put to the sword. Nay, he even required Babekan and her daughter Toni, a mestize of fifteen, to take part in this cruel warfare, which seemed to renew his youthful spirit and vigour; and as the principal mansion on the plantation, which he now inhabited, was in a lonely situation near the high road, and in his absence, white or creole fugitives frequently called there to apply for food or lodging, he ordered the two females to detain these white dogs, as he called them, by a shew of kindness, till his return. Babekan, who was very infirm in consequence of a cruel punishment inflicted in her youth, was accustomed in such cases, to dress up young Toni, whose colour rendered her particularly serviceable for this horrid stratagem, in her best clothes; she encouraged her to deny nothing to strangers, but the last favour, which she was forbidden to grant upon pain of death; and when Congo Hoango returned with his black corps from excursions into the country, immediate destruction was the lot of the unfortunate creatures who had suffered themselves to be duped by these artifices.

It is well known, that in 1803, when general Dessalines was marching with thirty thousand negroes against Port au Prince, all the whites threw themselves into that place for the purpose of defending it; for this town was the last sup-

port of the French power in the island, and if that fell, all the whites in the colony would be lost beyond redemption. It so happened, that in the absence of old Hoango, who had gone with his blacks to escort a convoy of ammunition through the midst of the French posts to Dessalines, one very dark, rainy, and tempestuous night, a knocking was heard at the back-door of the house. Babekan, who was already in bed, rose, slipped on her gown, opened the window and asked: "Who is there?"—"By the blessed Virgin, and all the saints," said a stranger in a low tone, stepping under the window, "before I tell you, answer me one question:—are you a black?"—"You must certainly be a white," replied Babekan, "as you would rather face this pitch-dark night than a negro-woman. But come in," continued she, "be not afraid: it is a mulatto that lives here, and the only person in the house besides me is my daughter, a mestize." With these words she shut the window, as if with the intention of going down stairs and letting him in: but, on pretext that she could not immediately find the key, she quickly took some clothes out of a chest, and went and waked her daughter. "Toni!" said she—"Toni!"—"What is the matter, mother?" "Make haste!" she answered, "get up and dress yourself. Here are some clean things for you. A white man, who is

pursued, is at the door, and desires admittance." "A white man!" said Toni, as she raised herself in bed. "But is he alone, mother? and have we nothing to fear if we let him in?"—"Nothing, nothing, child!" replied her mother, striking a light; "he is unarmed, and alone, and much more afraid of us than we can be of him." While Toni was dressing herself, she lighted the great lantern, which stood in a corner of the room, quickly tied up the girl's hair, according to the fashion of the country, at the top of her head, put on her hat, gave her the lantern, and desired her to go down to the court-yard and fetch in the stranger.

Meanwhile the barking of the yard-dogs had wakened a boy, named Nanky, the offspring of an illicit connexion between Hoango and a negress, who, with his brother Seppy, slept in an adjoining building. Perceiving, by a faint gleam of moon-light issuing from amidst the dark clouds, a single man on the steps in the rear of the house, he instantly hastened, as directed in such cases, to lock the gate by which he had entered. The stranger, not knowing what to make of these movements, asked the boy, whom he had discovered with horror, when he approached near enough, to be a black, to whom the place belonged; and having received for answer, that, since the death of M. Villeneuve, it was the property of the negro Hoango,

he was just going to knock down the boy, with the intention of taking from him the key of the yard-gate which he held in his hand, and making his escape, when Toni, with the lantern, opened the door. "Make haste!" said she, seizing his hand, and drawing him towards the door—"this is the way!" She took care at the same time to hold the lantern so, that the light should fall full on her face.—"Who are you?" cried the stranger, holding back, confused on more than one account, and fixing his eyes on her lovely face. "Who lives in this house, where, as you tell me, I shall be perfectly safe?" "Nobody," replied the girl, striving to draw him in, "besides my mother and myself."—"What! nobody!" cried the stranger, receding a step, and disengaging his hand: did not this boy just tell me that a negro, named Hoango, lives here?"—"He is not here, I tell you," said the girl, stamping with an expression of anger; "and though the house belongs to a ruffian of that name, he is at this moment fifty miles off." With these words she pulled the stranger into the house, and having enjoined the boy not to mention his arrival to any one, she led him up stairs to her mother's room.

"Aha!" said the old woman, who had overheard the whole conversation from the window above, and observed by the light that he was an officer, "what is the meaning of that sword

which you carry ready for use under your arm? We have granted you an asylum in our house, at the risk of our lives," continued she; "are you come to repay this kindness, after the manner of your countrymen, with treachery?" "God forbid!" answered the stranger, who had meanwhile stepped up close to her chair. After casting a few suspicious glances about the apartment, he unbuckled his sword, seized the hand of the old woman, pressed it to his heart, and said: "you see before you the most wretched of men, but not a wicked or an ungrateful one." "Who are you?" enquired Babekan, pushing a chair towards him with her foot, and desiring the girl to go to the kitchen and get him something for supper as speedily as possible. "I am an officer in the French service," replied the stranger; "though, as you may possibly perceive, not a Frenchman: Switzerland is my native country, and my name Gustavus von der Ried. Would to heaven that I had never quitted it for this miserable island! I have come from Fort Dauphin, where, as you know, all the whites have been murdered, and wish to reach Port au Prince before General Dessalines can surround and lay siege to it with the troops under his command." "From Fort Dauphin!" exclaimed the old woman. "And have you, with your colour, travelled all that distance through an exasperated black po-

pulation?" "The Almighty and the saints have protected me," replied the stranger: "and I am not by myself: my company, which I have left behind, consists of my uncle, a worthy old man, with his wife and five children, and including the servants of both sexes, amounts in all to twelve persons, whom I have had the greatest difficulty to bring thus far with the assistance of a couple of mules, by fatiguing night-marches, since we durst not shew ourselves on the high-road by day." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the old woman, with a compassionate shake of the head, and taking a pinch of snuff; "but where have you left your company?"—"I may trust you," answered the stranger, after recollecting himself a moment, "the colour of your face reflects a degree of kindred with my own. The family is two or three miles off by the great pond on the skirts of the forest, whither hunger and thirst compelled us yesterday to repair. To no purpose did we send out our servants last night to procure some bread and wine: the fear of being seized and put to death prevented them from taking decisive steps to fulfil their errand, so that I am now obliged, at the risk of my life, to try my luck. Heaven," continued he, "has brought me, unless I am exceedingly deceived, to compassionate people, who are not actuated by that cruel antipathy which influences the other inhabitants of this island. Have the

goodness to pack me up a few baskets of provisions, for which you shall be liberally paid: we have but five days journey to Port au Prince, and if you will furnish us with the means of reaching that city, we will for ever regard you as the saviour of our lives." "Yes, that insensate antipathy!" cried the old hypocrite. "Is it not as if the members of the same body were to go to loggerheads because they are not all shaped alike? How can I, whose father was from St. Jago, in the island of Cuba, help the lighter shade that appears in my face? And how can my daughter, whose father was an European, and who was born in Europe, help it if she is nearly as fair as the natives of your quarter of the world?" "What!" cried the stranger, "are you, whose face plainly bespeaks your African origin, and the lovely young mestize who opened the door for me, included in the same condemnation with us Europeans?" "Yes, by heaven, are we!" replied the old woman. "Do you suppose that the little property which we acquired by many years hard labour does not excite the rapacity of these banditti, the spawn of hell? If we did not continue to secure ourselves from their persecution by stratagem, and by all those arts which necessity suggests to the weak, the shade of kindred which is diffused over our faces, you may be assured, would not do it." "Impossible!" exclaimed the

stranger: "and who in this island persecutes you?" "The owner of this house," replied Babekan; "the negro Congo Hoango. Since the death of M. de Villeneuve, the former proprietor of this plantation, who, at the commencement of the revolution, fell by his cruel hand, we, who as distant relatives of his first wife keep his house, are exposed to his arbitrary violence and fury. Every refreshment which, out of humanity, we give to any of the white fugitives whom chance brings to our door, draws down upon us abuse and ill-treatment from him: and he wishes for nothing more than to direct the rage of the blacks against us semi-dogs, as he styles us, partly that he may get rid of us altogether, because we upbraid him with his cruelty to the whites, and partly for the sake of the little property that we should leave behind." "Unfortunate creatures!" ejaculated the stranger: "and where is the ruffian at this moment?" "With the army of General Dessalines," answered the old woman, "to which he is gone with all the blacks belonging to this plantation, to escort a convoy of ammunition of which the general was in need. We expect him back, unless he undertakes some new enterprize, in ten or twelve days: and then, if he should learn, which God forbid, that we have afforded shelter to a white man travelling to Port au Prince, while he is making every pos-

sible effort for the extermination of the race in the island, we should not fail to pay for it with our lives." "Heaven, which approves benevolence and pity," answered the stranger, "will protect you in your endeavours to serve the unfortunate: and," continued he, drawing his chair nearer to the old woman's, "as you would, in this instance, have already incurred the displeasure of the negro, and obedience, if you would return to it, would avail you nothing; could you not permit my uncle and his family, who are almost worn out with the fatigues of the journey, to rest and refresh themselves for a day or two in your house? They will make you any compensation you require." "Consider, young gentleman," replied Babekan, "what it is you ask. How is it possible to lodge so numerous a company as yours in a house close to the high-road, without being discovered by the people of the environs?" "Why not?" replied the stranger, urgently: "if I were to return myself to the fish-pond, and to bring the company hither before day-break; if all of us, masters and servants, were to be put into one room, the doors and windows of which might, for farther security, be kept carefully shut?" The old woman, after considering the proposal for some time, replied, "that if he were that night to attempt to bring his company to the house from their retreat, he would infallibly fall in,

on his way back, with a troop of armed negroes, whose approach by this road had been announced by the firing of musket shots." "Well, then," rejoined the stranger, "let us be content for the present with sending the unfortunate family a basket of provisions, and defer the business of bringing them to the plantation till to-morrow night. Will you do that, good mother?" "For the sake of the European, my daughter's father, I will try what I can do for you, his distressed country-people. Write to them, as soon as it is light to-morrow morning, and invite your kinsfolk hither: the boy whom you saw in the yard shall carry the letter, together with some provisions, to them; he shall stay with them, for their security, till night, and at dark, should they accept the invitation, he may serve them for a guide."

Toni, meanwhile, returned with the repast, which she had been preparing in the kitchen, and eyeing the stranger, jocosely asked the old woman, as she was laying the cloth, whether their guest had recovered from the fright with which he was seized at the door; and whether he was convinced that neither poison nor dagger awaited him, and that Hoango, the black, was not at home. "The proverb says, my dear," replied the mother with a sigh, "the burnt child dreads the fire. The gentleman would have been imprudent had he ventured into the

house before he had ascertained to what race its inhabitants belonged." The girl then told her mother that she had held the lantern in such a manner as to throw the light full in her face: "but," said she, "his imagination was so occupied by negroes, that if a lady from London or Paris had opened the door to him, he would have taken her for a black." The stranger, gently putting his arm round her waist, declared, that the hat she had on prevented him from seeing her face. "But," added he, pressing her close to his bosom, "could my eyes have met yours, as they now do, I should not have hesitated, even though all the rest of you had been black, to drink poison with you." He blushed as he uttered these words. The mother pressed him to sit down, and Toni placed herself at the table by his side. The stranger asked her how old she was, and where she was born; on which the mother told him, that Toni was born at Paris, whither she had accompanied the wife of M. de Villeneuve, her former master. She added, that Komar, a negro, whom she afterwards married, had adopted the child as his own, but that the real father was a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, named Bertrand, after whom she was called Toni Bertrand. Toni enquired if he knew such a person in France. The stranger replied that he did not, that the country was large, and that

during the short stay he had made in it, previously to his embarkation for the West Indies, he had not met with any one of that name. The old woman observed, that according to information on which she could rely, M. Bertrand no longer resided in France. "His ambitious and aspiring spirit," said she, "dissatisfied with a private sphere of action, impelled him, at the commencement of the revolution, to interfere in public affairs, and in the year 1795, he accompanied a French embassy to Constantinople, whence, as far as I know, he is not yet returned." The stranger, taking Toni by the hand, told her, with a smile, that in this case she was a person of consequence; observing, that she might perhaps one day, under her father's auspices, cut a more brilliant figure than she had yet done. "Hardly," rejoined the old woman, suppressing her emotion. "During my pregnancy at Paris, M. Bertrand, who at the time was paying his addresses to a young lady of fortune, denied judicially that he was the father of this child. Never shall I forget the oath which he had the hardihood to swear to my face: the consequences were a fever, and soon afterwards sixty stripes inflicted by command of M. de Villeneuve, from the effects of which I am suffering to this very day."

Toni, who had, during this conversation, thoughtfully leaned her head upon her hand,

asked the stranger who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. Recovering himself from a temporary embarrassment into which he was thrown from the invectives of the old mulatto, he replied, that he was travelling from Fort Dauphin with the family of his uncle, Mr. Strömli, which he had left under the protection of two young cousins in the forest, near the fish-pond. At the girl's request he related various particulars of the insurrection which had broken out in that place; that at midnight the blacks, on a pre-concerted signal, began to butcher all the whites; that one of the leaders of the negroes, formerly a serjeant in the French corps of pioneers, had been wicked enough to set fire to all the ships in the harbour, to prevent the escape of the whites to Europe; that the family had scarcely had time to get out of the town with some of their effects; and that, owing to the breaking out of the insurrection at the same moment in all the places along the coast, they had no other resource than to traverse the whole country, with the aid of two mules, to Port au Prince, which, defended by a strong French army, still withstood the increasing force of the negroes. Toni asked how the whites there had rendered themselves so obnoxious. The stranger replied, with some confusion: "By their general conduct, as masters of the island, to the blacks; which, to confess the truth, I

am not capable of defending. The mania of liberty which has seized all these plantations, urged the negroes and creoles to break the chains which galled them, and to revenge themselves on the whites, on account of the oppression which they had suffered from some bad men among the latter. I was particularly struck," continued he, "with the horrid act of a young female of the negro race. This girl, at the time of the explosion, was ill of the yellow fever, which, to aggravate the misery of the wretched inhabitants, had broken out in the town. She had three years before been a slave to a white planter, who, because she would not submit to his wishes, had treated her with great rigour, and sold her to another planter, a creole. Being informed, on the day of the general insurrection, that her former master had fled for refuge from the fury of the negroes, who were in pursuit of him, to a neighbouring wood-house; she, mindful of his ill usage, sent her brother to him at dusk to invite him to pass the night with her. The unfortunate man, not knowing that the girl was ill, much less suspecting the disease with which she was attacked, came and clasped her in his arms with feelings of gratitude for his supposed deliverance. He had not been long in the house, when she suddenly raised herself in bed, and, with an air of cool deliberate malignity, ex-

claimed: 'You have embraced one who carries death in her bosom! Go, and give the yellow fever to all who are like you!'"

While the old woman loudly expressed her abhorrence of this deed, the officer asked Toni, whether she should be capable of such an act. "No," said Toni, confusedly casting her eyes on the ground. The stranger, turning up the cloth upon the table observed that, in his opinion, no tyranny ever exercised by the whites could justify such base and atrocious treachery. "The vengeance of heaven," said he, rising, with an emphatic tone, "must be disarmed by it: the angels themselves, revolted by it, must side with the oppressors and espouse their cause for the maintenance of order, human and divine!" With these words he stepped for a moment to the window; the moon and stars were again obscured by tempestuous clouds: he thought he observed the mother and daughter making signs to each other, but seemed not to notice them, and a most gloomy presentiment darted across his soul. He turned round, and requested to be shown the chamber where he was to sleep.

The mother, looking at the time-piece, remarked that it was, indeed, near twelve o'clock; and taking up a candle, she desired the stranger to follow her. She conducted him through a long passage to the room destined for him, while

Toni carried his great coat and some other things which he had pulled off. The mother shewed him a comfortable bed, and after directing Toni to bring their guest water to wash his feet, she wished him a good night and retired. The stranger put his sword in a corner, and laid a pair of pistols, which he carried in his belt, on the table. While Toni was turning down the clothes and spreading a white counterpane over the bed, he looked round the room; and as he soon concluded, from the elegance and taste prevailing in it, that it must have belonged to the former proprietor of the plantation, an unaccountable anxiety gnawed like a vulture at his heart, and he wished himself back again in the forest with his friends, hungry and thirsty as he had quitted them.

The girl had, meanwhile, brought from the kitchen, which was near his chamber, a small tub of hot water scented with aromatic herbs, and intimated to the officer, who was leaning against the window, that every thing was ready. Throwing off his stock and waistcoat, he seated himself in silence in a chair, and while the girl, cowering on her knees before him, made the little preparations for assisting him to use the bath, he was contemplating her fascinating figure. Her hair fell as she knelt, in dark ringlets over her youthful bosom; an air of inexpressible grace played about her lips, and the

long lashes projecting over her downcast eyes; with the exception of the colour, which he disliked, he could have sworn that he had never beheld any thing more lovely. He was struck, at the same time, with a distant resemblance, he could not tell to whom, which he had observed on first entering the house, and which prepossessed his whole soul in her favour. On her rising from the offices in which she had been engaged, he caught her hand, and as he justly concluded that there was but one way to ascertain whether the girl had a heart or not, he drew her upon his knee, and asked her whether she was provided with a sweetheart. "No," replied the maiden, while her large black eyes were cast in lovely confusion on the ground. She added, that Conelly, a young negro of the neighbourhood, had a few months before paid his addresses to her, but she had rejected them because she was yet too young. The stranger, whose arm encircled her waist, observed, that in his country it was a common saying that a girl of fourteen years and seven weeks was old enough to be married. While she was examining a small gold cross which he wore at his breast, he asked how old she was. "Fifteen," replied Toni. "Well then," said the stranger; "has he not property to settle you as comfortably as you would wish?" "On the contrary," replied Toni, without raising her eyes, and

loosing the cross which she had held in her hand, "since the last turn of affairs Conelly is become a rich man: his father is in possession of the whole plantation which formerly belonged to his master."—"Then, why did you reject his offer?" asked the stranger, familiarly stroking back, with his hand, the glossy hair from her brow. "Probably you did not like him."—The girl shook her head and smiled: but when he jocosely observed, that none but a white, perhaps, was to be the happy man, after a moment of pensive meditation, she suddenly sunk upon his bosom, while a charming suffusion crimsoned her tawny face. The stranger, deeply impressed with her loveliness and grace, called her his dear girl, and forgetting all his cares, clasped her to his breast. He could not harbour the thought, that all these emotions which she manifested were the mere expression of cruel and premeditated treachery. The apprehensions which had tormented him were dispelled; he reproached himself for having but for a moment suspected her sincerity, and he imprinted a kiss, as if for a token of reconciliation and forgiveness, on her brow. The girl, suddenly raising herself, listened as though she heard some one coming along the passage; she thoughtfully put to rights the handkerchief, which had become somewhat deranged, over her bosom; and when she found that she was

mistaken, she returned to the stranger and reminded him that the water would soon be cold, if he did not make use of it. "But why," said she, somewhat confused, as the stranger was silent and fixed his eyes stedfastly on her, "why do you look so earnestly at me?" The officer, clapping his hand to his forehead for a moment, and suppressing a sigh, replied, "On account of your wonderful resemblance to a friend of mine." Toni, who could not help remarking the gloom which had succeeded his former cheerfulness, took him tenderly by the hand, and asked: "Who was that?" on which, after a short pause, he thus began: "Her name was Marianne Congreve; she was a native of Strasburg. I had become acquainted with her in that city, where her father was a merchant, shortly before the commencement of the revolution, and was fortunate enough to gain her love and the approbation of her mother. She was the most faithful creature under the sun: and I am so strongly reminded of the terrible and affecting circumstances under which I lost her, when I look at you, that I can scarcely refrain from tears." "What!" said Toni, pressing closer to his bosom, "is she dead?" "She is," replied the stranger, "and it was not till her death that I became fully acquainted with her excellence. God knows," continued he, sorrowfully leaning his head upon her shoulder

" how I could be guilty of such indiscretion as to indulge one evening, in a place of public resort, in some reflections on the tremendous revolutionary tribunal which had just been established. I was denounced and search was made for me; and as I was not to be found, having been fortunate enough to conceal myself in the suburbs, my sanguinary persecutors, determined on having a victim, proceeded to the residence of my bride, and exasperated at her declaration, though perfectly true, that she knew not where I was, the ruffians dragged her to the place of execution instead of me. No sooner did this horrid intelligence reach me, than, quitting my retreat, I hurried to the place of execution, and pushed through the crowd, crying: 'Here, inhuman wretches! here I am!' She was already on the scaffold: to the enquiry of some of the judges to whom I was, unfortunately, a stranger, she replied, turning from me with a look that can never be erased from my soul, 'I know nothing of that man.' In a few moments the axe of the guillotine severed her head from her body, amidst the sound of drums and the shouts of the blood-thirsty monsters, by whom the scaffold was surrounded. How I was saved I know not: a quarter of an hour afterwards I found myself in the house of a friend, where I swooned repeatedly, and at night was put, half distracted, into a carriage and conveyed across the Rhine.

The stranger, loosing the girl from his arms, stepped to the window: she observed him deeply affected, applying his handkerchief to his eyes: sympathetic feelings were excited in her bosom, and following him with a sudden movement, she threw her arms about his neck and mingled her tears with his. Pity, says the poet, melts the soul to love,—such was its effect in the present instance.

The stranger was now satisfied that he was safe, and that he had nothing to fear from the girl. He took from his neck the gold cross, the gift of his faithful Marianne, and with numberless caresses hung it about her's as a nuptial present; taking her by the hand, he told her that he would next morning demand her of her mother in marriage. He described to her the estate which was his independent property on the banks of the Aar; a house, commodious and spacious enough to accommodate her and her mother, if her age would permit her to accompany them; corn-fields, meadows, gardens and vineyards; and an old venerable father, who would receive her most gratefully and kindly, because she had saved his son. He called her his dear Toni, and imprinted a tender kiss on her cheek, before she hastened away to her own apartment.

As soon as it was light, old Babekan went up to her daughter, and sitting down on the

side of her bed, disclosed to her the plan she had formed in regard to the stranger and his companions. She was of opinion that, as Congo Hoango would not be back for two days, all means should be tried to detain the stranger in the house for that time, without admitting his kinsfolk, who might be dangerous from their number. With this view, she said, it would be advisable to make the stranger believe that, according to intelligence which had just arrived, General Dessalines was advancing with his army into those parts, and that, therefore, it would not be possible, on account of the extreme danger, to admit the family into the house till the third day. They might, indeed, in the mean time be supplied with provisions, lest they should proceed farther, and be detained by the expectation of finding refuge in their house. She added, that it was a matter of some consequence to get these people into their power, as they, no doubt, carried with them many valuable effects; and concluded with exhorting her daughter to second this scheme to the utmost of her power. Toni, half rising in bed, while the flush of anger crimsoned her cheeks, replied, that it was base and cruel, thus to violate hospitality, by sacrificing persons who were allured into the house. She declared that the unfortunate, who sought their protection, ought to be doubly safe under their roof: and threatened

that, unless she relinquished the bloody plan which she had formed, she would go immediately and inform the stranger what a den of murderers that house was, in which he hoped to find succour and relief. "Toni!" cried her mother, setting her arms a-kimbo, and staring at her in astonishment. "I certainly will!" rejoined Toni, lowering her voice. "What harm has this man, who is not even a Frenchman, but, as we have seen, a Swiss, done us, that we should, like savage banditti, fall upon, plunder and kill him? Does not every thing attest that he is a most excellent and generous man, who has never participated in any of those atrocities which the blacks lay to the charge of his race?" The old woman, considering the girl's extraordinary look, merely replied, with quivering lips, that she was astonished. She asked, what the young Portuguese had done, who was lately knocked on the head under the gateway, what the two Dutchmen had done, who three weeks before were shot by the negroes in the courtyard; and what was to be alleged against the three Frenchmen, and many other single fugitives of the race of the whites, who, since the commencement of the insurrection, had been dispatched in various ways at that house. "By the God of heaven!" exclaimed the daughter, springing wildly from her bed, "it is very unwise of you to remind me of these cruelties!

The atrocities in which ye compel me to participate have long revolted my inmost soul, and to propitiate the wrath of the Almighty for what is past, I swear to die a hundred deaths before I will suffer a hair of this young man's head to be hurt while he is in our house." "Well," said the old woman, in a tone of feigned compliance, "let the stranger go! But when Congo Hoango returns," added she, rising to leave the room, "and learns that a white man has passed the night in our house, you may answer for the pity which induced you, contrary to the express prohibition, to permit his escape."

This language, in which, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, the rage of the old woman was but too manifest, threw the girl into no small embarrassment. She was but too well aware of her mother's antipathy to the whites, to imagine that she would let slip such an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. Apprehensive lest she might send immediately to the neighbouring plantations for negroes to secure the stranger, she quickly dressed herself and followed her down stairs. While the old woman seemed to be busy about something at a cupboard, which she presently quitted and sat down to her spinning-wheel, Toni placed herself before the proclamation affixed to the door, forbidding the blacks, on pain of death, to afford shelter or succour to the whites; and, as if

seized with terror, she had become sensible of the impropriety of her conduct, she suddenly turned round and fell at the feet of her mother, who, as she well knew, had been watching her motions. Embracing her knees, she begged her to forgive the silly language she had used in regard to the stranger; excused herself as being only half awake at the time; and declared that she should abandon him to the vengeance of the laws, which decreed his destruction. The old woman, after a pause, in which her eyes were stedfastly fixed on the girl, replied: "By heaven! your submission has saved his life for the present: for since you threatened to take him under your protection, the food was already poisoned which was to have delivered him, dead at least, into Congo Hoango's power, agreeably to his command." With these words she rose, and emptied a pot of milk, which stood on the table, out of the window. Toni, who could scarcely trust her senses, eyed her mother with horror. The old woman, while she returned to her seat and raised the girl, who was still kneeling, from the floor, asked, what could have produced such a change in her sentiments in the course of a single night. She enquired whether the girl had staid long with the stranger, after preparing the foot-bath for him, and if she had talked much with him. Toni, whose bosom heaved violently, stood with her eyes fixed on

the ground, and pretended that it was the effect of a dream: adding, that a look at her unfortunate mother, whose hand she at the same time seized and kissed, reminded her of all the inhumanity of the race to which the stranger belonged. Then turning round and covering her face with her apron, she protested that, as soon as Hoango returned, she should see what a daughter she had in her.

Babekan sat absorbed in thought, considering what could be the cause of the girl's extraordinary susceptibility, when the stranger entered the room with a note, written in his chamber, inviting the family to come and rest a few days at Hoango's plantation. He saluted both mother and daughter in the most friendly manner, and delivering the billet to the former, requested her to send it, without delay, to the forest, together with a supply of provisions, according to her promise. Babekan rose and put the note in the cupboard. "We must beg you, sir," said she, with an air of alarm, "to return immediately to your chamber. The road is full of small bodies of negro troops, who are passing, and who inform us that General Dessalines, with his army, is coming this way. This house, which is open to every one, can afford you no security, unless you conceal yourself in your chamber, which looks into the court-yard, and keep the window-shutters, as

well as the doors, carefully closed." "What!" cried the stranger, with astonishment,—"General Dessalines——"—"Ask no questions," said the old woman, interrupting him, and knocking three times on the floor with a stick. "I will follow you to your chamber, and there acquaint you with every thing."—"But," said he, quitting the room, "do not forget to send a messenger to my friends who are waiting for me, to ——"—"That shall be attended to," cried Babekan, while the negro-boy, who has been already mentioned, entered at her summons. Hereupon she desired Toni to take up a basket of provisions, which stood in the corner; and mother, daughter, stranger, and boy went up stairs to the bed-chamber.

Here the old woman related how the fires of General Dessalines' army had been seen all night long on the hills, that bounded the horizon; which was a real fact, though not a single negro of his army, which was advancing in a south-western direction towards Port au Prince, had been seen in that neighbourhood. She succeeded in thus plunging her guest into an ocean of disquietude, which, however, she contrived to allay by the assurance, that in case troops should be quartered upon them, she would do all that lay in her power to save him. At his repeated entreaties that, under these circumstances, she would, at least, send some provi-

sions for the refreshment of his relatives, she took the basket from her daughter's hand and gave it to the boy, telling him to carry it to the fish-pond in the adjacent forest, and to deliver it to the family of a foreign officer, whom he would find there. She moreover desired him to say, that the officer himself was well; that friends to the whites, who had much to suffer from the blacks, on account of their sentiments, had, out of compassion, admitted him into their house; and that as soon as the high road should be cleared of the armed bands of negroes, which were expected, arrangements should be made for the accommodation of the whole family "Do you understand?" said she, when she had finished. The boy, lifting the basket on his head, replied, that he knew the pond well, for himself and his playfellows often went a fishing there, and that he would not fail to deliver the basket and the message to the family of the strange gentleman. The old woman asked the stranger if he had any thing farther to say, on which he drew a ring from his finger, and handed it to the boy, desiring him to deliver that also to Mr. Strömli, the head of the family, as a token that he might rely on the truth of the message. The mother then gave various directions, with a view, as she alleged, to the security of the stranger: she ordered Toni to close the window-shutters, and she herself, taking a

tinder-box from the mantel-piece, struck a light, but not without a good deal of trouble, as the tinder would not catch. The stranger took advantage of this temporary darkness, to clasp Toni round the waist and ask her in a whisper, whether he should speak to her mother, as he had proposed. Toni replied, disengaging herself from his arm, "No; if you love me, not a word!" Suppressing the anxiety which all these deceitful preparations excited in her mind, and saying that she would fetch the stranger some breakfast, she hurried down to the room below.

Taking from the cupboard the letter in which the stranger had innocently invited the family to accompany the boy to the plantation, and resolved, whether her mother should miss it or not, in the worst event to die along with him, she flew after the boy who was already at some distance. She regarded the stranger no longer as a mere guest to whom she had afforded shelter and hospitality, but as virtually her husband; and she was determined, as soon as his party in the house should be strong enough, to communicate the matter without reserve to her mother, calculating that under such circumstances she would not withhold her assent to their union. "Nanky," said she, when breathless with running, she had overtaken the boy, "mother has changed her mind: you are

to carry this letter to Mr. Strömli; it contains an invitation to him to come, with his whole family, and spend a few days at our house. Try all you can to persuade him to accept it, and Hoango will reward you when he returns." "That I will, Toni! that I will!" replied the boy, putting the letter, carefully wrapped up, into his pocket: "and I am to shew them the way I suppose?"—"Of course," answered Toni, "because they are totally unacquainted with this part of the country; but, on account of the troops, you might otherwise meet on the road; you are not to set out with them till about midnight, and then lose no time in coming, so that you may be here before the dawn of day. Can we rely on you?" asked she. "You may rely on Nanky," replied the boy; "I know why these white vagabonds are to be enticed to the plantation: Hoango shall have reason to be satisfied with me."

Toni hastened back; carried up the officer's breakfast, and after removing the things, both mother and daughter returned to their domestic avocations down stairs. It was not long before the mother had occasion to go to the cupboard, and naturally missed the letter. She clapped her hand for a moment to her forehead, as if mistrustful of her memory, and asked Toni what she had done with the letter which the stranger had given to her. Toni, after a short

pause, replied, that the stranger had put it in his pocket again, and torn it to pieces in his chamber, in the presence of them both. The mother looked at the girl with amazement: she was pretty sure that he had delivered the letter into her hands, and that she had left it in the cupboard; but as, after much useless search, she could not find it there, and several similar circumstances caused her to distrust her memory; she could, at last, do no other than believe her daughter's account. At the same time, she could not help expressing her mortification, because this letter would have been of the greatest importance to Hoango, for alluring the family to the plantation. Thus passed the day. After supper the mother locked the stranger's door, "for safety," as she alleged; and after she had again consulted with Toni, by what stratagem she could, on the following day, get possession of another letter to the same effect, she retired to rest, and desired the girl to go to bed also.

Toni had awaited this moment with anxious impatience. No sooner had she ascertained that her mother was asleep, than, placing the image of the blessed Virgin which hung beside her bed on a chair, she fell upon her knees with folded hands before it. In a most fervent prayer, she implored her divine son to grant her the courage and fortitude to reveal the crimes,

that oppressed her youthful bosom, to the man to whom she had wholly surrendered her heart. She vowed, let it cost her what it would, to conceal nothing from him, not even the object, inhuman and atrocious as it was, with which she had the preceding night enticed him into the house; but for the sake of the steps she had already hazarded to save him, she hoped he would forgive her, and take her with him, as his faithful wife, to Europe. Wonderfully strengthened by this prayer, she took the master-key to all the rooms in the house, and crept slowly, and without light, along the narrow passage that intersected the building, towards the chamber of the stranger. She softly opened the door, and stepped up to his bed, where he lay fast asleep. The moon threw her rays over his handsome face; and the night wind, entering at the open window, played with the hair that shaded his brow. Bending over him and touching his cheek with hers, she called him by his name: but he was apparently engaged by a dream, of which she seemed to be the object; at least she heard him, repeatedly, pronounce with his glowing and tremulous lips the word—"Toni!" Overpowered by mingled emotions of love and melancholy, she could not prevail on herself to recall him from the heaven created by imagination into the depths of wretched reality: and certain that he must,

sooner or later, awake of himself, she knelt beside his bed and covered his hand with kisses.

But what language can describe the horror which seized her in a few moments, when she suddenly heard in the court-yard the noise of men, horses, and arms, and plainly distinguished the voice of Congo Hoango! The ruffian had, unexpectedly, returned with his troop from the camp of General Dessalines. She ran to the window, where, standing behind the curtains, to avoid being betrayed by the moonlight, she heard her mother relating to the negro all that had passed, and informing him that the European was still in the house. Hoango, in a low tone, enjoined his fellows to be as quiet as possible. He asked Babekan where the stranger was at that moment; on which she pointed to the window of the room; and, immediately, took occasion to acquaint him with the extraordinary conversation which she had had with her daughter, relative to this man. She assured the negro that the girl was a traitress, and that the whole scheme of securing him was in danger of being frustrated. At any rate, she said, if the stranger was not already gone, she had probably concerted with him the means of effecting his escape. The negro, who had put the girl's fidelity to the test in similar cases, replied, that he could not believe it to be possible. "Kelly," said he, "and Omra; take

your muskets!" and he instantly went up stairs, followed by all his blacks, to the chamber of the stranger.

Toni, before whose eyes this whole scene had passed in a few minutes, stood petrified with horror. She thought at first of waking her lover; but she was aware, that under the present circumstances, flight was impossible; and she foresaw that he would not fail to defend himself, and that from the superior force of the blacks, instant death would be his inevitable lot. But the most dreadful consideration was, that the unfortunate man, when he should see her, on awaking, beside his bed, would consider her as a traitress, and instead of listening to her counsel, in the madness of such a notion, throw himself completely into the power of Hoango. At this moment, a cord hanging, heaven knows by what accident, on a nail in the wall, caught her eye. God himself, thought she, pulling it down, must have placed it there to save her lover and herself. Having bound his hands and legs with this cord, she tied the ends of it, in spite of his struggles, to the bedstead; and then, overjoyed at her success, she imprinted a kiss on his lips, and hastened to meet Hoango, whom she heard ascending the stairs.

The negro, who still disbelieved the old woman's story respecting the girl, amazed and

confounded on seeing her come out of the chamber, stopped in the passage with his whole troop. "The false young wretch!" cried he; and turning to Babekan, who had advanced to the chamber door, he asked, "Is the stranger gone?" Babekan, finding the door open, turned back without looking into the room, raving like a maniac. "Curse the hussy!" she exclaimed, "she has let him escape! Run," added she, "and guard all the outlets, before he can get away!"—"What is the matter?" asked Toni, surveying old Hoango and the blacks who surrounded him with looks of surprise.—"The matter!" repeated Hoango, seizing her by the arm and dragging her to the chamber. "Are you mad?" cried Toni, pushing from her the old man, who was thunderstruck at the sight which there presented itself. "There he lies, bound fast in his bed by me: and, by heaven, it is not the worst thing I ever did!" So saying, she turned her back on him and seated herself at a table, as if weeping. "O Babekan," cried Hoango to her mother, who stood by confounded, "what a tale you have deceived me with!"—"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the mother, examining the cord with which the stranger was bound: "there he is indeed, fast enough; but I cannot comprehend how all this has come about." The negro, returning his sword to the scabbard, went up to the bed, and asked the stranger who he was,

whence he came, and whither he was going. The latter, however, amidst violent struggles to get loose, uttered not a word but—"O Toni! Toni!" Babekan therefore informed him, that he was a native of Switzerland, named Gustavus von der Ried, and that he had come from Fort Dauphin with a whole family of European dogs, who were at that moment lurking in the ravines near the great pond. Hoango, seeing the girl sitting with her head sorrowfully leaning on her hand, went up to her, called her his darling, and begged her to forgive the unjust suspicion which he had expressed. He called the two men with muskets, in order to put into immediate execution the law which decreed the death of the stranger: but Babekan whispered him, "Don't, for heaven's sake, Hoango!" Taking him aside, she told him, that it would be advisable, before the stranger was put to death, to get a letter from him, for the purpose of alluring his family to the plantation, as it might be dangerous to attack them in the forest. Hoango, considering that they were probably provided with arms, approved this proposal. He placed two men as guards over the prisoner till morning, and having examined the cords which he thought too slack, and caused them to be tightened, he left the chamber with his whole troop, and all of them gradually retired to rest for the night.

Toni, however, as soon as the house was again quiet, rose, and stealing softly out at a back-door ran, with despair in her heart, along a path crossing the high-road, in the direction in which the family of her lover were to approach. The looks of ineffable disdain, which the stranger had from his bed cast on her, had pierced her heart like daggers: a feeling of profound bitterness mingled with her affection for him, and she rejoiced in the idea of dying in an enterprize undertaken for his deliverance. Fearful of missing the family, she reclined against the trunk of a pine, close to which the company would be obliged to pass, in case of their accepting the invitation; and scarcely did the first rays of dawn appear upon the horizon, when she heard at a distance the voice of the boy who acted as their guide.

The company consisted of Mr. Strömli and his wife, the latter riding on a mule; their five children, the two eldest of whom, Adelbert, a youth of eighteen, and Godfrey, a year younger, marched on either side of their mother; three men and two women servants, one of whom carrying an infant at the breast, was mounted on the other mule:—in all, twelve persons. They advanced slowly to the spot where Toni stood. "Stop Nanky!" said she to the boy, who immediately knew her voice. She then asked which was Mr. Strömli, and he conducted

her to the worthy head of the family. "Sir," said Toni, interrupting his salutations, "Hoango is unexpectedly returned, with his whole troop, to the plantation. You cannot now proceed thither without extreme danger; nay, your nephew, who has been admitted into the house, must perish, unless you seize your arms and follow me to the plantation, to release him from the captivity in which he is held by the old negro."—"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed all the members of the family, struck with horror: and the mother, who was ill and exhausted with travelling, sunk swooning from the mule to the ground. While the maids, at the call of Mr. Strömli, hastened to the assistance of their mistress, Toni took him aside and, with blushes, informed him of all that had passed between her and his nephew; she told him what she, nearly distracted with anguish, had done since the arrival of Hoango, and that she was now resolved to risk life and every thing for his deliverance. "My arms!" cried Mr. Strömli, hastening to his wife's mule and taking off his musket. His courageous sons, Adelbert and Godfrey, and the three resolute men-servants, also armed themselves. "Gustavus," said his uncle, "has saved the lives of more than one of us; now it is our turn to render him the like service." He lifted his wife upon the mule; ordered Nanky's hands to be tied, that

he might be a kind of hostage, and sent back the women and children to the pond, under the protection of his third son, Ferdinand, only; a spirited boy of thirteen, who was likewise armed. After he had questioned Toni, respecting the force of the negroes and their distribution in the court-yard, and promised her to spare both Hoango and her mother as much as possible in this enterprize, he boldly placed himself, confiding in the protection of heaven, at the head of his little troop, and conducted by Toni, proceeded towards the house.

Toni, as soon as she had introduced them by the back-gate into the court-yard, showed Strömli the room in which Hoango and Babekan slept; and while he and his people entered the open house and secured the piled arms of the negroes, she slipped aside into the stall where Seppy, Nanky's half brother, slept. Old Hoango doated on these two illegitimate children, and especially the former, who was but five years old, and whose mother was recently dead. As even, in case of the deliverance of her lover, the return to the pond and their flight thence to Port au Prince, in which she designed to join them, was likely to be attended with many difficulties, she very judiciously concluded, that the possession of the two boys, as a kind of pledge, might be of great advantage, in the event of an attack by the negroes. She suc-

ceeded in carryin g off the child half asleep out of his bed into the main building.

Meanwhile Mr. Strömli and his troop had, with as little disturbance as possible, burst open Hoango's chamber-door; but Babekan and he, instead of being in bed as they expected, alarmed by the noise, were both standing half-naked and defenceless in the middle of the floor. Strömli, pointing his musket, bade them surrender or they should die: but Hoango, taking down a pistol from the wall, fired it at the assailants. The ball grazed the head of their leader. At this signal the followers of the latter rushed upon him; Hoango, by a second fire, wounded one of the servants in the shoulder; but one of his hands was disabled by the stroke of a sword, and both Babekan and he were thrown down and bound. In the mean time Hoango's blacks, roused by the report of fire-arms, to the number of twenty or more, rushed out of their stalls, and hearing the cries of old Babekan, hurried towards the house to recover their arms. In vain did Strömli, whose wound was but slight, post his people at the windows of the house, and order them to fire among the blacks to keep them off: regardless of the death of two of their comrades, who were extended in the yard, they brought axes and iron crows to break open the door, which Strömli had locked and bolted; while Toni,

trembling all over, entered Hoango's chamber, with young Seppy in her arms. Strömli snatched the boy from her, and drawing his dagger, swore that he would bury it in his heart, unless Hoango commanded his blacks to desist from their purpose. Hoango, whose courage was cooled by the loss of three fingers, and whose own life would have been endangered by a refusal, agreed, after some consideration, to comply. Mr. Strömli assisted him to rise, and led him to the window, where he called to the negroes, ordering them to return immediately to their stalls, as he had no need of their assistance, his life being perfectly safe. At the desire of Strömli, he also sent a black, who had been taken in the house, to repeat this order to the band, who yet remained in consultation in the court-yard: and as the negroes, little as they comprehended of the matter, were obliged to obey this formal message; they relinquished their design, for the execution of which they had every thing in readiness, and retired murmuring and grumbling to their stalls. Strömli caused young Seppy's hands to be bound in the presence of Hoango, telling the latter, that he had no other intention than to release his nephew from the confinement in which he was detained; and that if no obstacles were thrown in the way of his flight to Port au Prince, Hoango had nothing to fear either for his own

life or the lives of his children, who would be restored to him. Toni, with an emotion which she could not suppress, approached her mother, who spurned her from her, called her a base and perfidious wretch, and prayed that the vengeance of heaven might speedily overtake her. Toni replied, "I have not betrayed you; I have plighted my faith to a white, to the stranger whom you hold in confinement; I belong to the race with which you are at open war; and I have no fear of being overtaken by the judgments of the Almighty for espousing their cause." Strömli hereupon placed a sentinel over Hoango, who was again bound and fastened to the door-post, and ordered his servant, who lay senseless on the floor from the effect of his wound, to be removed. Having once more told Hoango, that in a few days he might send for the two boys to St. Luze, where the first French advanced posts were stationed, he took Toni, who, overpowered by conflicting emotions, could not suppress her tears, by the hand, and conducted her out of the chamber, followed by the curses of Babekan and old Hoango.

In the mean time Strömli's sons, Adelbert and Godfrey, on the conclusion of the principal conflict from the windows, had hastened, by command of their father, to the chamber of their cousin Gustavus, and were fortunate enough to

overpower, after an obstinate resistance, the two blacks who guarded him. The one lay dead in the room; the other, severely wounded, had crawled into the passage. The two brothers, the eldest of whom was wounded, though but slightly, in the leg, unbound their beloved cousin, and exultingly handing him his arms, begged him to accompany them into the front room, where, as the victory was already decided, their father was probably making arrangements for their departure. Gustavus, half-raised in bed, cordially pressed their hands: he was reserved and thoughtful; and, instead of taking the pistols which they brought him, clenched his fist, and struck his forehead, with a look of inexpressible anguish. The youths seated themselves by him, and enquired what ailed him? He leaned his head on Adelbert's shoulder, and the younger brother had just risen to fetch him some water, under the idea that he was fainting, when Strömli and Toni, holding Seppy by the hand, entered the room. At this sight Gustavus changed colour: and before the youths knew what he was going to do with the pistol, which he now snatched out of the hand of one of them, he fired it, gnashing his teeth with rage, at Toni. The ball penetrated her bosom; with a shriek of pain she staggered forward a few paces and sunk before him. Hurling the pistol at her, he

spurned her from him with his foot, and calling her a perfidious wretch, threw himself again on the bed. "O, thou savage!" cried his uncle and his two sons. The latter ran to the girl, raised her in their arms, and called an old servant who had already performed the office of a surgeon in various dangerous cases. The girl pressed her hand convulsively to the wound. "Tell him," stammered she, pointing to the murderer—"tell him——" "What shall we tell him?" said Strömli, as death seemed already to deprive her of utterance. Adelbert and Godfrey, turning to the perpetrator of the horrid deed, asked if he knew that the girl was his deliverer; that she loved him so sincerely that she had intended to abandon parents and fortune, and accompany him to Port au Prince? Gustavus again raised himself, but without replying. He cast a look at the girl weltering in her blood, and the fury which had instigated the deed naturally gave place to a feeling of ordinary pity. "Why, wretched man, have you done this?" cried his uncle, while the tears trickled down his cheeks. "Because," replied Gustavus, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and contemplating his victim, "because the traitress bound me while I was asleep, and delivered me to the bloodthirsty Hoango."—"Ah!" cried Toni, extending her hand towards him, with a look not to be described, "I bound

you, my dearest friend, because ——" She was not able to proceed farther, or to reach him with her hand, and she fell exhausted into Strömli's arms. "Why?" cried Gustavus, springing from the bed, and throwing himself, pale as death, on his knees before her. After a long pause, during which they waited in vain for a reply from Toni, Mr. Strömli said: "Because, after Hoango's arrival, there was no other way to save you, wretched man; because she was anxious to prevent the unequal conflict in which you infallibly would have engaged, and to gain time till we should come up, agreeably to her arrangements, to set you at liberty by force of arms." Gustavus covered his face with his hands. He durst not raise his eyes: the ground seemed to open beneath his feet. "Oh!" cried he, "is what you tell me true?" He threw his arm around her, and looked up in her face with unutterable anguish. "Ah!" said Toni, with a faultering and scarcely audible voice—"you should not—have distrusted—me!" With these words her spirit fled to happier regions. Gustavus rent his hair. "Indeed," said he, as his cousins tore him from the corpse, "I ought not to have distrusted thee, for thou wast united to me by an oath, though it had not been expressed in words." The servant arrived with some imperfect instruments, and, with the assistance of his master, examined

the wound: but it was too evident, that even the most consummate skill would here have been of no avail, and that the poor girl was quite dead.

Gustavus had, meanwhile, gone to the window, and while Strömli and his sons were consulting together what was to be done with the corpse, and whether they ought not to send for the mother, their wretched kinsman put an end to his own life with the other pistol. The attention of all was now directed to him; but their aid was useless—his skull was shattered to pieces. His uncle was the first to recover his presence of mind. It was now broad day, and he was informed that the negroes began to appear again in the court-yard: it therefore behoved him to think of an immediate retreat. Unwilling to leave the two bodies to the wanton abuse of the blacks, he ordered them to be laid upon a board, and after the whole company had re-loaded their pieces, the melancholy procession set out for the fish-pond. Mr. Strömli, carrying Seppy on one arm, went first: the two strongest of the men-servants followed, bearing the bodies on their shoulders; next came their wounded comrade, supporting himself with a staff; and Adelbert and Godfrey flanked the slowly moving funeral train. The blacks, seeing the party so weak, sallied from their habitations with bludgeons and pitchforks, and

seemed disposed for an attack; but Hoango, who had been previously unbound, came out upon the steps and motioned his people to be quiet. "At St. Luze!" cried Mr. Strömli, who was already under the gateway. "At St. Luze!" repeated Hoango; on which the train proceeded unmolested, and reached the forest. Near the pond, where they rejoined the rest of the family, they dug, with many tears, a grave for the lovers, and consigned their remains, with solemn prayer, to the abodes of everlasting peace.

Five days after this painful catastrophe, Strömli and his family were fortunate enough to reach St. Luze, where, according to his promise, he left the two negro boys. He arrived at Port au Prince shortly before the siege of that place, where he fought on the ramparts in the cause of the whites: and when the town, after an obstinate resistance, was taken by Dessalines, he embarked with the French army on board the British fleet, which carried him to England, whence he returned, without farther accident, to his native country. Here, with the remnant of his little fortune, he purchased a retreat in the vicinity of the Rigi; and in his garden, on a spot overshadowed with trees, is still to be seen the monument which he erected in memory of his unfortunate nephew, and the faithful Toni.

THE

MAGIC MIRROR.

A POLISH TALE.

In the castle of Lapotka, in Poland, there was an ancient tower, concerning which many extraordinary reports were circulated: but as the door, composed of thick oaken planks, strengthened with iron, had not been opened, to any one's knowledge, from time immemorial, no person could tell what it contained. The most general notion was, that a former proprietor of the castle had practised the black art in a dark apartment in this tower, that it was still haunted by his spirit, and that at the hour of midnight, the door of the tower flew open with a tremendous noise.

Francis, a sprightly boy, the only son of the gentleman who owned the castle at the commencement of the eighteenth century, could therefore never approach the tower in question without a peculiar feeling of horror. He was growing up to manhood, when he once expressed a wish to his father that this unsightly tower, which disfigured the whole castle, were demolished; but the old man, with an air of mystery, replied, that he would probably some day think differently of the matter. Francis had been educated, agreeably to the wish of his mother, by a pious priest, who, having been frequently the dupe of the artful and designing, had conceived a disgust of the world, and embraced a monastic life. By him his pupil was instructed in the sciences; he instilled into him a spirit of piety and a love of virtue; but a suspicion and distrust of mankind were gradually infused, by the daily expressions of the preceptor, into the mind of his pupil. He had been from home some years to finish his education, when a letter from his father summoned him to return with all possible expedition, as he felt his health rapidly declining, and was desirous of speaking to him before his dissolution; especially as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, after his victories at Narva and on the Dwina, was just then menacing the Polish frontiers. Francis obeyed his father's injunction, and hurried home, hoping to find him still alive. With an anxiously

throbbing heart he entered the castle-gate, and sought to read in every face the fulfilment of his most ardent wish, that his father might be yet living.

Old Ignatius came to meet him. "God be praised," cried he, "our master is yet alive, but extremely weak."

"Hasten, then," said Francis, "to prepare my dear father for my coming."

"Oh! he knew you would be here to-day," replied Ignatius, "so you had better go to him at once."

Francis could not conceive by what means his father had received such precise intelligence respecting the period of his return, but hurried to the bed of his parent, who was greatly rejoiced at his arrival, and immediately desired to be left alone with his son.

"My affairs," he began, "are exceedingly deranged; but my old and valued friend, the Starost Drebinski, has promised me the hand of his beautiful daughter for you. She possesses a large fortune in her own right. She is still young; her heart is disengaged; seek her love and the friendship of her brother; you will obtain both, and thereby raise our race, now nearly extinct, to new splendour. Perhaps, too, your mother's brother, though he and I have not been on good terms, may not transfer this hostility to you."

The old man seemed nearly exhausted; his utterance became difficult; but he mustered his strength for another effort.

"I have still," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, "to communicate to you an important secret, which, if properly employed, may conduct you to the highest degree of prosperity. In yon tower—Ignatius—"

At these words he swooned. He again came to himself, indeed, and attempted to speak, but in vain; and in a few hours he was no more.

Francis was most affectionately attached to his father, and for a considerable time the thoughts of his deceased parent occupied his whole soul. He found his father's affairs in the utmost confusion. There were many points, indeed, on which Ignatius, the steward of the estate and the confidential agent of his father, was able to furnish information; but this was not the case with others, and particularly with a law-suit of the utmost importance; and Ignatius, to whom he addressed his enquiries on this subject in vain, at length said: "Probably nothing but the mirror can throw any light on this subject." Francis looked at him with astonishment, and on his requiring an explanation, it appeared that Ignatius had supposed that his dying master had made his son fully acquainted with the family secret. Finding that he was yet ignorant of it, he promised to give him all the necessary information at midnight.

The air of mystery assumed by the steward, who would not, and who indeed declared that he could not, then explain himself more fully, strongly excited the curiosity of his young master. He recollected the last words of his expiring father, and awaited the appointed hour with impatience. Midnight came, and with it Ignatius. He entered the room muffled up in a cloak, with a lantern in one hand, and a bunch of large keys in the other. At his desire, Francis wrapped himself in another cloak, "for," said his conductor, "I should wish, that if we happen to be seen, we may be taken for spirits." They proceeded to the tower, which Francis, owing to the recollection of his early years, could not approach without a secret awe; and this feeling was greatly increased by the harsh grating of the door, on being opened, and the sepulchral smell that issued from the tower.

"What," he asked, "am I to do here?"

"Only follow me," answered Ignatius; "you will see."

He unlocked a second door, that led into a ruinous chapel, and then lifting up a trap-door he descended. Francis hesitated a moment; but his curiosity was roused, and he followed. It was a funeral vault. Between two rows of mouldering coffins and scattered bones, they advanced to an iron door, and passing it, entered a

small vaulted chamber, the walls of which were hung with black. The floor was covered with a black carpet; on it stood a small altar, upon which, between two black tapers, lay a skull, and before that a book in black binding.

"What means all this?" asked Francis.

"I am fulfilling the instructions of your deceased father," answered Ignatius, "which he gave me, in case he should not live till your arrival."

"But for what purpose is this mummery?"

"All I know about it, from the communications of my late master, is this:—One of your ancestors, a pious old gentleman, went on a pilgrimage with his son to Jerusalem. On their return, they fell into the hands of pirates, and were sold for slaves at Alexandria. As long as they continued together, the father's piety preserved the son from despair; but the old man, unused to hardships, soon sunk under them. The son, without guide or friend, accustomed to live well and enjoy himself, now in his prime doomed to the most oppressive servitude, without any prospect of being ever redeemed, became accidentally acquainted with a Cophtic monk, who purchased his liberty, and with whom he passed several years. How they were both employed during that time is best known to God and his saints; but so much is certain, that your ancestor came back safe, and was rich

and respected. He constructed this little chamber by his family vault, and bequeathed to his descendants the magic mirror for the disclosure of future events, the use of which is explained in this book."

"Where is, then, this mirror?" asked Francis.

"Beware of drawing back the veil that conceals it: this must not be done except in the manner prescribed by the book. All that I can shew you, without danger, I will."

He drew up a curtain. Francis started back. In a niche in the wall stood a mummy, holding in both hands the mirror, covered with a black veil, on which unknown characters were embroidered in gold.

"None but a descendant of him who built this chamber may presume to look in the glass. You now know all that has been communicated to me; the book will inform you of the rest."

"Oh!" said Francis sorrowfully; "now I know why my dear good mother was so often weeping by herself: her friends called it melancholy, for she would not inform any one of the cause of her tears. No doubt she was acquainted with this horrid family-secret."

"You are right," replied Ignatius; "and your noble uncle, who was informed of the whole affair, when he came some years before you were born, to take leave of your mother, previously to his departure from Poland with king

John Casimir, made your father promise to destroy this enchanted mirror. He believed that your father had done so, but was apprized, I know not by what means, of the contrary, and hence the coldness which ensued between them."

"Well then, out of respect for my beloved mother, I will destroy this abominable instrument of sorcery."

"Have patience, I beseech you! for even this cannot be done without the observance of certain circumstances, as directed in the book."

"Then take up the book, and let us begone out of this horrid place."

Francis threw the book for a moment into a book-case; but the troubles occasioned by the advance of the Swedes into Poland, numerous law-suits, and the importunity of creditors, immediately afterwards engaged his whole attention. He was soon convinced that there was no other way to avert impending ruin than the advantageous match proposed by his father. He hastened to Drebenski, by whom he was cordially welcomed, as the son of an old friend.

"I am heartily glad," said he "that you are come to see me just now, as I shall have an opportunity of introducing you to my daughter before she sets out for Warsaw. In the present troubles, the country is not a fit abode for a young lady; and therefore my sister, who lives

at Warsaw, is come provided with a Swedish passport to take her to that city."

This address strengthened the hopes of his young visitor. Rosalia presently entered the apartment; her extraordinary beauty captivated him at the first glance; but her childlike innocence, the noble simplicity of her manners, and the affection which she every moment expressed for her father, completely enchanted him. The possession of such a female seemed to him the highest felicity to which he could aspire in this world. Drebinski observed with peculiar satisfaction the impression made by his daughter's charms on the son of his friend. Francis found means also to ingratiate himself with Drebinski's sister, the Castellana Mozarski; and the young man, praised by all whom she loved and esteemed, soon began to be by no means indifferent to the fair Rosalia. Perceiving her growing partiality, he forgot all his troubles; his imagination pictured the most delicious prospects, and thus passed some of the happiest moments of his life. But the evening before the day fixed for the departure of the young lady, the conversation, which had previously been so lively, was at a stand. Francis eyed Rosalia with a look of dejection: he had acquainted her father with his wishes, but received no decisive answer, as the old man declared, that every thing depended on the choice of his

daughter. With downcast look sat Rosalia, only now and then venturing to raise her eyes to the handsome stranger, while many a gentle sigh heaved her fair bosom. The Castellana observed them both with a smile, and cast many a significant look at her brother.

Drebinski at length rose from his chair. "My dear Rosalia," said he, in a tender tone, "I should like to see you, before I die, united to a man deserving of your love and regard."

Rosalia, sweetly blushing, kissed the hand of her father, who thus proceeded:—"This young gentleman is the son of the friend and companion of my youth. I promised his father, on his death-bed, that he should have your hand, unless your heart were averse to the match. I will not forestall your choice; but, could I behold you united and happy together, this sight would cheer my declining days."

A tear trembled in the eye of the susceptible Rosalia: she extended her hand, in silence, to Francis, who pressed her to his heart, and imprinted the first kiss on her lips. The father raised his grateful eyes to heaven; and the Castellana shed tears of joy. The journey was postponed for a few days, and the lovers were inexpressibly happy. It was agreed, that the marriage should take place as soon as the storms of war had blown over. Francis now thought of nothing but his Rosalia, and made

every possible effort to retrieve his embarrassed affairs.

Thus had some months passed away, when Drebinski died. Will Rosalia, thought Francis, who gave me her hand only to gratify her father—will she, who is doubtless universally adored at Warsaw for her beauty, and perhaps surrounded by men, to whom I am in every respect inferior, still continue to bless me with her love? This thought haunted him incessantly. He wrote to Rosalia; he fancied that in her answer there was not the same tenderness as before; and at the same time he was informed by her, that her brother, who had resided some years in France, was on his return to his own country.

"O, ye saints!" exclaimed Francis, while the big tears trickled down his cheeks, "is it not likely that this brother, to whom I am an utter stranger, will make every effort to deprive one whose ruined circumstances are well known, of the hand of his sister?" This idea tormented him exceedingly. With a view to divert his mind by study, he sat down to the writing-table left him by his father. In examining the papers it contained, he discovered a secret drawer, in which were deposited letters from his uncle; who, on quitting Poland, had entered into the French military service, and held an important command. In every one of these letters the writer urged his brother-in-law to destroy the chamber described above, and the magic mirror;

but the last contained the assurance, that unless, in the course of three months, he received a certificate from Father Dominic, that his wish was complied with, he would leave his large fortune to widows and orphans; but, in the contrary event, he should bequeath the whole of it to the son of his deceased sister. This letter had been written ten years, yet there was still a hope that he might be enriched by the kindness of his uncle, and thus rendered more worthy of Rosalia.

He pulled the bell, and sent for Ignatius.

"Do you know Father Dominic?"

"Yes, he was confessor to your mother."

"Is he still living?"

"He is prior of the neighbouring convent."

Francis posted away to the priory, and was most kindly received. Dominic knew nothing more than that his father occupied himself with magic, and that his pious mother and her brother had endeavoured, by all the means in their power, to divert him from this abominable pursuit; the more particular circumstances of the case he was unacquainted with. So much, however, he could tell Francis, when he enquired concerning his uncle, that the latter was alive, and a general in the French army at the commencement of the late war; and he promised to forward any letter which his nephew might think fit to write to him.

Francis lost no time in writing to his uncle; he promised to destroy the unhallowed chamber, and took up the book to inform himself of the manner in which this intention might be executed without danger. At the beginning he found a description of the ceremonies with which the veil should be removed from the mirror, and the magic words which it was necessary to pronounce before looking into the glass. It required also, that any questions proposed to the mirror should be entered upon the blank leaves of this book, and also the answers returned to them by the mirror. Curiosity induced him to turn to the last question proposed to the mirror by his father. It was as follows: "Has my son to expect wealth?"—The mirror presented a heap of bags full of money. Francis felt a momentary joy, which soon gave place to mistrust.—"To expect?" said he, "what a vague question! It should have been—Will he possess wealth?"

At this moment a party of Swedes came to be quartered upon him. Francis shut up his book, and went to receive them. The officers of a whole regiment had been sent to his castle. Francis, with a heart full of anxiety, sat pensive and silent; while the hilarity of the Swedes was heightened by the bottles of Tokay which they emptied at dinner. The elder officers forgot

their years, and joked the younger on their amours at Warsaw.

"Lilienström," said one of them, "is still in the dismals; he cannot forget the beautiful Rosalia."

"Why should I deny it?" rejoined Lilienström, a young and very handsome man. "She is the finest woman I ever beheld: and does not every body admire her?"

"In these sentiments the other officers coincided. The name of Rosalia had a painful effect on Francis; but he mustered courage, and asked, with apparent indifference, "Who is, then, the fair object of your commendations?"

"Rosalia Drebinski," replied one of the Swedes.

"If I am not mistaken," continued Francis, "the hand of that lady is engaged."

"Her father," answered one of the half-intoxicated officers, "is said to have forced a match upon her; but it would be a miracle if the present suitors were not to supplant the absent one." A general laugh succeeded.

Francis, tormented by the most painful uncertainty, passed the following night without sleep. The thought of consulting the magic mirror frequently darted across his brain, but his guardian angel prevented him from carrying it into effect. In a few days the Swedes departed, and Francis was left alone with his

anxiety and his apprehensions. He projected a variety of plans; he thought of proceeding to Warsaw to watch Rosalia, and to remind her of him; but he had no money to defray the expence of such a journey, and to make a suitable appearance in the capital. Ignatius was consulted, and was of opinion that the mirror would be the best adviser. The idea of applying to the mirror frequently occurred, but it was not yet matured into a resolution.

Meanwhile Francis received a visit from the reverend Father Dominic. He loved and respected the aged prior. He was on the point of pouring forth his whole heart before him; but Dominic seemed himself to be deeply dejected, and observed, that man ought to put his trust in God, to look to him alone for happiness, and not to grieve or despair on account of any disappointment of his hopes.

"For heaven's sake, reverend father," cried Francis, turning pale as death, and trembling like an aspen leaf, "have compassion on me; conceal not from me the dreadful intelligence: my heart already tells me that Rosalia is false!"

"No, my son," replied Dominic; "I know nothing of Rosalia. The letter which you gave me for your uncle I sent to France; I hoped to be the messenger of good tidings, but yesterday I received accounts from Paris, informing me

that your uncle has fallen in battle. Not a word is said concerning his property, but the writer merely states, that I shall be apprized of farther particulars by the general's aid-de-camp, a Pole, who has returned to his own country." Painful as this intelligence was, yet Francis felt somewhat relieved for the moment. He had anticipated a more severe misfortune. The idea of being persecuted by fate, and the probability of soon hearing that his last hope was blasted, preyed upon his heart. A feverish heat drove him to and fro; he knew not what to do, or where to find rest. In this state of mind he met Ignatius, and to him he complained of his distress. "How," cried he, "shall I put an end to this uncertainty, this infernal torment?"

"If you only wish to arrive at certainty, you may do that immediately."

"I understand you; well, be the result what it will—Fate summons. Come on, then!"

He hastened with the steward to the tower. Distant lightnings played about the horizon: the owl screeched, but Francis heeded it not. According to the directions in the book, he uncovered the glass, and demanded an answer to the question—whether Rosalia felt attachment to any other man than himself? He looked in the glass—Rosalia, in dishabille, attended by a maid carrying a light, hurried into a room by

one door, while a young officer entered it at another, and they clasped each other most tenderly in a mutual embrace. Francis was furious at this sight: he wished for further information, but the mirror could not be consulted oftener than every third night.

The next morning Francis looked extremely pale, and perturbed: Dominic attributing this to his communication, deferred his departure for some days, that he might console and cheer him. He advised Ignatius to send for a physician, which the steward, however, declined doing: and thus arrived the third night, when the mirror was to resolve the question—whether Rosalia would keep up the same connection with the officer which subsisted between them at that time? Both of them appeared in a carriage, attended by two out-riders. "The faithless, perjured woman!" exclaimed Francis; "she is eloping with him!" He was in a state bordering on distraction. In vain did Dominic, who was ignorant of the real cause of his despair, offer all the consolations of religion. At times they seemed to have some effect; but fury and despair soon regained possession of his heart. Dominic then turned to a crucifix which hung in the room. "Father of mercies," cried he, "send him consolation and save his poor soul." Francis wildly paced the floor, resolving to consult the mirror once more, to take

revenge on his rival, and then to terminate his life and his misery at once.

At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and a servant entered the room.

"Send them away," cried he; "I will not see any one. I am ill—I am not at home."

The servant returned, saying, that the strangers insisted on speaking with the master of the house. "Reverend Father," said Francis, "rid me of them, I entreat you."

Dominic went. He found a young officer, and a young lady, whom he recognized at the first glance. It was Rosalia and her brother. He told them that Francis was ill, and that it would be necessary to prepare him for their visit. Drebinski, therefore, related what follows:—

"On leaving Poland, I entered into the French service, and soon found a kind friend in General Strikowski, who appointed me his aid-de-camp. In a few years, my father desired me, on account of his increasing infirmities, to demand my dismission, and return home to manage his estates. A sense of honour prevented me from complying with this injunction before the end of the campaign, when I received a letter from my sister acquainting me with her betrothal to the nephew of my good general. This intelligence gave us both infinite pleasure. I could not answer her, for the enemy and we were then face to face; a few days afterwards

an engagement ensued, and the noble Strikowski was mortally wounded. He declared his nephew the heir to his considerable property, of which he ordered me to take charge. As soon as the campaign was over, I resigned my commission and hastened home. It was midnight when I arrived at Warsaw, and drove up to the house of my aunt. The family had retired to rest. Rosalia's maid heard me knock; I mentioned my name; and our joy at meeting again was not to be described. I begged my sister to make the nephew of him, to whom I was under such obligations, happy as speedily as possible by the gift of her hand. She acceded to my request, and has accompanied me hither for the purpose, on the way to my estates."

The eyes of the venerable prior overflowed with tears of joy. All's well, thought he, that ends well. He hastened to Francis to communicate to him the auspicious intelligence; but was astonished at his expressing more horror than gratification. Francis wrung his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and prostrated himself before the crucifix, while tears streamed down his pallid cheeks. Minutes seemed hours to Rosalia; she could wait no longer, and hastened to Francis, whom, on opening the door, she found on his knees. "Dear, good soul!" cried she, "my thanksgiving shall rise with thine to the throne of God." She fell on her

knees beside him—his face became more and more pale, and he sunk senseless on the floor. On coming to himself, he kissed Rosalia's hand and bedewed it with his tears. "O, thou angel of love!" cried he, "I am unworthy of thee!" With profound contrition he then related all that had passed with the magic mirror, and the cruel deception it had practised upon him.

"Where is this accursed instrument?" cried Drebinski: "your uncle enjoined me to see to it, that it should be destroyed."

"Months," replied Francis, "would be required, according to the directions in the book, to accomplish this without danger."

"Whoever," said Dominic, "believes in him who deprived hell of its power, need not fear its threats."

Ignatius, and some others of the household, were summoned. They proceeded to the subterranean chamber. Dominic laid hold of the mirror, but was seized by the mummy, whose eyes seemed to roll as they looked at him, while hideous howlings resounded on all sides. The prior, however, wrested the mirror from its grasp, and dashed it in pieces. He caused every thing in the apartment to be burned, and threw the book also into the flames. Alternate horror and rage, joy and shame, had operated with such force on Francis, that he was like one intoxicated. Next morning he was seized

with a violent fever; the physician, summoned to his aid, declared him in great danger, and in three days he expired with profound contrition, amidst the prayers of the pious prior.

This event made the deepest impression on the susceptible heart of the fair Rosalia, who had been tenderly attached to the deceased. The world had lost all charms for her; she took the veil; and, as abbess of the convent, she lived to an advanced age, an example of virtue and piety to all the sisterhood.

Drebinski married happily, and often related this history to his children and grandchildren, warning them at the same time against superstition. "Be thankful," he would say upon such occasions, "to the all-wise Being, who has limited the sphere of mortal vision, and no doubt from the kindest motives concealed the future from our view. Strive not, with presumptuous hand, to draw the veil aside from it, but, resigned to the will of Providence, seek your highest felicity in piety and virtue alone."

COMFORT

IN

Death.

[*Extracted from the Papers of Colonel L——.*]

My death-bed was surrounded by those who were dear to me. At the head sat sobbing my young wife, Amelia; my friend Albert, captain in the ——th dragoons, held my feeble hand, and among many military imprecations, words of comfort occasionally dropped from his bearded lips. Julia, the beloved bequest of my first wife, walked to and fro wringing her hands, while some aged aunts, with pious ejaculations, opened the way for me to heaven. "Grieve not, my dear wife," said I, mustering all my little store of resignation; "we demi-angels fare in death like the phœnix. We perish here on this

dark earth to rise the more gloriously in the region of light. I have read too, an excellent work on the subject of meeting again beyond the grave; and am certain you would derive great comfort from the perusal of it when I am gone—you will find it in my desk."—"Talking fatigues you, sweetheart," sighed Amelia. "Your affection, dearest, spreads a carpet of roses over my yawning grave: and if spirits can remember what has happened to them in this mortal state, I will not forget this tenderness."—"You break my heart."—"Apply to it the balm of resignation: in such wounds as these the released soul rejoices—And now my dear daughter, Julia! ——"—"O, gracious God! my father! my dear father!"—"Distress not yourself, my dear child, because inexorable fate beckons me away. Though but my step-daughter, you have reared many a flower for me in the garden of life: you have made it your study to gratify my humours and propensities, and may the Almighty reward you with as large a portion of internal happiness as I bequeath you of external prosperity!" —"Gracious heaven! may the last moment of my father's life be my last moment too!"—"Be not rash, child; dying is not a *polonaise*—had I time I could read you a useful lecture on that head—as it is, I must be content to give you my cordial blessing. May you be united to a virtuous man, and have as much joy in your

little-ones as I have received from you!"—The girl sunk half swooning, and Martha, the maid-servant, herself blubbering all the while, supported her as with tottering step she quitted the room. Amelia followed them.

"Now we are alone, I have a word to say to you, my old comrade and companion. Though I was indeed dashing about on my father's favourite charger, while you were riding on your nurse's knee, and had made many a campaign before you fleshed your maiden sword; still the quarter of a century that we have passed together has bound our hearts closely to one another. More than once I rescued you from the rude clutches of the French and the Turks, and might justly demand some return for these services; but probably my hours are already numbered. One thing, however, Albert I must require of you. When I see the tears of my dear Amelia, when I reflect on her unbounded affection for me, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages, and that to me she sacrificed the bloom of her youth, the pangs of death are infinitely aggravated. Promise me, my best friend, my Albert, to be a friend to my poor wife, when I shall be no more!"—The captain's mustachios quivered convulsively; and turning aside his head, while his hand closely pressed mine, he stammered forth, "I will."

At that moment the object of my solicitude

re-entered the chamber with two friends of our family. A kind of stupor seized me. When I came to myself again, I perceived that my whole body was paralysed. I attempted to speak, but my tongue refused its office; I tried to move a hand, a leg, to nod my head, but all in vain: I was as helpless as a marble statue. The horrors of death took possession of me, and I commended my soul to my Creator. But, what was very singular, notwithstanding this general paralysis, I could both see and hear quite distinctly. "He's dying! he's dying!" shrieked Amelia, and fell fainting into Albert's arms. "God be merciful to his soul!" ejaculated the lady visitor, dropping on her knees. "And receive him into his everlasting kingdom!" responded the gentleman who accompanied her, kneeling softly down on his India silk pocket-handkerchief, lest he should soil his snow-white trowsers. "Farewell, old boy," cried Albert, who had meanwhile deposited Amelia on a sopha, closing my eyes with his heavy dragoon fist. "My dear, kind master!—My father! my dear father!"—were the exclamations that burst, intermingled with sobs, from the adjoining apartment. The folding-door flew open and in rushed Martha, roaring, and Julia like one distracted. The two aunts, who wafted my soul to heaven with a thousand texts of scripture, now desisted from their prayers, and

joined the howling chorus which old Martha and my Julia had commenced.

Having thus brought the history of my life to a conclusion, I would fain submit to the indulgent reader a little specimen of *auto-necrology*. Such a communication indeed is rather uncommon; but the very curiosity of the thing will, I flatter myself, obtain it a perusal.

As the younger branch of a respectable family, I had no other choice than to carve out a fortune with my sword. In the space of twenty years I had deprived many a mother of her son, many a wife of her husband, and many a damsel of her lover. I was adorned with ten wounds and the insignia of an order, and had plundered Christians and Turks of as much money as I wanted, when I determined to repose upon the laurels with which my grateful country had presented me. I joined the banners of peace with the rank of colonel, and if I have since spilled blood, it is only the beasts of the field and the birds of the air that have any right to complain of me. When I had established myself quite snugly as I thought, there came the blind archer and threw down the gauntlet a second time to the old soldier. As a dead man, as one who had done with all the passions and foibles of mortality, I was now aware that, in this case, I ought to have armed myself with prudence, and repelled the attacks of love with

reason; but an old heart, like rotten wood, easily takes fire. I had indeed some excuse, for my Amelia was an angel; she was one of those figures which a man would gladly steal away from the chef-d'œuvres of the great masters and animate with the half of his own life: and so I stole her away from the Eden of her youth and transplanted her into my Sahara. Yet I never had reason to repent this unequal match; she was a model of every virtue, like my step-daughter, Julia, and my bosom-friend Albert; and such was the state of things till my happy exit.

In itself, indeed, it was happy enough—but then the dread of something after death! There I lay, a living corpse, ready to be dished up for the worms! Gracious heaven! after dying, what mortal anguish had I still to endure! All the stories of martyrs and the tortures of the inquisition occurred to my mind. I fancied that I saw myself consigned to the gloom of the grave, while in the back-ground gaunt famine extended his skinny claws to seize me. How gladly would I now have consented to be impaled by the Turks—a kind of death to which I had formerly felt a peculiar dislike!

From these comfortable meditations I was roused by a voice near me, asking—"But is he really dead?" It was my wife's. "Why, he is not cold yet," rejoined a deep bass, which I recognized as my friend Albert's; "but, thank

God, he is certainly dead."—"Let him alone; he'll get cold fast enough I warrant," replied my Amelia, while I felt as if a thousand pair of red-hot tongs were recalling me to life. "He has been in our way too long," said Albert. "But, fortunately," answered Amelia, "he was as simple and unsuspicious as a child."—"Now I shall not be crossed any more by the old fellow."—"Now we shall have no occasion to steal our interviews!" And as duets frequently terminate in one general accord, so a hearty smack formed the conclusion of this to me most interesting dialogue.

Every one who is still in the enjoyment of life will easily conceive how these ardent effusions of the heart must have revolted me, though a corpse. I wished that I was, if not the devil himself, at least some goblin, that I might put to the rout these reptiles who had been thus preying upon my vitals. And this was my Amelia, whom I had considered as the *ne plus ultra* of conjugal fidelity—she, even she!—Alas! unhappy corpse! it was in this state of non-existence that I had to drain the bitterest cup of fate!

While I was thus enduring unutterable torments, these models of conjugal affection and friendship had retired arm-in-arm, and I heard frequent repetitions of the accord already described, than which the sound of the last trump

would not have given me a greater shock. Amid this conflict with despair, the door again opened, and my step-daughter, Julia, entered. Now, thought I, oil will be poured into thy smarting wounds; thou wilt be released from the rack, and soothed into oblivion of thy past anguish! Julia advanced softly to my bed, took my hand, and with theatrical pathos and gesticulation, exclaimed:—"There he lies, the cold domestic tyrant, who sported so unfeelingly with my happiness! What now avail all your efforts to dislodge the ever dear cornet from my heart! Mine he was, mine wholly, and mine he continued to be, in spite of you, poor dupe! You would have affirmed my innocence with a thousand oaths, for it was yourself who taught me to act the hypocrite, by your absurd mixture of severity and preposterous indulgence." I now felt her hand groping under my pillow. "Cursedly provoking!" cried she, "my step-mother has been too sharp for me. I want the money sadly too! How it would have delighted my cornet!" She then retired muttering out of the room.

Every man who has spirit enough to show a becoming resentment when his feelings are outraged, will be sensible, how much more comfortable St. Simon felt under the saw of the heathen, than I, whose heart was racked with all the torments of at least a hundred martyrs.

A good old adage—but what care our modern times about such things—teaches, that we ought to say nothing but what is good concerning the dead: I was doomed, on the contrary, to listen to two effusions, either of which, singly, would have been sufficient to make many a dead man rise from his grave. It would have been no wonder if a sudden apoplexy had killed me a second time.

In this unenviable state I lay for many hours, during which, according to soldiers' custom, I sometimes prayed and sometimes cursed in my throbless heart, when I heard the door again open and something creep quite softly to my bed-side. It raised itself up, snuffled and whined: it was my old faithful Sancho, who at last sprang up to me, and licked my cold cheeks and lips. Then, thought I to myself, there is at least one creature in the world that loves me, and heaved, in imagination, a profound sigh, as I added—and that an irrational one, a creature doomed to annihilation! With hunger and numberless stripes I trained him to his toilsome occupation; I have forced him to pursue the fleet game over the highest mountains and through trackless valleys, and yet his canine heart is more affectionately attached to me, than the human heart of a wife and of a daughter, on whom my kindness and my love were so lavishly poured forth. Ah, my good Sancho,

could I but recover that life which I have lost, thou shouldst not want any attention that I could bestow on thee!"

During these reflections, a mist obscured my sight, and I cheerfully commended my spirit to him who gave it, when suddenly, the chains that bound me were dissolved, and I recovered the use of my senses and of my bodily faculties. The rage and joy that, like a magnetic torrent, now pervaded my inmost soul, conferred a vigour which surpassed all my expectations. I sprung from my couch and snatched up the oak sapling which was the first object that met my view, on re-opening my eyes. It will not be difficult to guess in what manner I applied it. The panic-stricken captain just reached the door in time; but I gave full vent to my indignation on his artful paramour, and the abominable hussy, my step-daughter: I'll warrant they will not forget my resurrection as long as they live. This rather unwelcome treat was the last they partook of in my house; I have never set eyes on them since. In vain I challenged my traitorous friend to fight with sword or pistols—nay, I should not have cared if it had been with grape-shot—for instead of carrying his wretched hide to an honourable market, he thought fit to be invisible and to exchange into a distant regiment. Out of respect to the cloth that I had so long worn with credit, I left

the scoundrel to those reproaches which will sometimes overtake even the most hardened consciences. My Sancho, but for whose attachment I should possibly have been buried alive, is as fond of me as ever; and I must confess that I am childish enough to look forward with anxiety to the moment, that is to deprive me of the society of the good creature for ever.

THE

CONFESSIONAL.

THE Marchese Marescotti had lived for seven years in the happiest union with his beautiful wife. It was not a match of convenience, but the result of mutual affection and regard, though each was possessed of a considerable fortune. The Marchese had all the qualities that constitute an amiable man: his only foible was a suspicion of the fidelity of the sex, which had taken root in his mind ever since he was most basely deceived by the object of his first affections, for whose constancy he could have pledged his life: but the Marchesa, a tender, gentle creature, afforded so little food for this prejudice against her sex, that her husband began by degrees, to have faith in female virtue, and to place almost implicit confidence in his wife.

A boy, six years old, bound the parents still more closely together; and in all Genoa there was not a happier couple. Their felicity seemed to rest on a permanent basis, when an unexpected accident reminded them that in this world there is no joy without sorrow; no happiness without affliction.

The Marchesa had been brought up by her mother in the profoundest reverence for religion, and conscientiously performed all the duties which it imposed: thus she never missed going to confession on the great festivals instituted by the church. One day, being the eve of All Saints, she drove to a chapel about a mile distant from the city, for the purpose of confessing to an aged and venerable ecclesiastic, who was in high repute throughout all Genoa for his piety and rigid virtue. On her arrival, the chapel was so thronged with persons who had come thither with the same intent as herself, that the Marchesa foresaw she was likely to be detained some hours before she could speak to the confessor; she therefore sent back her servants with the carriage, ordering them to return about seven in the evening, and to tell their master she should be glad if he would fetch her.

The Marchese most cheerfully complied with her wish, and set out for the chapel rather earlier than the time appointed; while the servants stopped at the door, he entered, found the place

quite empty, and heard some one speaking, in a low tone, in the confessional: on listening he soon recognized the voice of his wife. He waited a considerable time, but as the Marchesa continued so long with the confessor, and consequently must have a great deal to confess; his unhappy jealousy, which had so long lain dormant, was all at once awakened, and impelled the Marchese to approach near enough to overhear what his wife had to say. It began to be dark, and he softly advanced unperceived close to the confessional; and as the Marchesa, under the idea that she was quite alone with the ecclesiastic, spoke rather louder than at first, he had no difficulty to hear distinctly the following words:

"Yes, the young man has a handsome person, and for upwards of half a year he has passed some hours every day in my bed-chamber, waiting for opportunities favourable to his passion. In the evening, while we were at supper, the girl let him out by a private staircase. I have dismissed her as I said, and from the motive I have already mentioned, have not told my husband why I thought fit to discharge her."

This confession struck the ear of the Marchese like a peal of thunder. That fury, Jealousy, took possession of his heart, and in the first paroxysm of rage he would have dispatched his guilty wife, regardless of the sacredness of

the place, and the heinousness of the crime, had not the sacristan at that moment entered. Recollecting himself, he hurried out of the chapel, strictly forbidding his servants to inform his wife that he had been there, and, impelled by rage and revenge, returned by the shortest way to Genoa.

A thousand torturing sensations racked his bosom, and as many horrid plans presented themselves to his mind. With inexpressible horror, he saw himself deceived—he, who loved his wife so tenderly, and who had relied with such confidence on her virtue. Her image stood in all its beauty before his heated imagination, and only served to inflame his revenge. After a few agonizing minutes his resolution was fixed. He wrote a few lines to his faithless wife, informing her he was obliged to go into the country for a fortnight; then ordered post-horses, and set out immediately for a solitary castle, about fifty miles off, inhabited only by the keeper, the gardener, and the family of his steward.

No sooner had he arrived, than he sent for workmen from the nearest village, and ordered them to affix iron bars to the windows of the most retired apartments, and to place a turning-machine in the door of the first room, like those common in nunneries. When this was done, he sent a carriage to fetch his wife, desiring

her, in a letter, to get into it immediately, without saying a word to any one whither she was going, as a matter of the utmost importance rendered profound silence indispensably necessary.

The brevity and the unexpected tenour of the note which the Marchesa had found on her return from confession, had given her some uneasiness, which was greatly increased by this letter; as she could not conceive what sort of change had taken place with her husband, and why she was required to make a secret of her journey. She nevertheless obeyed his summons without hesitation.

The carriage at length reached the mysterious castle. The draw-bridge was lowered. She fancied she saw her husband coming to meet her—she was disappointed, and on enquiring where he was, the keeper of the castle replied, that he was in the apartment destined for her reception. She ascended the stone stairs with an anxiety for which she could not account, and was ushered into the room. There stood the pale and gloomy Marchese. She flew to him, and asked, with manifest alarm, "What is the matter, my dear?"—"You know well enough!" replied he in a voice of thunder, pushing her from him, and casting on her a penetrating look. "Indeed I do not!" mildly answered the terrified lady. "Gracious heaven! what can have happened to you?"

The frankness and innocence expressed in her looks, instead of soothing the Marchese, served only to increase his rage. "You are a monster!" cried he: "but these deceitful looks, this affected innocence, shall not deceive me. Your conscience will tell you what you deserve. Ask me no more questions. I know every thing. Were I to charge you with your crime, you would be sure to invent a thousand excuses: but you shall not continue your vicious courses. This is your prison," added he, pointing to the windows secured with iron bars. "Here you shall pass the remainder of that life, which ought, by right, to be forfeited."

"Stop my dear husband!" said the supplicating Marchesa; "I know not how I can have offended you. But if you persist in your silence, and deem it right to punish me, consider my situation at least, and spare the innocent pledge of our love to which I shall ere long give life!"

This hint at her situation—the Marchesa was in the fourth month of her pregnancy—inflamed him still more, as it suggested the horrible idea that a stranger was possibly the father of the unborn infant. "Perish," cried he, "the offspring of guilt, and the disgrace to my house?"

With these words he rushed out, double-locked the door, and hastened to the other end of the castle to give vent to his fury, his sorrow, and his tears.

The Marchesa was so thunderstruck by this unexpected reception and the cruel menaces of her husband, that she stood for a long time almost insensible, and as if rooted to the spot. When she at length recovered the use of her senses, she began to consider how she could have incurred his displeasure, but to no purpose. Tears at last came to her relief. "He believes me to be guilty!" sighed she—"and alas! he loves me! How sincerely I pity him! But innocence imparts fortitude: I will suffer with resignation." She now thought of her son, who was deprived, perhaps for ever, of the care and affection of a mother, and of her unborn infant; she recollected, with horror, the words of her husband; and all the miseries which his unhappy mistake was likely to bring upon her child presented themselves to her soul. Amid these melancholy reflections, the tears flowed incessantly for several days and nights down her so lately blooming cheeks. At length she resigned herself wholly to the will of Providence, to whose goodness she also commended her husband and her children.

After the Marchese had given directions respecting the future treatment of his wife, he ordered the question to be put to her, whether there was any thing more she wished for. "Nothing," she replied, "but the heart of my husband." He stood, unknown to her, at the

door and heard this answer, but returned unmoved to Genoa.

The prison of the unfortunate lady consisted of two small rooms, the well secured windows of which looked into a court-yard, surrounded with a high wall. Here was a beautiful woman of twenty-six, who had a right to calculate on the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world, doomed to pass her life in dreary solitude and everlasting confinement.

The Marchese was meanwhile a prey to the horrors of contending passions; but amid all the torments of jealousy and revenge, a still small voice seemed to speak within his bosom in favour of his wife. When he considered the whole of her earlier years; when he recollected all the amiable qualities by which she had made his life a heaven on earth; when he reflected on the patience, the resignation, and the meekness with which she had borne his threats and his cruelty; he could not help viewing in her the innocent victim of his jealousy, and in himself a barbarian. But when he unluckily called to mind the words of her confession, he thought his treatment of her a great deal too mild, and was more and more confirmed in his determination to keep her confined during the rest of her life.

He visited the castle regularly once a month, and sometimes oftener, to see that his com-

mands were punctually executed. As soon as he had arrived, he ordered the unfortunate Marchesa to be informed of his coming, and always placed himself near the door to hear how she received the intelligence. Not aware that he was present, she always enquired concerning him in the most affectionate manner, and then went back sighing into her prison.

The Marchese usually stayed a week at the castle, and when he returned, his wife was asked, by his desire, whether she wanted any thing. Books of devotion were all that she desired to have. He once sent her some very entertaining works, but she returned them with the assurance, that she wished for no other works than such as were calculated to inspire her with patience and fortitude.

In the ninth month of her pregnancy the unfortunate prisoner urgently solicited an interview with her lord; but he peremptorily refused to comply with her request. She then begged him to furnish her with the materials for writing to him once more. When this favour, too, was denied her, and she was thus cut off from all hopes of enjoying an opportunity of pouring out her heart to her inexorable husband; necessity, the mother of invention, suggested to her the idea of having recourse to her skill in working with her needle. She took a white handkerchief, and with her hair wrought on it the following words:

"Dear Husband,

"I am now entering the ninth month of my pregnancy, and the hour of my child's birth will perhaps be the last of my life. Some evil spirit, envious of our happiness, has poisoned its source; but sooner or later truth will triumph, and I weep for the sorrows which you will have prepared for yourself, when you discover my innocence. I suffer, it is true, but less from the loss of my liberty than from the loss of your heart; and yet there is something flattering in your severity itself: it proves that you love me, and this affords me some solace. It is only through mistake that you treat me so cruelly. Would to heaven that remorse may never disturb your conscience on my account! but you have great reason to fear it on another. Consider that the infant which will soon see the light is yours. Begin then to be a father, for I am firmly convinced that heaven will one day restore my husband to me. I have nothing to solicit of you, but a person to render those offices which my situation no longer permits me to perform for myself, and a midwife to attend me at my approaching delivery. Farewell."

When the Marchese opened the handkerchief, he paused for a moment, and was undecided whether he should deviate or not from his resolution, never to read any thing coming from or in behalf of his faithless wife. He soon deter-

mined not to look at this letter. He folded it up again, and sent the unfortunate Marchesa the following note:

"I have received your ingenious letter, but not perused it. Why do you show me what inventive talents you possess? If you have ever employed a similar stratagem to correspond with your paramour, I shall not fail to hear of it, and then tremble for the consequences."

The Marchesa heaved a deep sigh on reading this cruel answer, and lamented the infatuation of her husband; but, firmly resolved to bear the lot that awaited her with patience, and to resign herself to the will of Providence, she only desired her attendant to inform her husband that the hour of her delivery approached, and to request him to furnish her with the needful assistance.

On the receipt of this application, the Marchese immediately set out for the castle. The first thing he did was to send the keeper's wife to the Marchesa, to render her any assistance she required. She was a very kind-hearted woman, and her tenderness and sympathy served, in some measure, to soothe the sorrows of her unfortunate mistress, and to render her situation somewhat more tolerable. He also sent for a midwife, who, a few days afterwards, was shut up with the Marchesa.

The unfortunate lady produced a daughter,

whom the Marchese ordered to be brought to him, and delivered to the wife of the steward. As soon as the carriage could be got ready, he drove with them to a village, a few miles distant, with the minister of which he was intimately acquainted, and begged him to provide a nurse by whom the child might be brought up as a peasant. It happened that a lying-in woman in the village had lost her infant, and she readily agreed to fulfil the wish of the Marchese.

When the unhappy mother was informed that she was to part from her infant, she clasped it to her bosom, bedewed it with her tears, and gave it up without a murmur. Notwithstanding all her sorrows, her health suffered but little from this trial. Her husband remained this time longer than usual at the castle, waiting till the Marchesa was completely recovered.

Things now went on in their usual train, and three years passed away, when the Conte Ridolfi, the Marchesa's brother, a most upright and respectable man, who some months previously to the imprisonment of his sister, had gone as ambassador to a foreign court, and had not heard of her fate, was expected to return to Genoa. The Marchese impatiently awaited his arrival, that he might make him the sole confidant of his sorrows; for shame and pride had hitherto prevented his communicating to any

one the infidelity of his wife. He had told all his acquaintance that, by direction of the physicians, she was living in the country, whither he occasionally went to see her. At length the Conte arrived and alighted at the house of his brother-in-law. He flew into the arms of the Marchese and enquired after his sister. The Marchese, without replying, fixed his eyes on the ground. "Is she dead!" cried the alarmed Conte. "No, she lives," replied the Marchese, "though she is dead for me. She has dishonoured me; but I have dealt mildly with her, and merely confined her in a distant castle. I am the most wretched husband in the world!" He thereupon related to him the confession which he had overheard in the chapel; the difficulty he had to refrain from dispatching her in the first paroxysm of rage, and the resolution he had formed to keep her in confinement for the rest of her life. The Conte himself admitted that no husband could have shown greater indulgence in such a case.

The presence of the Conte, his friendship, and his efforts to cheer the Marchese, somewhat alleviated his unhappy situation. He poured forth his heart into the bosom of his brother-in-law, and was not ashamed to confess that his wife was never absent from his thoughts; that he loved and hated, adored and despised her; and that nothing could equal his misery. As

they were once walking along the sea-shore, the Marchese recollected that it was ten years that very day since his marriage; and he was thinking with profound melancholy on the happy hours of his love, when the Conte directed his attention to an old ecclesiastic, whose pale but fine face appeared to him extremely interesting. "Ah!" exclaimed the Marchese, "that is my wife's confessor! It was to him that she communicated the horrid secret which has embittered my life."

The ecclesiastic came up and politely saluted the two gentlemen. The Marchese enquired why he looked so pale. The priest replied, that he had been afflicted with a long illness, which had brought him to the brink of the grave, and that this was the first time he had been able to go abroad to enjoy the beauties of nature. The Marchese then asked if he was not surprised at not having seen his wife so long. "Probably," answered the ecclesiastic, "her ladyship has found some one more worthy of her confidence. I am sorry she has withdrawn it from me, because I cannot help feeling the highest regard for her." "Regard?" exclaimed the Marchese—"regard, after the confession she made to you?" The priest requested an explanation. "I cannot but commend your silence," rejoined the Marchese, "but I must inform you, that I overheard it all. The last

time she confessed to you, I entered the chapel, and approached, unobserved, so near to the confessional, that I could distinctly hear her acknowledge to you, that she had every day had a young man in her bedchamber; so that you need not think to deceive me."—"O, sir!" cried the clergyman, "under what an unhappy mistake do you lie! I perfectly recollect that confession; but how can you apply the circumstances to the Marchesa? The church, it is true, enjoins everlasting silence, in regard to confessions; but, in this instance my duty commands me to disclose to you what I know. There cannot be a more innocent creature than your wife. At the time you mention she was speaking of her maid, who had formed an improper connection with the nephew of your house-steward. The girl daily admitted the young man into the chamber of her mistress, and let him out, unobserved, at night by the back-stairs. Out of kindness to the old steward the Marchesa did not acquaint you with her reason for discharging her servant; because, as he knew nothing of his nephew's proceedings, she wished to spare him your reproaches. From a scruple of conscience she communicated to me this circumstance, because she was not quite satisfied with herself for dismissing the girl under the first impulse of anger; as she might, perhaps, by proper admonition and look-

ing strictly after her, have brought her back to her duty."

The Marchese was like a man suddenly awaking from a horrid dream. "Insensate, cruel wretch that I am!" cried he, striking his forehead. "How long, O God! has innocence been the victim of my stupid jealousy! Come," said he, turning to the Conte, "come along; let us release her from her prison!" He took him by the arm, and without bestowing another thought on the priest, or thanking him for his disclosure, hurried home, ordered his chariot, and desired the postillion to drive with the utmost expedition to the castle. Every moment that the innocent Marchesa had still to languish in confinement, seemed to him to be just so much cut off from her existence. All her mild virtues, which had once rendered him so happy, presented themselves to his imagination, and reproached him incessantly with his cruelty, so that the Conte could scarcely prevent him from sinking into despair.

They at length reached the castle, and hurried to the room where the Marchesa had retired to rest. She awoke with the noise, and apprehensive of some accident, sprung out of bed and hastened half-dressed to the door, to enquire what was the matter, when it suddenly flew open and her husband lay at her feet. They were near fainting in each others' arms,

and the Conte, who had not been able to keep up with the Marchese, had some difficulty to bring them to themselves.

An explanation ensued. The gentle Marchesa forgave her husband, and enquired, trembling, concerning her children. She heard with transport that both were alive and well, and that she should, in a few hours, embrace her daughter, as their road lay through the village where she had been placed. It was with inexpressible rapture that, on her arrival there, she pressed the lovely, healthy child, whom she had seen but once, as it were in a dream, to her maternal bosom, and bedewed her with tears of the most delicious emotion.

The re-united couple passed the remainder of their days in unalloyed felicity. The Marchesa carefully avoided every thing that could remind her husband of his injustice towards her; and he, on his part, strove to banish the recollection of it by the utmost tenderness and attention. A numerous family crowned their renewed love, and they lived ver again in their hopeful children.

THE PASTRY-COOK OF MADRIGAL.

The story of the pastry-cook of Madrigal, a small town in the province of Avila, in Old Castile, is a tradition which the historian ought not to despise. It is extracted from a manuscript of the year 1596, in the Spanish language, belonging to the library of Mr. Von Vispach, at Neuburg, in Bavaria.

It was towards the end of the month of December, 1594, that a stranger, named Gabriel Espinosa, came with two servants to Valladolid. With the exception of his benefactions to the poor, his expences were very small. His dress

was simple, but extremely neat. Soon after his arrival, one of his servants robbed him of 150 ducats, and absconded. He hired another in his stead, but neither of these attendants was allowed to accompany him out of the house, as he was particularly careful to avoid every kind of ostentation. When he went abroad, he sent them before, directing one of them to wait for him at a particular spot; whence he dispatched him to overtake the other, who was to wait in like manner, while his companion repaired to a third place appointed by the master. The writer ascribes this precaution of Espinosa, on the one hand, to his wish not to have any witnesses of his actions, and on the other, to have a messenger always in readiness to procure him information relative to any thing that might interest him.

In one of these solitary walks he once met with the riding-master of a neighbouring count, leading a very fine horse by the halter. After the usual salutations, and a few words on indifferent subjects had been exchanged, the riding-master observed, that he had never met with a person who could manage the very spirited animal. Espinosa's reply proved his thorough knowledge of equitation, and he at length forgot himself so far as to comply with the request of the riding-master, and mount the horse. To the surprise of the stranger, and one of the

count's grooms who accompanied him, he manifested such extraordinary skill, combined with so much grace and dignity, that the riding-master could not help remarking, that Espinosa must have had a very superior education. This he, however, denied, suddenly dismounted, and saying that when he was young he had belonged to the carbineers of the king of Portugal's guard, he turned off into a lonely path, and pursued his walk.

The groom reported, that when he was at some distance he struck his brow with his open hand. This trivial circumstance, coupled with the statement of a beggar-woman, on whom he bestowed every week a liberal bounty, and who asserted that she had seen a valuable diamond ring on his finger, which, in the possession of a man dressed in so ordinary a manner, excited her suspicion that he had stolen it, induced the corregidor of Valladolid to give orders for his apprehension. This, however, was not a very easy matter, as Espinosa was accustomed to change his lodging several times a-week. He was taken in bed. His night-clothes were of the very finest Holland. In his possession were found the following jewels :—a richly decorated ivory bowl of curious workmanship ; a ring with a stone, on which was engraved a portrait of King Philip II. when a child—this ring the king had, in his early life, presented to a

rich nun in the convent of St. Mary, at Madrigal—this nun the writer calls Donna Anna de Austria, but without stating who this Austrian princess really was. Thirdly, there were some very valuable images of saints, richly set with precious stones; a large stone of inestimable value, set in gold: a small gold watch, such as it was then common to wear at the bosom, set with brilliants; a prayer-book in gold binding, and various other articles not specified.

The prisoner, on his first examination, said that his name was Gabriel Espinosa, that he was a pastry-cook of Madrigal, where he had been settled for half a year, and where the above-mentioned valuables had been put into his hands by the Princess Anna, for the purpose of being sold, and that it was this business which brought him to Valladolid. On being threatened with the torture unless he confessed the truth, he smiled, and proudly replied, that his majesty, the king of Spain, knew him too well, and would take good care not to expose him to such pain and ignominy. He thereupon complained bitterly of the treatment he had to endure, but the judge replied, that it was suited to the condition of which he alleged himself to be, and that he must of course place it to the account of his own statement.

At this time there resided in the virons of

Valladolid a foreign lady with two young children, who, as it was afterwards ascertained, frequently dispatched trusty messengers to Espinosa, and often received messages from him. No sooner was she informed of his apprehension, than she instantly quitted that part of the country with the children; and in spite of the strictest search, fortunately for herself and the innocent infants, they remained undiscovered.

While a courier was gone from the judge to the nun at Madrigal, one of Espinosa's servants, who were yet free, had found means to send intelligence to his residence there, and to effect the removal of a small writing-desk, of which no traces could ever afterwards be discovered. Unluckily, however, one letter was lost out of it, and this fell into the hands of the criminal judge. It was written by Miguel de los Santos, the confessor of the nun, a native of Portugal, a man greatly beloved and respected in the vicinity of Madrigal, and who had the reputation of the strictest integrity. In this letter the ecclesiastic styled the prisoner, "your majesty," and communicated to him some important family intelligence, from which it appeared, that the above-mentioned lady was his wife, and that the two children were his. It was now no difficult matter to discover with whom they had to do: for the ecclesiastic, in his first examina-

tion, declared that the prisoner was no other than Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, who had been missing ever since the battle of Alcasar, in Africa, on the 3d of August, 1578, which was so disastrous to the Portuguese. He gives twelve reasons in confirmation of the truth of his statement, two of which are particularly worthy of notice. "I knew the king personally," says Miguel de los Santos, "while heir-apparent; his features are the very same. But a little circumstance of which I reminded him, namely, that when he was about eight years old, playing one day with his brother, the present Cardinal Henry, in the garden of the palace of Lisbon, they lost a relic set in gold, which was picked up by me while walking in company with another young ecclesiastic, and restored it to the princes; the circumstance that he knew the fountain near which we met the two princes, that he could accurately describe the relic which I found, and recollected the very words spoken in our presence by the preceptor who attended him, together with the lively answer of his brother—all this convinced me that he is the person whom I assert him to be. Nay, more—this prince, whose kingdom is irrecoverably lost, when he sought an asylum with me, brought two letters, one of them written by his brother, the cardinal, and the other by an ecclesiastic of high rank in Portu-

gal, which, as I am acquainted with their hands, thoroughly convince me that the bearer cannot be an impostor."

These letters were delivered to the corregidor, who transmitted them to the court, together with a report of the whole affair. Soon afterwards a commissioner arrived from the capital, and commenced his criminal investigation with causing the confessor of the princess to be put to the torture. "I cannot," said he, "speak contrary to my firm conviction: my conscience, and my profession, alike forbid me." Fresh tortures were applied in the third degree.—"O, God! who knowest all things!" he at length ejaculated, "forgive me if I violate the truth! It is possible that the prisoner may be an impostor, and not the king that I gave him out to be." Neither threats, the harshest treatment, hunger, nor confinement in the worst dungeon of the prison, could extort from him one word beyond this admission.

It was now Espinosa's turn to be examined by the monster. He was received with an opprobrious epithet. "I am no impostor;" said he, "my name is Gabriel Espinosa; I was found on the steps of St. Sebastian's church, at Lisbon, and of course do not know my parents. I served a long time in the cavalry of the king of Portugal, and the languages which I speak, I learned by associating with soldiers of dif-

ferent nations. I can read, but not write, I am a pastry-cook of Madrigal." When put to the trial, it was found that he understood very little of that business. He had, however, purchased a licence to follow it; and Donna Anna, the nun, confirmed the truth of the statement, that she had placed the jewels in his hands to be sold for her.

To the question, whether he knew the king Don Sebastian, and whether he was present at the battle of Alcasarquivir, he replied: "How could I help knowing him? I fought on that disastrous day among his guards." When asked if he had not given himself out for the lost monarch, he replied in the negative; and he was thereupon consigned to the rack. Till this moment he had manifested in his examination a manly firmness: he now became furious. With the energy of despair, he defended himself against all who approached him, till at length, overpowered by superior force, he was extended on the rack. He endured all the degrees with fortitude, and seemed so accustomed to command, that he could not forget to do so even amidst the most excruciating pains under the hands of his tormentors. All attempts to extort from him a different confession were in vain. The affair was referred to Madrid, where he received sentence to be drawn to the place of execution, hanged, and quartered, which

was executed on Wednesday the 2d of August, 1595, in the market-place of Madrigal.

When he was upon the ladder at the gallows, he attempted to speak, on which the Franciscan friar who attended him held the crucifix close to his lips; and the executioner, coming behind him, pushed him off the ladder, sprung upon his shoulders, and in a few minutes he was no more.

The ecclesiastic, Miguel de los Santos, was publicly divested of his sacred character, delivered up to the civil power, carried to Madrid, and hanged within a month, in the Plaza Mayor of that city.

A severe lot also befel the nun. She and two female attendants were obliged to do penance at the altar, and the latter were then separated from her. Donna Anna was obliged to swear that she would not utter a word for ten years; she was never to leave her cell unless to go to mass, and to keep a strict fast every Friday; but before many months of this long period elapsed she too had breathed her last.

In order to comprehend the possibility of such an atrocious procedure, the reader must bear in mind, that the Duke of Alba, after the disappearance of Sebastian at the battle of Alcasar, subdued Portugal for Philip II. and consequently this notoriously cruel statesman would

not fail to treat any one who gave himself out for Sebastian, as an usurper.

The writer of this very prolix narrative, who seems to have been an ecclesiastic, asserts, that he himself visited the prisoner during his confinement in the last days of his life, and that he had the facts from the lips of eye-witnesses of unquestioned veracity.

ON

MAKING AND CONCILIATING

ENEMIES.

[BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.]

THE art of gaining friends is frequently less necessary than that of not making enemies. A friend is one who assists you to climb, an enemy, one who has not been able to prevent your climbing; but you are now on the top, where it is much more difficult to keep your balance, than below on safe ground. Your enemy comes behind you, gives you a push on the back, and down you go.

A person frequently makes ten enemies by gaining one friend, whose friendship they envy him. They then fall upon him without mercy:

they make every weakness a crime, every fault a vice, every individual action a practice, and every suspicion a certainty. If you like to look at a pretty face, you are a debauchee; if you have the unlucky habit of being sometimes witty at the expense of a fool, they attribute to you a bad heart; if in the social circle you once took a glass too much, you are a drunkard; and if you miss going to the club for a week, it is asserted as a fact that you have run away.

Above all, avoid making a blue-stocking lady your enemy, which is the easiest thing in the world; for, carry her, according to the saying, in your arms to Rome, and set her down but a little roughly at the gate, and she will hate you. If she is pious, into the bargain, she will abhor you, for piety is not content with loving and hating, it deifies or dæmonizes. You will then hear what pains she takes to overload you with vices, and to brand you with crimes.—"Poor fellow!" once observed one of these learned ladies, speaking of me, after running through a whole catalogue of my defects; "unhappy man! and, what is worst of all, he believes that there is but a single God!"

A very rancorous enmity is also produced when some one forces himself upon you as a patron, and you have the misfortune not to want him. This, too, I have myself experienced from a literary character, who thought it in-

cumbent on him to patronize me, and whom I never offended in any other way than in not wanting his patronage.

Do not fondly imagine that you can wrap yourself up in the cloak of innocence, and answer slander with contempt. Malice is like the sudden storm: you may stand dry under the shelter of your conscience, the world does not see it—and, what is still worse, *will* not see it. In this respect men differ from the angels: they have more joy over the fall of one sinner, than over one hundred righteous persons who have never fallen.

These things, however, we must bear as well as we can. He is wise who complains of nobody; he thereby avoids or stifles many enmities. If you fail to convert by patience, you at least disarm.

But, methinks I hear you reply, a man who hates me without just cause, does not deserve that I should spare him.

True; but the question is not what he deserves, but what is best for you. For your own sake you should soothe his enmity, not for his: and, indeed, this is frequently an easier matter than we may imagine. Show respect to your enemy; this respect flatters him, and from a bitter calumniator he will not rarely become your warm defender.

FERDINAND FRANCK;

AN

AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHAP. I.

The Author pays his Respects.

WHETHER the present auto-biographical Sketch had any claims to be put upon record, is a question which the reader will be better able to decide than myself. To me there appeared to be no doubt of the matter; and it was the fear only of the task being undertaken by others less capable than myself, that induced me to be my own biographer. Who, I ask, can be more competent to write his life than "the subject of these memoirs?" Let every man tell his own story. He will tell it his own way, it s true; but if, as these pages will prove, he nows his own failings, his weak sides—nay,

if it be part of his purpose that others should benefit by his errors—if the monument he erects to his own fame be not altogether of Carrara marble of milky whiteness, but a mosaic, intermingled with quartz and mica, and here and there even with little fragments of black basalt—truth, it is hoped, will not be the worse for the self-narrative.

Next to candour, brevity will be my aim; far from following the example of the veteran Goethe, whose great celebrity warrants him in thinking the most trifling occurrences in his long career of sufficient importance to posterity to occupy a place in the voluminous tomes of his auto-biography, I shall make a scrupulous selection from the journal which I began on the day when the kindness of a more experienced friend performed, for the first time, a premature tonsorian operation upon the downy erstlings of puberty. I shall exhibit such incidents only, as appear to me to have influenced, in some degree, my future destiny; but, while I shall be sparing in this selection of pictures from real life, those that may be deemed fit for exhibition will not be mere outlines, or dauby sketches of a few random strokes. I shall endeavour to make my drawing as correct and neat as I may be able, give it all the advantage of light and shade, and adopt such mode of colouring as may best suit the subject.

CHAP. II.

A Family Picture.

FAITHFUL to this pledge, I shall, at one leap, clear the sixteen first years of my existence, and at once introduce the reader to an honest couple, Mr. and Mrs. Franck, my uncle and aunt, who, after the death of my good parents, not only took the poor helpless orphan under their roof, but loved and cherished him as though he were their own child.

This act of charity was the more meritorious, as Mr. Franck's means were extremely slender. His annual salary, as schoolmaster in the little town of Feldberg, did not exceed the moderate sum of 70 rix-dollars, to which may be added a trifling pittance derived from the collection of a small duty on every head of cattle which entered the town, the exemption from house-rent afforded by the public school-house, and the use of a garden attached to it. The perquisites were trifling; now and then a fat goose, or a ham, from the parents of those boys whose aristocrat skins were more respected than the devoted sedimentals of plebeian urchins; and, at Christ-

mas time, pork and sausages from every house in the village, except the Jews.

Originally destined to be my uncle's successor, no pains were spared, on his part, to perfect the candidate in a calling to which he attached the highest possible merit and importance, and which, it must be owned, he filled with great credit to himself. The precise extent of his Latin knowledge I was then too young to estimate; but what he possessed of that commodity was by no means locked up in selfish silence; on the contrary, the most trivial occurrences received elucidation by abundance of proverbs and adages in prose and verse, so frequently applied, that many of these valuable sayings became, in sound at least, quite familiar to my aunt, who would often presume to finish the alien sentence, heedless of the inevitable comparison to a parrot or magpie, to which feathered linguists, on such occasions, Mr. Franck was pleased to liken her. The study of numerals being a favourite pursuit, carried on by way of relaxation, even in hours of leisure, no wonder that in this branch he became the theme of conversation and an oracle of consultation to the whole district. In the solution of his problems he did not at all times take the shortest road towards mathematical truth; he was in love with figures, and so did not care how many sixes and sevens trickled from his

busy quill: but the truth he would have, in his own way, to the last fragment of a fraction; nothing *præter propter;* he abhorred approximation.

Mr. Franck's study of his vernacular tongue, the German, was carried to so high a degree of perfection, that he talked it differently from any other person whatsoever, and every such deviation he was able and prepared to support by argument or analogy, against any opponent, except my aunt, whom Nature, in her wisdom, had indemnified by the quantity, for what she lacked in respect of the quality and purity of her own tongue.

Among the functions connected with my uncle's situation of schoolmaster, was also that of precentor, or leader of the vocal effusions of the congregation of Feldberg on Sundays, and in that capacity it formed part of his duty to instruct the boys in singing choral melodies.

Mr. Franck was likewise a great adept in the science of physiognomy. A small prize in the lottery had enabled him to purchase the work of Lavater, much against the inclination of Mrs. Franck; and none of the boys tha entered his school was exempt from a severe physiognomical scrutiny, according to the rules given by the great Swiss philosopher.

I think it necessary to be thus particular in the enumeration of my uncle's qualifications

and occupations, because they more or less influenced my subsequent inclinations and destinies. It is in this view that I feel a pride in paying a tribute to the strict integrity which pervaded every action of his life. To his moral precepts, and more so to the force of his example, I owe, thank heaven, the cheering consciousness of unsullied honesty, amidst the numerous aberrations of my youth as well as of a riper age.

In Mr. Franck's bills of extras, furnished to his scholars, not only not a quill appeared that was not actually delivered, but every article was charged at the price he paid for it. I also well remember a serious difference between him and my aunt, occasioned by the drooping health of one of the pigs, which they were in the habit of keeping. On her proposing to sell the invalid before its condition became hopeless, he started, with a look of dignified surprise, from his elbow chair, and in this perhaps solitary instance all the special pleadings and thrifty reasonings, which flowed from her valuable organ of speech, not as milk and honey, but rather like the pelting of a hailstorm, were words to the winds. Mrs. Franck was compelled to close the chromatic duet with the wonted *coda*: "You *are* poor, and *will be* poor, all the days of your life."

It may be supposed, that my uncle's quarterly

accounts of the receipts of the duty on every head of cattle that entered the gates of Feldberg, were models of correctness. Indeed the rare method which his scrupulous honesty had suggested to him in managing this trust, deserves to be handed down as an example worthy of the imitation of all public accomptants. Let them observe the simple but efficient system of Mr. Franck, and the terms of "Deficiency in Balances," and "Public Defaulters," will vanish from the financial vocabulary of nations. Acting upon the broad and plain principle, that all the money he received was, not as to amount only, but identically such as it came to him, the property of his employers, the dues he collected passed through his hands no otherwise than by dropping them through a narrow aperture into a box of block-tin. As the padlock of this box was opened by him but once a quarter, in the presence of his superior, the contents of the box invariably corresponded with the accounts. In vain would neighbours request the occasional favour of small change for a gold piece, the tin box remained hermetically closed from quarter-day to quarter-day; in vain the superior's complaints of the tedious operation of counting coppers and small silver: "Such as I had it, such I yield it," was the invariable reply of my honest uncle.

Ye stewards, receivers, treasurers, paymast-

ers, and commissaries! what think you of this talisman of honesty, the tin box of Mr. Nicholas Franck, schoolmaster, precentor, and collector of cattle-dues at Feldberg?

CHAP. III.

Learning by Inoculation.

The progress I made in scholastic studies, enabled me at an early age to assist effectively in the arduous task of my uncle. I wrote a beautiful hand, and my predilection for the Latin rendered my proficiency in that language so striking, that, according to his own declaration, I nearly equalled his attainments in the same. In short, I was a promising youth, with every reasonable prospect to do well in the world, if the world would do fairly by me. Nevertheless, my uncle occasionally let drop some hints indicative of his doubts as to my future prosperity in the career of tuition.—Poor man! his own example furnished an *argumentum ad hominem*. These doubts, by degrees, manifested themselves more explicitly,

I soon observed, that the secret and solemn

discussions which frequently took place between him and aunt, after dinner, had nought but me for their object.

A newspaper from the capital brought these discussions to a sudden and decisive termination, for a time at least. It was stated, in a demi-official manner, "that his highness, the Grand-Duke, fully impressed with the beneficial effects which attended the new system of mutual instruction, upon the Lancasterian plan, graciously intended to select a few intelligent young men, to be sent to England with a view to study the system in all its details at the fountain-head, in order that on their return the same might be introduced in every part of the grand-ducal dominions."

The paper in question was brought to my uncle by his friend Mr. Knobelsheimer, the doctor of the town, who jocularly observed, that people were never too old to learn; that my uncle, together with every schoolmaster in the country, would have to journey to the capital, to go to school again for six months or so; and that perhaps in a year or two there would hardly be any occasion for schoolmasters at all.

This intelligence acted like a thunderbolt on the frame of Mr. Franck, who entertained the greatest veneration for the profession of which he was a worthy member. When he had some-

what recovered from the first effects of his alarm and indignation, he reproved the vivacious doctor for the levity with which he could treat a matter of such deep importance to the country at large: "May heaven," he pathetically exclaimed, "guide the understanding of our gracious sovereign, and turn him from a purpose so pregnant with mischief and calamity to all his subjects! If Germans be doomed to copy other nations, why imitate their weaknesses instead of their excellencies? Why not introduce a constitution similar to the British, and a trial by jury; why not imitate England in her generous and benevolent institutions, in her public encouragements to merit of all kinds? Copy her in these and the like things by all means, but leave her the mania for mechanisms, so destructive to the prosperity of the people at large. I tell you what, Mr. Knobelsheimer, the English, with their steam-engines, steamboats, spinning-jennies, rail-ways, threshing-machines, and a thousand other knick-knacks of machinery for diminishing labour, have gradually succeeded in putting hundreds of thousands out of bread; while, on the other hand, vaccination has rapidly augmented the breadless population. For this impoverished excess, the ordinary and rational means of instruction were deemed insufficient or too expensive, and so they must be taught by a mechanism of

living kind. For what else can it be called than mere mechanism when boys teach boys, as I have seen a dozen head of cattle lick each other on our common?—But in our dear Germany, my good friend, things are not yet come to that pass; we are not so rich as the English, it is true, but we are less poor too: there are enough to teach, and not too many to be taught. Look at our boys in this place, doctor," .....

But I have pledged brevity to the reader, and this pledge must be violated were I to give but the substance of the remainder of Mr. Franck's sentiments on this occasion. In truth, it would be out of my power so to do; for after having held forth for an hour or so in our parlour, he waxed gradually hoarse from the exertion, his organs of speech became parched, and to supply the requisite moisture, Mr. Knobelsheimer proposed to adjourn the debate, until their arrival at the Three Crowns, where probably further particulars of these sad tidings might be collected. So forth they sallied down the High-street, in such active discussion all the way, that, every dozen steps, my uncle made a dead stand to face the doctor, and held him by a button to ensure the desired immobility.

CHAP. IV.

Two Strings to the Bow.

As I had been accustomed to go early to bed, I saw nothing more of my uncle until next morning, at breakfast, when he addressed me in nearly the following terms:

"The sad intelligence, my dear Ferdinand, is but too true, and our profession, to which I am sure you would have done honour, has nothing but ruin in prospect. But the wise are not to be dismayed by misfortune, *impavidum ferient ruinæ*. As for myself, the few years I may have to live, render the future of less consequence; but it is my duty to provide for you in the best manner my means, or rather my judgment, (for the means are limited indeed) may enable me to do. I do not wish you to forsake the scholastic line entirely: times may change, *tempora mutantur*, and, as the poet says, *vosmet servate rebus secundis;* but I mean you to have two strings to your bow, and thanks to the kindness of Dr. Knobelsheimer, and to Providence, who never sends what we mortals deem a misfortune, without putting the remedy

within our reach; the second string is found. The infirmities of the doctor render some of the laborious duties of his profession fatiguing to him, the boiling of decoctions and ointments affects his breath, and he wields the pestle with difficulty. He has in the most friendly manner offered to instruct you in his art, gratuitously, and out of friendship to me; he will spare you at such times in the day as may be required for your assisting me, as hitherto, in the business of the school, and for your own improvement in the scholastic profession. In short, you will have to attend in his shop a few hours in the day, and for the rest live and stay with us as before."

The novelty of the thing, together with an insatiable thirst for knowledge of every kind, and a high degree of ambition which lurked in my whole being, rendered this proposal perfectly welcome. My imagination already beheld the doctor's diploma, carriage and horses, in and out-door patients without number, consultations with the rest of the faculty, and splendid medical works, with the name of Ferdinand Franck, M.D. LL.D. &c.

The very next day I was seen in Dr. Knobelsheimer's laboratory, girded with a green tammy apron, cheerfully chopping liquorice and sarsaparilla, for the purification of the juices of an elderly maiden lady. The town being

rather healthy just at that time, I had abundant leisure to ransack the little library of my new principal, which by that means became divested of a thick stratum of dust, dead flies, and cobwebs, with which a quiescence of perhaps a quarter of a century had incrusted every tenant of the shelves. The books were old; and books, as I have since found, are like wine, not the worse for their age. The difference between old and new books, generally speaking, is, that the former were written in times when authors had more ideas than words; whereas, at the present day, the case is precisely the reverse. The improvements in literature and language have been so great, that now-a-days two or three ideas, and those perhaps borrowed, may be made to fill as many pages. The art consists partly in expressing the same thing over and over again in a variety of elegant and rounded periods, and in not following the subject in a servile straight line, as Lapland mice are said to travel; but to excurse a little to the left, and a little to the right, like a pert idle spaniel, sauntering through the populous Rue St. Honoré, looking in at every open shop-door, lapping every puddle, sniffing every corner-stone, and ——.

But to my old books of anatomy, surgery, pathology, botany, materia medica, &c. all which I devoured with the indiscriminating

avidity of a youth, whose ambition looked upon every folio and quarto as a step in the ladder towards fame and the doctor's degree. To these venerable tomes I owe a great part of the medical and other knowledge I ever acquired. The materials, it is true, were collected without system or judgment, but a riper age and understanding found them in store, and knew how to separate the ore from the dross, to arrange and order the chaos of crude elements, to supply deficiencies, and to extend the fabric upon the juvenile but solid foundation. It is a trite remark, but a true one, that we know nothing so well and so firmly as what we have learned while young.

As Mr. Knobelsheimer rather indulged than impeded these theoretical studies, the time passed agreeably enough between his shop and my uncle's house for a considerable period. But since there is no perfect happiness in this sublunary world, various circumstances presented themselves from time to time, which acted as a drawback on the advantages of my situation.

CHAP. V.

A Medical Lecture.

As there was no regular physician in Feldberg, we had but rarely to compound written prescriptions. When any were brought, they generally bore the signature of some celebrated man in the capital, and frequently directed out-of-the-way ingredients, which Mr. Knoblesheimer deemed unnecessary for the health of mankind, and therefore disdained to keep in his compendious store. In such cases I was told to substitute *quid pro quo*, and the remarks which my conscience urged me to make gave obvious offence to my principal. On other occasions, when casual applicants came for relief in his absence, I was rebuked by him for administering certain medicaments, although their successful and *speedy* effect pleaded for their propriety. This and other instances of his conduct remained inexplicable to me for some time.

One Sunday, however, Mr. Knoblesheimer asked me to partake of a goose, which my aunt had sent him; he was unusually kind, and not sparing in filling my glass with his best Hock.

Towards the end of the repast, he addressed me nearly as follows:

"The attention, my dear Ferdinand, which you have paid to my instructions and to the business in general, has been the theme of a conversation between your uncle and me in coming from church this morning. The good soul, his face beamed with delight when I told him what I thought of you, and I have given him a solemn pledge, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to lead you to fame and fortune. I am mistaken, Ferdinand, if, with your talents and industry, you do not one day, and ere long perhaps, make a figure in the profession. *(How I chuckled!)* But talents and industry, my boy, are not all that's required to make one's way through the world, especially in our calling. Every profession, my dear Ferdinand, has its peculiarities, mysteries I may say: and ours perhaps more than any other. It is now time that you should be initiated in these, but before I proceed I must require your solemn word of honour, that what may now pass between us shall go no further than these walls. (I pledged unconditional secrecy.)

"Your own good sense must already have convinced you that, with the exception of a very few remedies of the most simple kind, the multifarious drugs with which we dose our patients

are either of no use to them or downright pernicious. Our livelihood, like that of astrologers, depends chiefly upon their credulity and weakness. If they are cured or relieved, it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not through our knowledge or medicaments. The self-restoring powers of nature, time, and I may add, faith, generally do the business. Faith does wonders. I have seen patients getting better from the moment they had merely consulted the doctor, or had my draughts in the house, although, from particular aversions, they had not been able to get one drop of them down their throats. What are we to collect from all this? What else, but that it behoves us to humour and foster the weaknesses upon which we exist, in all manner of ways. A great deal depends upon the first interview with the patient. Here a grave, thoughtful, sometimes mysterious countenance, tinctured with a little assumed sympathy, is essentially requisite at all times; but whether to make light of the disorder, or, what is mostly preferable, to affect to consider it in a serious point of view, is a question of some nicety depending upon a matured knowledge of mankind in general, and especially upon the particular disposition of the person we have to work upon.

"I have found it of infinite service to begin the course, in most cases, by strong cathartics,

by way of clearing the *primæ viæ*. They are sure to lower the subject a peg or two in body and spirits, and to prevent a too quick interposition of the restorative powers of nature; besides that, such a method affords an opportunity of building up again by another course of tonics, what the course of cathartics has helped to pull down. As a specific in the art of pulling down, and indeed in a variety of other cases, I recommend Mercury to your especial favour. Whatever this divinity may have been with the ancients, who adored him as the god of thieves, to me he has proved the god of riches. You have already seen the liberal use I make of it, and few that have had a *quantum sufficit* of it from my store have long been out of my books. It is a powerful, precious medicine; it shakes the constitution to its very foundation, and when once well *amalgamated* with it, will keep possession of its station to the last breath, and every now and then proclaim its stay in a thousand different ways, all tending to the benefit of the profession.

"So much for the beginning, my boy. As to the further treatment; there is one thing I would particularly recommend: whatever medicines you think proper to send, let them be considerably *under* the *quantum* absolutely necessary. I do not mean by this, that you should stint your patient in the quantity of phials and

powders, which his purse and the distance may render it expedient to administer. It is the quality of the remedies which I more particularly allude to. Let them be as diluted with the pure element as possible. You will by so doing benefit your pocket and the patient too. The cure will be slower but the more sure, because more scope is left to the operations of Nature.

"Nature, however, aided by a good constitution, although generally the doctor's best friend, very often shews herself too officious in her services; in such cases it is our interest to damp the ardour of the frisky dame. To adduce an instance, I need only mention the case of Apfel, the wheelwright. When, in my absence, he came to you with the hurt in his ancle, you gave him two kreutzers' worth of spermaceti ointment. On looking at his leg, I could not but marvel at the folly of such an application. I substituted immediately the *unguentum hydrargyri* and experienced the best effects. The fellow has now a regular sore, which, with proper attention on my part, and the help of the *lapis infernalis*, may last him for three or four weeks to come.

"Another green trick of yours I heard of but the other day. Pray what did you prescribe to Mrs. Bartels, the sexton's wife, when she came to consult you?"

"I advised her to eat every morning, fasting, five or six figs."

"Figs indeed!—I would not give a fig for such a doctor: so you send your patients to the grocer, instead of relieving them yourself, do you?—But I ask your pardon, my zeal for the profession is carrying me from my purpose. It is not my wish to find fault, I wish to instruct, to guide you.—Here's to your future success, and may you ere long eclipse the Big-wigs in the capital, as I eclipse them with my *vital pills*. The envious fools procured a prohibition against my preparation, which has doubled their secret sale. We shall make a peck or two this week, and you will smile at the simplicity of their composition."

CHAP. VI.

A Colonel of Hussars

The foregoing theoretical disquisition of doctor Knoblesheimer was, fortunately for me, interrupted by a call for his practical skill. Baron Wolditz, a retired Colonel of Hussars, the

greatest man in our little world, had suddenly been taken ill at his residence, two or three miles out of the town. The messenger, his groom, gave but an imperfect account of the symptoms; but Mr. K. although thus left uncertain as to the nature of the disorder, nevertheless, immediately knew the precise potion which it was proper for the Baron to take on this emergency, and I forthwith prepared it according to order. This was another rare talent in my principal. When the patient lived at a distance, the doctor's sagacity always anticipated the remedy; and, when in doubt, he provided two or three different recipes, all which he took with him ready prepared, and for all which he deemed it reasonable that the party affected should pay. This practice had the double advantage of saving me long journeys, and procuring him long bills.

As the reader will hear more of this Baron, it may be methodical to add, that in the present instance he was saved by the skill of ———, his housekeeper, whose excellent liver-dumplings had caused the evil, and whose valuable preparation of wormwood-cordial had removed the most alarming symptoms before the arrival of the professional aid, carefully stored in the saddlebags of my master.

His absence left me at leisure to meditate on the purport of his conversation, which had filled

me with amazement and an utter contempt for the man, and had left an indelible impression on my mind. From that moment I secretly gave up all thoughts of following the profession of my worthy principal. The disgust I felt for him may probably have influenced my subsequent conduct, and rendered me less attentive. Acting now from compulsion rather than choice, the complaint that I had relaxed in the discharge of my services, may have been well founded. My uncle, with his usual mildness, but not the less seriously, questioned me once or twice on the subject. This was the first time I had seen him dissatisfied with me, and the thought that I gave displeasure to the best of beings, to my benefactor, to a man whom I adored, harrowed my soul. What embittered my situation was, the pledge of secrecy which my master had exacted from me. Had I been at liberty to open my heart to my uncle, instead of reproving me, he would have applauded my motives, and freed me at once from the state of misery in which my mind was plunged.

Even at this moment the remembrance of those distressing days remains in all its vigour, and I am sure my readers have a heart to feel for my situation. It was that of an innocent youth, unhappy for the first time; miserable from no fault of his own, but rather from a deep sense of right and wrong. Without some fa-

vourable change, a frame like mine would soon have sunk under this unmerited depression. My spirits flagged gradually; my appetite failed. It was in vain my good aunt's ingenuity frequently prepared my most favourite dishes for dinner. I came dejected from my prison-house, and rose sad from table; I durst not speak my thoughts.

CHAP. VII.

Tête-à-Tête.

Knowst thou, reader, the guardian angel that can pour balm into the wounded heart of man? Hast ever unbosomed thy soul to that guardian angel? unbosomed it in vain?

It was on a Whitsunday I had risen from dinner and seated myself under a favourite mulberry-tree in my uncle's garden, to muse on my forlorn condition, while he indulged in his usual afternoon's rest. Nature had begun to assume her festive attire; a mild vernal sun diffused invigorating warmth, and shed his cheering lustre around. All was still, and the

repose on the day which the christian devotes to the Almighty rendered this stillness more striking and more affecting. Nothing was to be heard but the wanton sonorous buzzing of insects resuscitated from their wintry torpor; the dallying quavers of surrounding bull-finches, the long and musical minims of a more distant blackbird, and the gentle rustling of the new-born foliage, moved, at starts, by the transient gusts of the balmy breath of infant summer. Multitudes of bees hummed around the modest daisies; others quaffed deep the hidden sweet in the polyanthus and violet: even the beetles bustled with contentment over the new-raked mould of my uncle's tulip-beds. All around appeared joyous and happy; I alone felt forlorn, destitute and friendless. This reverie was for a moment interrupted by the noise of Sultan's efforts to clamber over the garden gate. He hastened joyfully to the mulberry-tree; the index of canine temper wagged to and fro in vain, I was not in a mood to return his civilities. The curly poodle, apparently sensible of the unmerited neglect, placed himself right before me, and staring me significantly in the face, began a bark of expostulation. He certainly meant to say, "What ails my kind master?" Fearful he might disturb my uncle I paid him some little attention; but his barking brought Lisbeth, our maid, to the spot.

Between Lisbeth and me there existed a tacit compact of rustic but close attachment. I had found her at my uncle's when (seven years ago) the death of my parents had transferred me to his care. She then cherished the orphan-boy, her kindness ever since had been the same; under her fostering care I had grown from a little urchin to the verge of manhood: it was not above a twelve-month ago that, from a sense of decorum, she discontinued washing me in a tub on Saturday evenings. Considering the foible which afterwards discovered itself in my disposition, I wonder I never fell in love with her, for Lisbeth had fine eyes and pleasing features.

"Again alone Master Ferdinand," she exclaimed, seating herself on the bench by my side—"in bad spirits again as usual. Come, cheer up, young blood must not be downhearted. What is the matter Ferdinand? What ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, good Lisbeth. I am very well as you see."

"Very well, indeed; and have left three parts of the spara*grass* on your plate, which you never could get enough of. Much as I like it myself, I could not bring my heart to eat what you left, for I was sure your being unhappy made you leave it."

"I had no great appetite to-day."

"No great appetite to-day; no appetite yesterday; no appetite all the week. There is a something I am sure; and your aunt, too, says you are not as you should be. She is now boiling some of her physic for you, which you are to take to-morrow morning, first thing."

"I have physic enough at Dr. Knobleshelmer's. I don't want physic."

"So I told her; it an't the stomach, says I to my mistress, it be the heart that's out of order."

"The heart, Lisbeth. I hope the heart is sound."

"Sound or not sound, Master Ferdinand, I tell you what, I say you are in love, and that's the long and the short of it. I knows what it is. I have been twice in love, I may say three times; and I never could relish a morsel all the while, nor sleep a wink but when I was dreaming. When that creature, Martens, the weaver, ——————."

"I assure you, Lisbeth, you are quite mistaken, I am not in love. To say the truth, I do not even know what it is to be in love."

"There, now we have it, just because you do not know it, you *are* in love; now it is quite certain; and what's more, I know the girl. Did'nt you promise Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's girl, the first handful of cherries that would be ripe in our garden."

"I did, because she is the best writer at uncle's evening school, and does me the most credit. I never spoke two words with her, but what I may have said in school-time in the hearing of all the girls. I assure you, upon my word, it is not what you call love that affects my spirits."

"I know you always speak true, therefore I believe you. *(After a solemn pause.)* Ferdinand, have you done any thing wrong? Tell it to your friend Lisbeth; it can't be so bad that there shouldn't be a help for it. Come, tell it all. There is perhaps a something on your conscience."

"My conscience is as clear as the pure sky over our heads."

"Dear, dear, what can it be? What *can* it be?—Now I have it; them musty books that he be reading all day long at the doctor's have turned the youth's brain. Aye, aye, books are sad things for young people. God forgive me; I wish all the books were burnt, but just the Bibles and Catechisms and such like. There be no good coming from any on 'em. For one good thing in 'em, there be bushels of bad ones: and the Latin books, I am told, are the worst of all. I wish you had never been at that doctor's."

"You are right, Lisbeth, I too wish I had never seen him."

"And so says your aunt; and I can tell you there has been high words about it last night after you went to bed. He is a fine one, with a smooth face and a wicked heart; I am sure, (*sobbing*) but for him I should now be married to poor Bob, whom he killed by his drugs; and do you know, the wretch had the impudence to make up to me, not three weeks gone. What d'ye think he put in my hand? A six-batzner,* forsooth; but I flung the money in his nasty face. He was artful enough to get me to promise not to tell, but I told it all to your aunt after the quarrel last night, when she and I went to set the speckled hen; and I told her that I'd rather leave the house than see you any longer with Dr. Knob. I am sure he treats you like a dog behind your uncle's face."

"I have no particular reason, dear Lisbeth, to complain of his treatment; but his principles are not those which uncle taught me to regard. He is a man of bad character, in every respect. Thus much I am at liberty to say to you; for I too have pledged my word to him about certain things, and I mean to keep it better than you did Lisbeth. Even what *has* passed you must promise not to let go further, for my sake."

At these words the kind-hearted girl, with a tear in her eye, pressed my hand with fervent

* A German coin, worth about nine-pence.

emotion, exclaiming, "For your sake, dear Ferdinand? For your sake I will tell all the world, that he wants to make as great a rogue of you as he is himself!"

It was with the utmost difficulty I obtained from this excellent creature the promise to observe for a few days only an absolute silence, with regard to the conversation that had passed between us. As the time for afternoon-service was near, and her longer absence from the house might be noticed by my aunt, she left me with the most affectionate exhortation to cheer up my spirits, as she was sure a favourable change could not be far distant.

CHAP. VIII.

A Clear Sky.

ALTHOUGH the comparison between sorrows and a heavy burthen is hackneyed, its practical use is often neglected. As the pressure of the latter is lightened when shared with others, so does grief lose its corroding poignancy, whenever we find, or rather when we choose to find

a sympathising heart to which to impart our sorrows. The act of communication alone operates beneficially, whereas grief, buried in the breast, like foul air locked up in a subterraneous cavern, augments its deadly poison. Man is destined to be communicative; his sorrows are lightened as his joys are enhanced by communication. The selfish, the unfeeling part alone of our species keep both to themselves, and thus it is that their joys are barren, their sorrows most bitter.

After the interview with Lisbeth, every surrounding object, as if by magic, appeared in gayer colours; a cheering spark of hope reanimated my breast; it seemed as if the bonds between me and the rest of the human race were tied anew. Refreshed and light in heart I re-entered the house, at the moment when my uncle was descending the staircase, wig in hand, to prepare for the afternoon-service. Methought I saw him wipe a tear from his eye, but his countenance looked placid and benevolent. "Art ready Peg?" said he, with his usual kindness; and in a few minutes he and aunt and I crossed the rural church-yard, where the rose-trees which I had planted on the grave of my parents were vigorously budding into leaf.

In spite of the best efforts I made to assist my uncle in the hymn, my intonation seemed

unusually unequal and faulty; the youth's advancing muturity was in conflict between the waning female diapason and the approaching tenor scale of manhood. Our good parson's pulpit eloquence was generally of the homelier kind; nevertheless his plain language and delivery made a forcible impression on my mind, for his text was, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The instrument which is tuned in harmonics accordant with the tonic in which a performance takes place upon another, by a process of mystic sympathy, covibrates in sweet concord. In the same manner did the simple but pure illustrations of this text vibrate to my very soul; they were balm to my heart, and completed the process of mental re-invigoration which had so happily begun in my whole frame. Upon my uncle too, the effects of our minister's sermon were forcibly obvious, prepared as he had been in my favour by the conversation which had passed between Lisbeth and me under the mulberry-tree, and which, as I afterwards learned, he had overheard from his bed-room window.

CHAP. IX.

A Conjugal Promenade.

No sooner had we left church, than Mr. Franck proposed a walk to the country, observing that he wished to discuss some matters of importance on the way. My aunt had no objection to the walk, provided her spouse would not run before, all the way; but as for talking upon serious matters, she observed that home was the best place for such a purpose. In this proposal of my uncle's there might have been an innocent little stratagem. He foresaw objections to the arrangements he had in view, and he knew that the argumentative eloquence of his better half was irresistible when displayed in her own parlour, where the *vis motrix* could be exclusively concentrated in her tongue; whereas, when this moving power was in part assigned to the legs, the volubility of the former, by a plain law of mechanics, must lose some of its force, the more so as my aunt frequently suffered from a shortness of breath.

The particulars of the peripatetic discussion which ensued I must omit for brevity's sake.

Its topic, as may be supposed, was my stay at Dr. Knobelsheimer's. His doubtful character being now admitted *nem. con.* my aunt insisted on my being instantly withdrawn from the instruction and society of a man, whose principles and example might contaminate my innocence. But uncle, at all times averse to rash steps and desirous of saving appearances with the doctor, was of opinion, that the very cause of the present consultation afforded sufficient proof, if any were necessary, of principles so honourable and incorruptible on my part, that it would be perfectly idle to apprehend danger on that score, and that it was the essence of virtue to remain virtuous in situations of temptation and difficulty. He then observed, that considering the great progress I had already made in medical studies, it would be a thousand pities to forsake them rashly, instead of increasing my stock of knowledge while an opportunity offered, and while there was no immediate prospect of applying my abilities to some other useful pursuit. His opinion therefore was, that for the moment I should continue to attend at Dr. Knobelsheimer's as I had done before, and endeavour to improve myself in the profession to the best of my power; until something else might present itself, or until I found it impossible to go on without trenching upon those principles of uprightness which had more than ever endeared me to

him on the present occasion. He added, that, with the understanding which now subsisted between us on this matter, and with the knowledge that my attendance at the doctor's was to be considered as merely temporary, he made no doubt, I would see how much the case was now altered; and that under these circumstances, my stay with the doctor would not be attended with the difficulties and uncomfortable feelings which I had experienced before.

Not one of these plausible positions being conceded on the part of Mrs. Franck, the discussion by degrees grew animated, and soon changed into warm and vehement dispute. At first her rejoinders exhibited much oratorical regularity, and a suitable extent of close reasoning; but in proportion as my uncle put his best foot foremost, and walked as fast as she talked, Mrs. Franck lost ground and breath, and her arguments became more laconic, although not less forcible. In this crisis, however, her good sense soon discovered the default caused in her organs of speech by the pedestrian exertion; and by a bold manœuvre, she sat herself down on the bank by the road-side. In this position, with my uncle upon his legs, buttressed in the back upon his long walking cane, right opposite to her, Mrs. Franck soon recovered her lost ground in the debate, and appeared a perfect Amazon in argument.

As it now appeared more than probable that this controversy would soon proceed to an unpleasant rupture, I interposed my mediation; when, to my utter surprise, peace was restored in a few minutes, and the two contending parties agreed, as the dispute had arisen on my account, that it should be amicably terminated by a casting vote on my part; that I should choose myself, whether I would go back to the doctor's, or leave him at once; each party pledging itself to rest quite satisfied with my resolution whichever way it went. I pronounced for the temporary return to my Æsculapian studies; we walked home contentedly, and supped heartily; and on the following day, I resumed my chemical functions, as if nothing had occurred, with a lightened heart and good spirits.

CHAP. X.

The Queue.

Some time after this restoration of matters *in statum quo*, a circumstance occurred, which, although trifling in itself, gave a decisive turn to my future destinies.

The reader has, in one of the preceding chapters, been introduced to the acquaintance of Baron Wolditz, the retired Hussar colonel in our neighbourhood. His only son, a wicked dog of about twelve or thirteen, was one of the few Latin pupils my uncle's school could boast of, previously to his removal to the college in the capital. His Latin, it is true, like all his other literary accomplishments, (except reading and writing a hieroglyphic sort of penmanship) was absolutely nominal; but as the father, although priding himself upon being able to read *Cornelius Nepos*, conceived literary attainments to be but secondary considerations in the education of a young Baron, destined to be a cornet of hussars; young Wolditz was pretty much left to his own inclination, in regard to serious studies. One thing only gave the father real cause for regret. Baron Fritz had no ear for music, except that of drums and fifes; while the father had been one of the greatest amateurs in his regiment, played the flute very respectably, and sang opera-airs with an expression and grace peculiar to the tottering tremor of a weather-beaten colonel of sixty. Baron Fritz received lessons from my uncle on the piano-forte, whenever the former could be found at the appointed hour of tuition, or the condition of the instrument admitted of any instruction at all; for he would often hide himself in the hay-loft

to escape the hour of musical drill; and, like Orpheus, whose lyre subdued ferocious animals, Baron Fritz would sometimes employ the bigger wires of the piano to make neat little chains to confine owls and sparrow-hawks.

I had at times been permitted to accompany my uncle in these his professional walks to the Baron's, whose hospitable treats in hock and cinnamon-cakes I still remember as the nectar and ambrosia of my youthful palate.—They do not make these cakes near so good at the present day.—On the above occasions, when, after a fruitless search and lusty call after Fritz, a writ of "*non est inventus*" was returned by the sheepish groom, who well knew where his favourite might have been found; the Baron, after uttering various tremendous cavalry oaths, and swearing by all that is sacred to put the deserter twenty-four hours into the stocks, generally proposed to fill up the time by a little music of his own. He then sang an air or two of Hasse or Jomelli, and I was sometimes allowed to join in a duet. The Baron always praised both my voice, as one of the finest sopranos, and my natural talent for music; and he often tried to persuade my uncle to bring me up to the art, offering to contribute fifty rix-dollars per annum towards my musical education in the capital. But Mr. Franck's views, in regard to my future destinies, if at all settled,

were directed another way. He observed, not without some truth, that out of one hundred bred to the profession, scarcely one possessed sufficient genius to arrive at real eminence, and the remaining ninety-nine were doomed to linger in obscurity, and drag on a laborious and precarious existence—mere mechanics of wires and catgut.

One day, however, Baron Fritz, to our great surprise, was at his post; and to my uncle's astonishment and his father's rapturous delight, went through the manual exercise of crotchets and quavers with much apparent perseverance. This act of resignation was rewarded, not only with abundance of parental kisses, but with a bran new six-batzen coin, by way of further encouragement. After the lesson, Fritz, in great confidence, solved the mystery of his seeming reformation: his father's birthday was to be next week, on which occasion a little previous accommodation would not fail to procure him a handsome donation; and to make sure of an abundant harvest, as his father was very fond of Latin, he requested I would frame a Latin speech of congratulation, which, provided it were very short, he would learn by heart against next Wednesday. I was expressly charged to allude to the sire's military valour and achievements, and particularly to the battle of Rosbach, in which the old Baron had a horse shot under

him, and was saved from decapitation by the miraculous intervention of his notable German hair queue, which one out of the three French dragoons cut clean in twain, leaving a dreadful and everlasting gash on the *os humeri*, so that from that day the man of war never held up his head; but, like the Macedonian hero and the great Frederic himself, under whose banners Herr von Wolditz then and there so bravely did fight, was forced to incline it forward to the left.

The aforesaid fierce encounter hung, fairly depicted, framed and glazed, in the Baron's saloon, in which on every anniversary of the battle of Rosbach, a sumptuous entertainment was given to the neighbouring gentry, including some old comrades in arms from the capital. At half-past three, the time of the above catastrophe, as nearly as could be guessed, the Baron, with a solemn step, advanced towards the picture, and touched a secret spring in the frame; when, lo! part of the dark foreground consisting of cannon dismounted, powder-waggons, dead and wounded, &c. would, as by magic, detach itself from the upper part, sink into the deep frame and exhibit to the assembly of heroes the identical queue, the sacred relic of Wolditzian prowess. At that moment the company would rise on their legs, and the Baron, in audible voice, exclaim, "*Es lebe der*

zopf!" (The queue for ever!) and drink a bumper of old Hock.

But to return to the birth-day address, demanded by Baron Fritz: flattered vanity prompted me to accept a task from which a common degree of modesty ought to have made me shrink. It was my first literary essay, and moreover was to be in Latin! a language in which, whatever my uncle might think, I had made but moderate progress, and in which the colonel was reputed to be so great a proficient, that any fault of mine would not escape his classic ken, and at once lower me in his estimation. But, like thousands I have since met with, what I wanted in knowledge was compensated by unblushing assurance. In short, that same evening I penned the oration in German, and before breakfast the next day it was translated into a very homely sort of Latin, beginning with

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum, inimicorumque* terror!"

(Cetera desunt)

Baron Fritz, as if he had been a publisher, declaring the composition to be much too long, a painful curtailment was necessary to adapt it to his slender powers of memorizing. Several rehearsals took place, the last of which, on the eve of the important day, gave fair promise.

CHAP. XI.

A Gap.

THERE are moments in life, the most minute circumstances of which will never be effaced from our recollection. I was papering pill-boxes in Mr. Knobelsheimer's shop the next morning, when Jacob, the Baron's groom, entered, and in a solemn official tone delivered to me an invitation to dine with his master and Baron Fritz. The sudden communication of the delightful message almost overpowered my spirits. This unexpected distinction, the almost certain inference of the successful result of my literary labour, quite set me beside myself. With my principal's consent I forthwith left the pill-boxes in their crude chip, and hastened home to make the suitable preparations of dress; for the Baron, as has already been mentioned, invariably had great company on his natal day.

Aunt was in ecstacy; and uncle, instantly called from school, now for the first time heard, with inward delight and surprise, the cause to which I was indebted for the approaching honour. He desired, forthwith, to see the spe-

cimen of my Latin oratory; but Mrs. Franck prudently interposed a word of infinite force and import in female rhetoric—"*Nonsense*, my dear, there's no time now for reading Latin speeches, let him be dressed first; dressed, aye; what's the lad to put on for God's sake?"——

The latter sentence, like a blight over vernal blossoms, in an instant blasted the buoyancy of my joy. I had never given it a thought that my wardrobe was miserably imperfect, owing partly to the slender means of the family and to the rapid growth of my age. My best coat had become fashionably short behind, but the cuffs had unfortunately made vast strides in their advances towards the elbows; the breeches might perhaps, by merciless bracing, be brought into some approximation with their upper neighbour, if that had been of reasonable length; but the scarlet waistcoat, in which I had been confirmed, had, months ago, shewn a reluctancy of amicable contact.

My uncle readily and generously offered the loan of his own black satin, but on trial it was found to be in the other extreme, the protecting powers of its two pocket flaps extending to but a short distance from the knees. Under all circumstances, therefore, the scarlet was deemed preferable to the black satin; and, this settled, my uncle returned to his scholastic duties, after

divers instructions as to conduct among my betters; instructions, which dated from the *bon genre* of half a century ago, and were remarkable for the honeyed politeness and unbounded submissiveness which they inculcated.

Hair-powder being deemed indispensable on so exalted an occasion, aunt exerted a degree of plastic powers on my pericranial environs, which, in the metamorphose they effected, truly surprized and delighted me. In order to create a brace of side-buckles, resembling in length and shape a Brunswick *cervelat*, she imitated those skilful financiers who borrow of their own, a proceeding which at all events is no robbery. My usual queue being of goodly thickness, she contrived to borrow part of its contents, which being, by means of a diagonal advance, brought from the rear to both flanks, admitted, by the help of powder and stiff pomatum, to be comfortably rolled up with the shorter hair encircling my ears, and fixed by three hair-pins of black japan. I was a very Adonis in the looking-glass, thus far.

But the scarlet, on actual trial, gave alarming uneasiness. All the powers of mechanism inherent in straps were incapable of effecting the wished-for union with its lower neighbours; a *hiatus valde deflendus*, resembling one of the lunulæ of Hypocrates, and not unlike the space between the ecliptic and the equa-

tor, presented itself at the slightest upright motion, and the evil was aggravated by the coarseness of the shirt, made of home-spun and home-bleached hemp. Here again female dexterity devised an ingenious remedy. The lawn handkerchief with which aunt hid her virgin blushes at the altar, the only one she possessed, (the others being all blue and red striped,) this nuptial relic was neatly stitched to my shirt about the hypochondriac region, and tucked into the ecliptic zone below, thus affording the consolation, that on the eventual, and probably unavoidable exposure of the *hiatus*, the ecliptic space would exhibit a goodly sight of the purest white, a very *via lactea*.

CHAP. XII.

Amelia.

Thus arrayed, thus comforted, I proceeded with placid self-content to the Baron's, and was met in the hall by Baron Fritz, eager to introduce me to the company. He would scarcely leave me time to ask the particulars of the suc-

cess of the Latin oration, but held up a new double louis d'or, the reward his exertions had earned him, and handed to me a sealed note from his father. Before I had time to open it, I heard the old Baron's voice exclaiming, "Walk up, Mr. Ferdinand, walk up."

While we were ascending the ancient oak stair-case, Baron Fritz kept tittering and chuckling in a strange manner, and from his puffed cheeks burst those sonorous blasts, the tell-tale relics of a repressed horse-laugh.—Naturally imagining these unseemly sounds to be caused by the state of my costume, I lost much of the consequential self-possession I had conjured up while walking alone from the village of Feldberg; and with awkward bows, and deep blushes, presented my rural individuality before the Colonel and a company of ten or twelve guests of both sexes. Before I had time to survey the convivialists, the Baron took me by the hand, and with blunt affability introduced me to his guests as the friend of Baron Fritz, an accomplished scholar, a musical genius—in short, a prodigy of youthful perfection. "By G——, Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "Mr. Ferdinand is the pride of our district; I'll match him against any youth in the capital; and if his uncle will let me have my wish, he shall not rot among the cabbages and bean-stalks of Feldberg."

Gross as this flattery was, it gave me a great opinion of my importance, and helped to restore my lost countenance. Recovering my powers of observation, I noticed, amidst two or three couple of an advanced age, two young sparks, whose fashionable appearance sadly contrasted with my rustic costume, and three young ladies, nymphs in the most graceful attire. My eyes, when they durst look up, were rivetted on the charms of one of these, Miss Amelia Waldheim, a goddess, as I thought, in human form, Hebe personified. Methought I was in a new world; all seemed magic to me. A look from Miss Waldheim at once raised to an immeasurable height the standard of female beauty, which hitherto the rustic charms of Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter, had fixed in my imagination. This look, like the Promethean torch, kindled for the first time the latent fire of a sensation I had never experienced before; if it did not engender love, it certainly quickened the embryo of the passion.

In these contemplations of the beautiful I was often interrupted, and sorely annoyed, by one of the dandies of the capital, who deeming my exterior fair game for the display of his wit, more than once succeeded in exposing me to the ridicule of his companions. At first I patiently bore the brunt of his jokes, but when my forbearance augmented his impudence, and

Miss Waldheim's remarks in my behalf gave me some assurance, I determined, if possible, to pay the essenced Cornet in his own coin. Among other questions, I still remember his asking me, what was the greatest number of turnips I had ever pulled in one day?—to which I replied, "twice as many as *he* probably could count." Although my answer raised a laugh against the man of colours, he prudently joined in it, and exclaimed, with feigned satisfaction, "Come, that's not amiss—smart, excessively smart." Soon after, he paid me some ironical compliments on my scholarship, and asked whether I did not intend to publish something soon, in which case he would feel proud to become a subscriber. My answer was, "that I might probably be induced to write something on impudence, which, with his permission, I would dedicate to him."—"Bravo!" exclaimed Baron Wolditz, "bravo, Mr. Ferdinand! I told you what sort of metal he was made of. You had better sound a retreat, Cornet, or else you will find you have the wrong pig by the ear."

The entrance of a servant with the information that dinner was on the table, put an end to this skirmish of rustic wit with the man of colours, who for the rest of the day conducted himself towards me with respectful discretion. Mindful of the wise instruction of uncle, in

matters strange to my experience, always to wait and see what others might do, I stood demurely behind the door, eyeing at a distance certain cards placed upon each napkin, from which I concluded that some social game was to precede the play of knives and forks. This erroneous induction, however, was dissipated by a summons from Miss Waldheim to seat myself at her left, conformably to the directions of the cards. The Baron soon discovered that Fritz, in a frolic, had entirely changed the preconcerted order of sitting. Matters were reorganized, but Miss Waldheim insisted upon retaining the neighbours whom chance or Fritz's whim had assigned her. To this excellent creature I became indebted for many valuable hints touching the *bon genre.* Thus when I sat at arm's length from the table, spooning the craw-fish soup slowly and cautiously towards its distant destination, she kindly whispered, "Come close, Mr. Ferdinand, do in all things as I do."—"Then," I rejoined, "I shall do well indeed; but I fear it will be Vulcan imitating the graceful movements of the Queen of Love."

The man of colours, opposite, observing the sudden blush on Amelia's cheeks, swore that Mr. Ferdinand must have said a good thing, which the company had a right to hear. "Not

near so good, Sir," she replied, "as what he told you before dinner."

Under the guidance of my lovely Mentor, all went well during the repast; I made rapid studies in the science of *bon ton*, which, to my astonishment, instead of coinciding with the maxims of restraint and humility inculcated by my uncle, appeared to consist simply in unaffected ease and affability.

CHAP. XIII.

A little Music.

After the coffee and a turn in the garden, music was proposed; Amelia sent for a parcel from the landau, which had brought her uncle and her from the capital, and at the request of the Baron selected a sonata. If I recollect right it was one of Haydn's. Here, too, my musical taste experienced a total revolution. The most modern pieces in my uncle's repertory were six "suites" of Christian Bach, which hitherto I had deemed the *non plus ultra* of the beautiful in instrumentals, and which I had

been taught by uncle to perform in a hard homely style, slow, with a precision of time equal to clock-work, and with innumerable embellishments of turns, tremolos, and shakes of all lengths.

When Amelia began to prelude, it seemed as if her soul had transfused itself over her fingers; every passage had a meaning and spoke to the heart; but when she came to the adagio I was plunged into a trance of raptures. The most powerful, the sweetest emotions, alternately seized my frame, and as I turned the leaf, an involuntary tear dropped on the keyboard. She observed the tribute which her sensibility had exacted, and never shall I forget the transient glance of ineffable sweetness with which she looked up to me.

When the sonata was over, the Baron desired I would join in a vocal duet with Miss Waldheim. A book of an Italian opera was produced, in which, from my ignorance of the language, I begged to be excused from taking a part. The Cornet, with a sneer, observed that Mr. Ferdinand perhaps could favour the company with a Latin song.—"And so he shall," exclaimed Miss Waldheim. I have a beautiful duett from a Mass of Haydn's, if Mr. Franck will be kind enough to join me."

"Aye," said the Baron, "he'll sing that equal to Cicero himself."

I had to begin; and, in spite of my best efforts, I became conscious of the hardness and dryness of my performance, when Amelia, with a feeling and expression to which I had hitherto been an utter stranger, repeated the same strain; but matters mended rapidly as we proceeded. Like the nightingale which, in soft responses, imitates the sweet and lengthened notes of her neighbouring mate, I caught every expression, every feeling of my lovely model; our hearts seemed to melt into each other, our souls swam upon our mutual sounds; two beings seemed united in one.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Baron—"Bravo!" resounded from the whole of the audience, the man of colours not excepted. The Baron protested, with an oath, that Cornelius Nepos could not have given more expression to the Latin words, and that next to the birthday speech of Baron Fritz, no Latin composition had so much affected him as this duet. He himself now favoured the company with a sample of his vocal powers. Here the guests displayed the full force of the friendship and devotion they bore to their kind host; for, although the Cornet, full of his antics behind, inflated the left cheek by the fulcrum of his tongue, and tried by divers wry faces to put the audience out of countenance, the utmost silence reigned until the conclusion of the Aria, when

all simultaneously joined in a roar of applause, and a clapping of hands, so tremendous, that the dogs in the yard felt called upon to contribute their mite in praise of their master, by a woeful barking and howling, to which the poultry, and especially the geese, forthwith added a further *tutti* of harmonious accents of approbation.

"Your very dogs, Baron, are musical," exclaimed the Cornet. "But, pray Baron, how do you contrive to give all this energy of expression, and again this melting softness to your intonation?"

"It is more a gift of nature, my dear Cornet, than any thing else; the flute, to be sure, affords some advantages. But all this is nothing to what I used to do before I lost my two front teeth. *(Further canine intonations below.)*—I'll have every one of these rascals shot."

CHAP. XIV.

A Crash.

THE *concerto grosso* in the yard, although gradually growing fainter, like the roar of cannon and small arms at the close of a battle, lasted long enough to put an end to the vocal concert; a dance was proposed, the Baron brought his flute, and one of the senior gentlemen took the piano-forte. As I was the best dancer in Feldberg, my waltzing, bating perhaps a little of rustic coarseness, afforded no cause for harsh criticism; unfortunately Miss Waldheim was already engaged with a partner when I bent my steps towards her; but I received her promise for the next dance. In the hands of another, whom I was already presumptuous enough to consider as my rival, her graceful movements failed to make great impression on me; I felt even piqued to see her dance so well as she did.

As ill luck would have it, the next dance was to be a cotillon, a dance which I knew not even by name: a country-dance I might probably have ventured, having seen it danced once or

twice before. Here again, however, Amelia's instructions, and the anxious sagacity of the pupil, enabled me to achieve wonders in my eyes; the figures I executed with geometrical precision, and mindful of her former charge, "to do in all things as she did," my steps visibly gained grace and lightness; but to my sorrow I observed, that with every encreased exertion, the *hiatus valde deflendus*, the *via lactea* to the south of my scarlet, gained ground imperceptibly, an unsightliness which I determined to remedy by a little stooping. But with the angelic form before me, an antelope in graceful swiftness, this prudent resolution, to my cost, was soon forgotten.

My male companions, as if, in their wickedness perhaps, to excite me to more strenuous exertions, leaped up and down, and sideways and forwards, with surprising spring and agility. In trying to do as well as they, unmindful of the frailty of my attire, one calamitous effort burst the braces with a tremendous crash, up flew the scarlet waistcoat, down flew its southern neighbours, and out flew the nuptial relic of my good aunt, the lawn handkerchief, a floating banner of shame and confusion. Figure to thy imagination, gentle reader, the woeful plight, the anguish of disconsolate Ferdinand Franck, exposed with his baker's apron to the sneers of the Cornet, and the tit-

terings of the whole company. The ladies, including Miss Waldheim, ran out of the room; the Cornet, the villain, with hypocritical sympathy, offered his assistance in stopping the breach.

This was more than my humbled vanity and my sensitive nerves could bear. With the rapidity of lightning I made my exit, leaped down the stairs, crossed the yard, Fritz calling, and all the dogs barking after me. Like a pursued criminal I ran homewards through the long chesnut avenue, until my breath failed me, and I began to be a little sensible of the ridicule of my situation and conduct.

CHAP. XV.

The Restorative.

Exhausted, I sat down on one of the mossy stone benches between the trees in the avenue. The stillness of the night, illumed by a cloudless full moon, amidst myriads of glittering stars, while it formed a sad contrast with the harassed feelings of my mind, tended probably

to soothe my agitated frame. On reaching for my handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from my forehead, the Baron's note dropped from my pocket. Its contents, read in the bright moon-light, fully completed the work of restoration :—

"My dear Mr. Ferdinand,

"I cannot describe to you the pleasure I felt at the beautiful Latin congratulation which you were good enough to pen for Baron Fritz. Its language and sentiments do credit to your head and heart. Accept the enclosed trifle as an earnest of my good wishes for your future welfare, to promote which you may ever depend upon the active assistance and friendship of

"Yours, &c.

"Wolditz.

The enclosure consisted of a bran-new ducat,* a sum ten times greater than that which at any former time I could call my own. This tangible token of the Baron's good intentions, together with the kind assurance of his future protection, completely recalled the buoyancy of youthful spirits, liable to be easily depressed, but capable of being as readily revived. I could have felt sufficiently strong to return to the

* A gold coin, worth about 10s.

company at the Baron's, but upon mature reflection, a continuation of my route homeward appeared preferable. I resumed my steps cheerfully, building castles in the air with the treasure I possessed; whatever could singly be procured with the ducat, was collectively incorporated in the catalogue of my personal property, which thus at first was encreased in imagination a hundredfold; but a simple arithmetical consideration soon afforded the disappointing result, that the acquisition of one article must exclude the ninety-nine others in simultaneous contemplation. To select this one became a perplexing dilemma, until a chance-look at the hiatus below decided the question, by suggesting the paramount necessity of replacing the scarlet by a smart waistcoat of at least three inches additional length, in case I might have to dance another cotillon.

The scene at home on my relating to uncle and aunt the adventures of the evening, the sympathizing distress of the latter, and the stoic calmness of the former, shall for once be left to the depictive imagination of my readers. Mrs. Franck fully approved the immediate acquisition of the new article of dress; but her philosophic spouse voted for delay, inasmuch as, according to Valerius Maximus, "*Gravia graviorem curam exigunt negotia;*" that is to say, "Great resolves demand great considera-

tion." The prize obtained for the Latin oration was therefore carefully put by, until the important question of its appropriation should be finally decided.

CHAP. XVI.

Birth-Day Ode.

Baron Fritz, the next morning, called upon me at Mr. Knobelsheimer's, to condole, as he said, on my last night's misfortune, and to present me, on the part of his father, with a beautiful old apron of flowered satin, from the late Baroness's wardrobe, which I was to get made into a new waistcoat at the Baron's expense. I took this opportunity to enquire again how the young gentleman had acquitted himself of his oratorial task; and now, for the first time, received the detailed account of a scene not unworthy of the reader's attention.

The Baron's waking was invariably attended with an obstinate morning cough, accompanied by a variety of sonorous rattles and gargarizations. These matin rumbles were as invariably

re-echoed by a stout barking of his favourite Spitz, and the barking of Spitz was a signal for Hans, the invalid corporal, to enter with a pair of hussar boots in one hand, and a razor apparatus in the other, with which he forthwith proceeded to shave his master's beard in bed.

On the present solemn occasion, instead of Hans, Fritz stepped in, boldly took his stand at the foot of the bed, drew the curtains, bowed respectfully, and spake as follows:

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum inimicorumque* terror!

Spitz, the spaniel, wroth probably at this infraction of the regular order of things, had already expressed his disapprobation by some passages of angry half-smothered growlings; his canine sagacity, moreover, distinguished perhaps sounds altogether different from the German idiom; in short, he barked lustily, as in duty bound—the enraged Baron flings the candlestick at the loyal beast, and poor Fritz's retentive powers, slender at all times, are flown at once. In vain he repeats over and over again the above exordium, the sequel obstinately remains a *non sequitur*.

In this excruciating dilemma, an ordinary youth would have retired with shame and confusion, but Fritz was a genius. With a presence of mind, which has since distinguished his military career, he recollected a Latin rule

of grammar—the only one he knew perfectly—thanks to the cane of my uncle—it was his rightful property, for he had purchased its acquisition with bruises, and so he was determined to bring it forthwith into practical use. Undauntedly, therefore, he bowed once more and recommenced:

"Carissime pater, patriæ *ornamentum inimicorumque* terror!

"*Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas; ut sunt Divorum; Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: Virorum ut, Cato, Virgilius: Fluviorum; ut, Tibris, Orontes; Mensium; ut October: Ventorum; ut Lios, Notus, Auster. Propria femineum referentia nomina sexum femineo generi tribuuntur: sive Dearum sunt* * * * *. *Excipienda tamen sunt quædum urbium.*"

The whole of this "neat and appropriate speech" being impressively delivered, with suitable emphasis and vehement energetic gesticulation, the Baron's heart was moved to the quick, a tear of paternal wonder and delight meandered over his grey mustachios.

"Kiss me, my dear boy," he exclaimed with a stifled sob, "this is a delightful surprise—indeed I call it one of the happiest moments of my life—I thank you for all the good wishes you have expressed towards your father's health and happiness, and no less for the filial promises which this beautiful speech holds out.

I hope, nay I am sure, you will keep all you have promised. Kiss me again, you sly rogue, you are quite an orator—By G——, Julius Cæsar, at the battle of Cannæ, could not have addressed his legions with more energy; it puts me in mind of the great Frederic when he harangued the Prussian guards at the battle of Rosbach. Our regiment was drawn up at a small distance——but of this another time, stop a moment ——."

Here the prince of German hussars arose from his bed, and in his shirt, went to the bureau to give to his "promising" offspring the reward already alluded to. He enquired next for the writer of this supposititious oration, and Fritz, for his own credit's sake, mentioned the author—not of the very grammatical speech actually delivered, but of the composition that was intended to have been spoken, but suffered abortion.

The information thus obtained from Baron Fritz was any thing but satisfactory to my feelings. My pride was hurt in seeing my first labour thus shipwrecked; the high eulogiums I had received from the Baron now sat light upon me, and a serious scruple arose whether I could in conscience retain possession of the ducat presented to me. The case, therefore, was referred to my uncle and aunt at dinner. The latter thought me perfectly crazy

in entertaining any scruple at all, but uncle considering the matter as liable to arguments on both sides, promised to give it a few hours of serious reflection. The question, therefore, was gravely resumed at supper, when he adjudged the ducat to be fairly mine; for not to advert to the exposure of Baron Fritz, and the cruel disappointment to the father's feelings, which must be the inevitable consequence of my returning the money; it was evident that the remuneration had been awarded and intended for that which I had actually performed, and that the trial of substitution, on the part of the younker, to which I had not been a party, could in no way affect the justice of my claim. Upon these grounds, enforced with a variety of other reasoning, I was pleased to find that I could, with the best conscience, retain the meed of my Latin scholarship.

CHAP. XVII.

The Brain-Fever.

After the above incidents, some months, which may be set down as a blank in my youthful biography, passed away pleasantly enough. I continued my medical studies at the doctor's with assiduity, and without much vexation on his part; assisted my uncle in his scholastic duties, and received many marks of the favour of the Baron, who in vain tried every means to persuade my uncle to send me to the capital, in order to study music in all its branches. Although his mind was not fully made up whether I should exclusively devote myself to the medical art, his aversion to my becoming a musician or composer was not to be overcome. Besides the reasons already mentioned, he insisted that, according to his oracle, the great Lavater, my physiognomy presented no one indication favourable to harmony, nor any feature of that genial enthusiasm, which in the fine arts he held to be indispensable towards future greatness.

It was about his time that the craniological

system of Dr. Gall began to attract the notice of the learned in Germany. Some articles on the subject occasionally appeared in the "Hamburgh Correspondent;" and the affinity between the new theory and the physiognomical speculations of his idol Lavater, had already excited an intense degree of curiosity in the breast of my uncle, when one day he saw (at the Three Crowns) an advertisement in that paper announcing the publication of a book in illustration of Gall's Doctrine of the Brain, followed by a very favourable report of the bookseller's as to the high merit and interest of the work.

Mr. Franck came home so full of the subject, that instead of eating his supper quietly, he entertained his spouse and me with the great importance of the new psychological discovery concerning the faculties and functions of the human brain, and expressed the most poignant regret at the insufficiency of his pecuniary means to procure the valuable book in question. My aunt asked whether he had not books enough, in reason, to satisfy the wants of a schoolmaster, and plainly hinted at the utter impossibility of his having read through "all the rubbish" upon which such a deal of money had already been spent, and which after his death would not fetch the amount of a decent burial.

"You do not understand these matters, my dear Margaret," replied my uncle, calmly; "the work I am speaking of is altogether an extraordinary production, and considering the plates, surprisingly cheap. What is three guilders, thirty kreutzers*, in comparison to the important knowledge purchased with it?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Franck, what is three guilders thirty kreutzers; it is more than we have in the house at this moment."

"True, dear, but not more than we could command, if we chose. If we were to sell one of those pigs . . . . ."

Here the knife and fork involuntarily dropped from the hands of the horror-struck Mrs. Franck. She looked aghast at her husband, heaved a deep sigh, bit her lips as if her speech were going to fail. But an oral bankruptcy being a misfortune very unlikely to befal her on this side of the grave, she relieved the paroxysm by exclaiming with calm but bitter formality:

"Mr. Franck! if you were to do such a thing, I should think you the last man that wanted a a book on brains. What! sell the pig for a book? When we are all half-starving, when your poor wife is nearly in rags, ashamed to shew herself among her neighbours at church,

* About 7s.

(in tears.) Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! you have no more feeling for your wife than for your schoolboys' skins."

Such a pathetic *argumentum a posteriori*, my good uncle, kind-hearted as he was, even to the brute creation, could not resist. He at once gave up all idea of the acquisition of the fondly desired work.

The thought instantly struck me of devoting my ducat to the gratification of this worthy man's anxious wishes. With inward delight I changed my coin, and by the carrier sent an order for the book, with the money, to the capital.

CHAP. XVIII.

Apollo and the Muses.

It was the evening before Christmas-eve—such scenes cannot be forgotten—just as my uncle was putting on his wig to attend his evening-school of young girls, and put the last hand to the writing exercises they were to present to their parents before the close of the

year, when I entered the room with the craniological volume, and requested his acceptance of the new-year's gift.

Spare me, ye readers of better feeling, a description of this bright, this happy moment in my checkered career. Let your fancy, let your hearts seize the pencil, and sketch a scene which words cannot pourtray.

Even my aunt's astonishment and vexation "at the folly I had committed," finally gave way to the impulse of her better nature; my aunt even did justice at last to the motives which had induced me to "throw away so much money, a sum which, with a very little to it, would have been sufficient to buy her a stuff gown for the winter."

As to Mr. Franck, as soon as the varied emotions of surprize, delight, gratitude, and affection had settled into a sort of repose, so as to allow some scope for curiosity the most eager and intense, he again put by his wig, wiped his spectacles, called for the luxury of a tallow candle in addition to the ordinary illumination in oil, fixed himself immoveably in the old leathern arm-chair, and said,

"My dear lad, the girls have just but to finish their writing-pieces, you can see them do it as well, and better than I; only look to that vixen Jenny Weber, dip her pen yourself, she is so apt to make blots. Go over and manage

this matter, while I take a little peep at your kind present."

Proud of the trust reposed in me, and inwardly happy and contented with what I had done, I entered the school-room with buoyant spirits, and took the command of the nymphs; a very Apollo among the Muses, allowing for one supernumerary in this rustic Pierian assemblage. The unexpected appearance of Mr Ferdinand was cordially greeted, and every nymph promised to take extraordinary pains to do credit to my charge. To stimulate the exertions of the fair votaries of the quill I, in return, hinted that if they accomplished their task to my satisfaction, I might be induced to allow a little innocent game, a bit of blind-man's-buff, by way of breaking up, when the work was done.

There was magic in this hint. Not a blot sullied the characters of Jenny Weber, or of any of the Pierian Ten; Mary Dickel, my old favourite, wrote like copper-plate, and the efforts of all were so praiseworthy and successful, that what they had previously done under my uncle admitted of no comparison with their exertions under the auspices of the nephew. In less than half an hour the tables and benches stood piled upon each other, and Apollo, metamorphosed into the blind son of Venus, cautiously strode, groping with extended arms in chace of the nimble nymphs of Feldberg. The

pursuit, however, soon grew brisker, and a wanton push from one of the Bacchantes impelled the head of their Orpheus with such a momentum against the huge German stove, that had it not been for the protecting bandage, his fate would have been similar to the deplorable end of the Grecian lyrist. As it was, the contusion on the left temple for some seconds deprived me of all recollection, and when I opened my eyes for the first time I beheld Mary, the offender, in a flood of tears, and the rest of her companions anxiously striving to restore animation. The pain was great, but to calm their fears, I made light of the accident, and the game not only soon resumed its former vivacity, but encreased in noise and clamour. My turn came again, and I had just caught, and was saluting Mary Dickel, when the venerable Mr. Franck, roused from his craniological speculations by the uproar, entered the schoolroom.

At any other time such a scene would have been deemed unpardonable; but the grateful recollection of the book, and probably his eagerness to return to it, produced but a friendly rebuke on the present occasion. I took care to present to his view the right profile only, lest he might espy the hurt on the left; the pieces were looked over and highly lauded, the nymphs dismissed to their homes, and in com-

pliance with a previous invitation I went to sup with Mary's father, the blacksmith, upon new-made sausages and cabbage-sallad.

CHAP. XIX.

Organic Researches.

On my return, Mrs. Franck, tired of sitting a mute spectator of her husband's lucubrations, had long retired to solitary rest; for she was a soporescent woman of an evening, when not talked to. Having bid my uncle a transient good night, through the half-open door, which, without raising his eyes from the book, he kindly acknowledged by exclaiming "wonderful!" I followed the example of my aunt.

Like a notable housewife, she had taken to bed the keys which would have enabled her husband to enlighten his subject, perhaps, until day-light. The tallow candle having long ceased its functions, and the lamp, instead of dispensing light, beginning to give out a vile smoke, Mr. Franck found himself reluctantly compelled to shut the book, and rejoin his conjugal partner in the dark.

By this time the cranium of Dr. Gall's disciple had become so overcharged with craniological notions, that without some vent or other by way of safety-valve, the ferment of the condensed materials might have produced dangerous consequences. On passing my door, which was ajar, and hearing me breathe, the happy thought suddenly struck him of making on the skull of his nephew a practical experiment of the tenets of the German philosopher.

Figure to thyself, gentle reader, the horror I felt at being roused from my first sleep and a sweet dream by the craniological manipulations of a dry bony hand, resembling an anatomical preparation. With a loud scream I started from my bed and seized the tall spectre by the throat.—The words "Nonsense, boy, don't be frightened," to my amazement proclaimed the vision to be my uncle.

My screams had by this time brought to the spot Mrs. Franck and Lisbeth in their nocturnal draperies. After a brief and rather obscure explanation, the former exclaimed, "Why, sure you're mad Nicholas; the book has turned his brain already, it shall be burnt the first thing to-morrow morning.

All the answer the calm Mr. Franck made to this threatening invective was, "The organ of amorousness—the organ of harmony—the organ of murderousness—all in a decisive degree;

besides a number of organs less distinctly pronounced." "There are no organs in the room, my dear Nicholas," replied my aunt, in a soothing tone of intense distress of mind, fully convinced of the truth of her husband's mental aberrations. "The Lord have mercy upon thee, dear Nick, thou'rt wandering in thy senses; come to bed, my dear, come along, and let us pray against the fiend's temptations."

After a night of more or less agitation to the parties concerned, we sat down to a silent breakfast, until my uncle, in a serious, but affectionate tone, addressed me as follows:

"My dear Ferdinand! much as I regret the fright which I caused to you and your good aunt last night, the anxiety I long felt for your future destinies will sufficiently justify my having seized the first opportunity of ascertaining your mental and moral qualifications, by the test of Dr. Gall's important discoveries; the truth of which this first trial, compared with previous observations I made in silence, has confirmed in a surprising manner. I had time before you awoke to examine every part of your skull, and the result is briefly this: "You possess *(pointing to the bump I had received in falling against the German stove the night before)* you possess, in a decided degree, the organ of murderousness. (Here my aunt heaved a deep sigh, and bit her lips.) Don't be alarmed, my dear, the

lad cannot help the conformation of his skull. It is for craniology to take warning by such hints, and act accordingly. He would make an excellent carcase-butcher, if we were inclined that way. Our wish had hitherto partly been to make him a practitioner. There's an end of this at once, he would kill more than cure. (With this deduction, however erroneous, I was not disposed to quarrel, having had quite enough of surgery and Dr. Knobelsheimer; nor was my aunt inclined to any objection.) This almost unnatural prominence, *(putting his finger to the nape of my neck,)* I am sorry to say, indicates the organ of amorousness in an extreme state."

Mrs. F.—" Nonsense, Mr. F. don't put wicked ideas into the child's head."

Mr. F.—" He can't help it, my dear. Feel the bump yourself; and let me tell you, whatever may as yet be the doubts concerning some of the cranial protuberances, this one is indisputably made out; and, what is more, decisively confirmed by what I saw last night, when I came to the school-room unawares, were you not kissing Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter?"

" It was all in fun." *(Here aunt, with a dark frown, nodded her head most significantly.)*

" Fun, I dare say it was; but be this as it may, now I tell you of the enemy, it is your

part to beware of him. '*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*' This organ is so tremendous with you, that, unless you take great care, I fear it will bring you a world of trouble. (*Here every word of my uncle, as I afterwards found, spoke oracular truth. I had often sad occasion to remember his caution.*) For the present I am in hopes, that by the steps I am going to propose, any immediate danger will be averted.

"Between your eyes and ears," continued uncle, "I perceived a third very remarkable rise, just here: this, I am happy to tell you, is of a promising description, it is the organ of harmony; and although I was hitherto ignorant of this predisposition of yours; Baron Wolditz, perhaps instinctively, (for what does he know of craniology?) seems to have been fully aware of its existence. He wishes you to be brought up to music, he has kindly offered his assistance; if your aunt agrees to it, let us follow the guide thus pointed out to us, and avail ourselves of his good intentions. He wishes to send you to the capital to commence your musical career; much as I shall regret the absence of one I so dearly love, it is for your good, and so let it be; and when I consider that this measure will have the additional advantage of separating you from Mary Dickel, for whom it seems you have a premature kindness, I feel

the more reconciled to the idea of parting with you, my dear boy. The distance is not so great but that we may contrive to meet now and then, and my legs are not too old to carry me to the capital to see you during the school vacations."

CHAP. XX.

Farewell.

The plan of my uncle fully coincided with my own wishes; I expressed my instant consent: aunt too, for a wonder, approved of her husband's proposal; and Baron Wolditz received, with delight, the tidings of our united acquiescence in his views concerning my future career. He immediately wrote to a friend in the capital to effect the necessary arrangements, and an agreement was made with Mr. Bauer, an excellent musician and theorist, for my instruction, including board and lodging under his own roof. Another fortnight passed in providing a stock of equipment, in which the minute attentions of Mrs. Franck omitted nothing within the compass of her scanty means, not

excepting a few darning needles and thread, and a pot of her excellent domestic ointment. My uncle's best razor was the only gift in the power of this excellent man to bestow.

My trunk, an immense family ark, crammed with worthless lumber, being sent on by the carrier, and an affectionate leave taken of my kind patron, who presented me with a louis d'or for travelling expences and pocket money, the day after twelfth night the heavy morning of parting presented itself. I left a house of tears, and I well remember the last words of my good uncle, uttered through the half stifled sobs:

"God in heaven bless you, my dear Ferdinand, and keep you in the path of virtue! Farewell, my boy, and mind the bump in the nape!"

With this first grand epoch in my Journal, I must, for the present, take leave of my kind readers likewise. If it meet their favour, the remainder shall be at their service at a future opportunity.

F. F

HONEST LITTLE PAULO.

FIRST I went to live with a lady gay,
Faro was the word, till Fortune, blind,
By a run upon the bank made the dame run away,
And left me and all her friends in the lurch behind;
When people cried out shame,
I took care to say the same,
But I didn't tell how very well I understood the game;
Then I bow'd with such a grace,
That I got another place,
And honest little Paulo was my worship's name.

Next I went to live with Lawyer Sly,
At feeling for a fee he'd a nimble paw,
All the rhino was pocketed, him and I,
And his clients in return kindly took the law.
Then of Latin quite fatigued,
With a doctor next I leagued,
Who with blister, pill and bolus, made a mighty fuss,
Till the great physician died,
And to cure the folks I tried,
And no doctor in the world ever made folks worse.

After that I got a place with an actor gay,
Pleasure in all shapes then I thought to quaff,
And when master on the stage would roar and bray,
To see the people cry—lord it made me laugh;
One night, I tried myself,
And you never saw an elf
In such a palpitating, tribulating case as me,
And I whisper'd in my fright,
If I once get through to-night,
This place will be merriest of all for me.

Genealogy

OF THE

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS

AND OF

the Living Members of their Families.

GREAT BRITAIN AND HANOVER *(Protestant)*.

King George IV. Frederic Augustus, b. Aug. 12, 1762; declared Regent, Jan. 10, 1811; suc. his father, King George III. Jan. 29, 1820. Widower, Aug. 7, 1821, by death of Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, d. of Duke Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Frederic, Duke of York and Albany, heretofore Bishop of Osnabrück, b. Aug. 16, 1763. Widower, Aug. 6, 1820, by death of Frederica, d. of Frederic William II. K. of Prussia.
2. William Henry, Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, Earl of Munster, b. Aug. 21, 1765; m. July 11, 1818, to the

Pr. Adelaide, d. of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, b. Aug. 13, 1792.

3. The Queen-dowager of Wurtemburg.

4. *The Widow of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth Son of K George III. who died Jan.* 23, 1820.

Pr. Maria Louisa Victoria, b. Aug. 17, 1786, d. of Francis, D. of Saxe-Coburg, Widow of her first husband Prince Emich of Leiningen, July 4, 1814.

Issue.

Pr. Alexandrina Victoria, b. May, 24, 1819.

5. Augusta Sophia, b. Nov. 8, 1768.
6. The Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg.
7. Ernest Augustus, D. of Cumberland and Tiviotdale, Earl of Armagh, b. June 5, 1771, m. May 29, 1815, to the

Pr. Frederica Carolina Sophia Alexandrina, d. of Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, b. Mar. 2, 1778. Widow (1) of Pr. Louis of Prussia, and (2) of Pr. Frederic William, of Solms Braunfels.

Issue.

Pr. Geo. Frederic Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus, b. May 27, 1819.

8. Augustus Frederic, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron of Arklow, b. Jan. 27, 1773.
9. Adolphus Frederic, Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary, and Baron of Culloden, b. Feb. 24, 1774. Governor of the kingdom of Hanover since Oct. 24, 1816 [*Hanover*] m. May 7, 1818, to the

Pr. Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, d. of Frederic, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, b. July 25, 1797.

Issue.

Pr. George Frederic William Charles, b. Mar. 26, 1819.

Pr. Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, b. July 20, 1822.

10 The Duchess of Gloucester.
11. Sophia, b. Nov. 5, 1777.

Children of the King's Uncle, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who died Aug. 25, 1805.

1. Sophia Matilda, b. May 23, 1773.
2. William Frederic, b. Jan. 15, 1776, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, Earl of Connaught, m. July 12, 1816, to the

Pr. Mary, d. of K. George III. b. April 25, 1776.

ANHALT-DESSAU *(Protestant).*

Duke Leopold Frederic, b. Oct. 1, 1794, suc. his grandfather, D. Leopold Frederic Francis, Aug. 9, 1817, m. April 18, 1818, to

Frederica Wilhelmina Louisa Amelia, d. of Frederic Louis Charles, Prince of Prussia, b. Sept. 30, 1796.

Issue.

Pr. Frederica Amelia Augusta, b. Nov. 18, 1819.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. The reigning Princess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.
2. Pr. George Bernard, b. Feb. 21, 1796. Major in Austrian service.
3. The Wife of P. Gustavus of Hesse-Homburg.
4. Pr. Frederic Augustus, b. Sept. 23, 1799. Capt. of Cav. in Austrian service.
5. Pr. William Woldemar, b. May 29, 1807.

Mother.

D. Christiana Amelia, d. of Frederic Louis William Christian, Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, b. June 29, 1774, Widow of Frederic Heredit, Pr. May 27, 1814.

ANHALT-BERNBURG.

D. Alexis Frederic Christian, eldest Prince of the house of Anhalt, since Aug. 9, 1817; b. June 12, 1767; suc. his father, April 9, 1796; raised to the ducal dignity by the Emperor Francis II. in March, 1806; m. Nov. 29, 1794, to Maria Frederica, d. of William I. Elector of Hesse (b. Sept. 14, 1768) separated in August, 1817.

Issue.

1. The Wife of Pr. Frederic of Prussia.
2. Alexander Charles, Hered. Pr. b. March 2, 1805.

Aunts.

1. The Princess Dowager of Anhalt-Zerbst.
2. The Widow of Pr. Augustus of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.

ANHALT-BERNBURG-SCHAUMBURG *(Protestant)*.

Widow of Pr. Victor Charles Frederic.

Amelia Charlotte Wilhelmina Louisa, d. of Pr. Charles of Nassau-Weilburg, b. Aug. 6, 1776. Widow, April 22, 1812 (*Schaumburg on the Lahn*).

Issue.

1. Pr. Emma, b. May 20, 1802.
2. Pr. Ida, b. March 10, 1804.

ANHALT-CÖTHEN *(Protestant)*.

Duke Frederic Ferdinand, b. June 25, 1769, son of Pr. Frederic Erdmann of Anhalt-Pless (died Dec. 12, 1797) suc. Louis, last Duke o.

the principal branch, Dec. 16, 1818, m. May 20, 1816, to his second wife,
Julia, Countess of Brandenburg, b. Jan. 4, 1793.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Pr. Anna Emilia, b. May 20, 1770, m. May 20, 1791, to John Henry, Count of Hochberg-Fürstenstein.
2. Pr. Henry, b. July 30, 1778, possessor of the lordship of Pless, in Upper Silesia; m. May 18, 1819, to
Auguste Frederique Esperance, b. Aug. 4, 1794, d. of Henry XLIV. Prince of Reuss-Schleiz-Köstritz, 2d branch.
3. Pr. Louis, b. Aug. 10, 1783.

ANHALT-ZERBST.

Widow of the last Pr. Frederic Augustus.

Pr. Frederica Augusta Sophia, d. of Pr. Victor Frederic of Anhalt-Bernburg, b. Aug. 28, 1744. Widow. March 3, 1793.

AUSTRIA (*Catholic*).

Francis, Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Lombardy, and Venice, b. Feb. 12, 1768; suc. his father, the Emperor Leopold II. in the dominions of his house, March 1, 1792, crowned K. of Hungary, June 6; elected Roman Emperor the 7th, and crowned the 14th July, 1792; declares himself hereditary Emperor of Austria, Aug. 11, 1804, and resigns the dignity of Roman Emperor, Aug. 6, 1806; m. to (1) Elisabeth, d. of Frederic Eugene, Duke of Wurtemburg, who died Feb. 18, 1790; (2) Maria Theresa, d. of Fer-

dinand IV. K. of the Two Sicilies, who died April 13, 1807; (3) Maria Louisa Beatrice, d. of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Modena-Brisgau, uncle to the Emperor, who died April 7, 1816; (4) by proxy, Oct. 29, and in person Nov. 10, 1816 to the

Empress Caroline Augusta, d. of the King of Bavaria, b. Feb. 8, 1792.

Issue of the Second Marriage.

1. Archd. Maria Louisa, b. Dec. 12, 1791, m. by proxy March 11, and in person April 2, 1810, to Napoleon, then Emperor of the French. See *Parma.*
2. Archd. Ferdinand Charles Leopold Joseph Francis Marcellin, heir-apparent, b. April 19, 1793.
3. The Wife of the Prince Royal of Portugal and Brazil.
4. The Wife of Prince Leopold of the Two Sicilies.
5. The Wife of Prince Frederic Augustus, of Saxony.
6. Archd. Francis Charles Joseph, b. Dec. 7, 1802.
7. Archd. Maria Anna Francisca Theresa Josepha Medarde, b. June 8, 1804, Princess Abbess of the Chapter of Noble Ladies of Prague.

Brothers and Sister.

1. The Wife of Prince Anton, of Saxony.
2. Ferdinand, Grand-duke of Tuscany. See *Tuscany.*
3. Archd. Charles Louis John Joseph, b. Sept. 5, 1771. Gen. Field-Marshal, Govern. and Capt. Gen. of the kingdom of Bohemia; resigned the Grand-Mastership of the Teutonic Order, June 30, 1804; m. Sept. 17, 1815, to

Henrietta Alexandrina Frederica, d. of Prince Frederic William, of Nassau Weilburg, b. Oct. 30, 1797.

Issue.

1. Archd. Maria Theresa Isabella, b. July 31, 1816.
2. Archd. Albert Frederic Rudolph, b. Aug. 3, 1817.
3. Archd. Charles Ferdinand, b. July 29, 1818.
4. Archd. Frederic Ferdinand Leopold, b. May 14, 1821.

4. Archd. Joseph Anton John, b. March 9, 1776. Palatine, Governor and Capt. Gen. of Hungary, Gen. Field-Marshal, m. to (1) Alexandrina Pawlowna, d. of the Emperor Paul of Russia, who died March 16, 1801; (2) Hermine, d. of Victor Charles Frederic, Pr. of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg, Sept. 14, 1807; (3) Aug. 24, 1819, to the

Pr. Maria Dorothea Wilhelmina Carolina, b. Nov. 1, 1797, d. of Louis Frederic Alexander, Duke of Wurtemberg.

Issue of the Second Marriage.

1. Hermine Amelia Maria } b. Sept. 14, 1817
2. Stephen Francis Victor }

Issue of the Third Marriage.

3. Elisabeth Caroline Henrietta, b. July 31, 1820.

5. Archd. Anton Victor Joseph John Raymond, b. Aug. 31, 1779, Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order.
6. Archd. John Baptist Joseph Fabian Sebastian, b. Jan. 10, 1782, Gen. of Cav. Director-Gen. of Engineers and Fortifications.
7. Archd. Rayner Joseph John Michael Francis

Jerome, b. Sept. 30, 1783, Viceroy of the kingdoms of Lombardy and Venice, m. May 28, 1820, to

Maria Elisabeth Francisca, b. April 13, 1800, d. of Charles Emanuel Ferdinand, Pr. of Savoy-Carignan.

Issue.

1. Pr. Maria Carolina Augusta Elisabeth Margareta Dorothea, b. Feb. 6, 1821.
2. Adelaide Francisca Maria Rayneria Elisabeth Clotilda, b. June 3, 1822.

8. Archd. Louis Joseph Anton, b. Dec. 13, 1784, Lieut. Field-Marshal, Director-Gen. of the Artillery.
9. Archd. Rudolph John Joseph Rayner, b. Jan. 8, 1788, Cardinal and Archb. of Olmütz, elected April 24, 1819.

Widow of the Uncle Archduke Ferdinand (D. of Modena-Brisgau).

Archd. Maria Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Massa and Princess of Carrara, b. April 7, 1750, d. of Hercules III. last Duke of Modena. Widow, Dec. 24, 1806.

Issue.

1. The Queen of Sardinia, wife of King Victor Emanuel.
2. The Widow of the Elector Palatine Charles Theodore. See *Bavaria, branch* 2.
3. Archd. Francis Joseph (Francis IV. Duke of Modena. See *Modena*) b. Oct. 6, 1779.
4. Archd. Ferdinand Charles Joseph, b. April 25, 1781, Gen. of Cav. (*Buda*).
5. Archd. Maximilian Joseph John Ambrose Charles, b. July 14, 1782. *Feldzeugmeister.*

BADEN *(Protestant)*.

Grand-Duke Louis William Augustus, b. Feb. 9, 1763; suc. his Nephew, the Gr.-Duke Charles Louis Frederic, Dec. 8, 1818.

Widow of the Hered. Pr. Charles Louis, who died Dec. 15, 1801.

Margravine Amelia Frederica, d. of Louis IX. Landgr. of Hesse-Darmstadt, b. June 20, 1754, m. July 15, 1774.

Her Issue.

1. Pr. Catherine Amelia Christina Louisa, Deaconess of Quedlinburg } b. July
2. The Queen of Bavaria } 13, 1776.
3. The Empress Elisabeth, of Russia.
4. Pr. Frederica Dorothea Wilhelmina, b. March 12, 1781; m. Oct. 31, 1797, to Gustavus IV. Adolphus, K. of Sweden (separated since, Feb. 1812).
5. The hereditary Grand-Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Widow of the Grand-Duke Charles Louis Frederic, who died Dec. 8, 1818.

Stephanie Louise Adrienne, b. Aug. 28, 1789, adopted by Napoleon, then Emperor of the French, March 4, 1806. (*Manheim*).

Her Issue.

1. Pr. Louise Amelie Stephanie, b. June 5, 1811
2. Pr. Josephine Frederique Louise, b. Oct. 21, 1813.
3. Pr. Marie Amelie Elisabeth Caroline, b. Oct. 11, 1817.

Widow of the Brother, Margrave Frederic, (died May 28, 1817).

Christiana Louisa, d. of Frederic Augustus, D. of Nassau-Usingen, b. Aug. 17, 1776, mar. Dec. 10, 1791.

Issue

Of the father, the Grand-Duke Charles Frederic, by his second marriage with Louisa Caroline, Countess of Hochberg, born Geyer von Geyersberg, who died July 23, 1820. They were styled Counts of Hochberg, and were declared Princes Maargraves, of Baden, by a decree of the late Grand-Duke, Oct. 4, 1817.

1. Pr. Charles Leopold Frederic, b. Aug. 29, 1790, m. July 25, 1819, to the

Pr. Sophia Wilhelmina, b. May 21, 1801, d. of Gustavus IV. K. of Sweden.

Issue.

Pr. Alexandrina Louisa Amelia Frederica Elisabeth Sophia, b. Dec. 6, 1820.

2. Pr. William Louis Augustus, b. Apr. 8, 1792.
3. Pr. Amelia Christina Caroline, b. Jan. 26, 1795. See *Fürstenberg*.
4. Pr. Maximilian Frederic John Ernest, b. Dec. 8, 1796.

Bavaria (*Catholic.*)

King Maximilian Joseph, b. May 27, 1756; suc. his brother Duke Charles II. of Deux-Ponts, April 1, 1795, and the Elector Charles Theodore, Feb. 6, 1799, assumed the royal dignity Dec. 26, 1805; m. March 9, 1797, to his second wife,

Queen Frederica Wilhelmina Caroline, d. of Charles Louis, hered. Pr. of Baden, b. July 13, 1776.

Issue

a. Of the first marriage with Wilhelmina Augusta, daughter of George, Pr. of Hesse Darmstadt (who died March 30, 1796).

1. Louis Charles Augustus, Prince Royal, b. Aug. 25, 1786; m. Oct. 12, 1810, to the Pr. Theresa Charlotte Louisa, d. of Frederic, reigning Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen, b. July 8, 1792. (*Wurzburg*).

Issue.

1. Pr. Maximilian, b. Nov. 28, 1811.
2. Pr. Matilda Caroline Frederica Wilhelmina Charlotte, b. Aug. 30, 1813.
3. Pr. Otho Frederic Louis, b. June 1, 1815.
4. Pr. Leuthold Charles Joseph William Louis, b. March 14, 1821.

2. Pr. Augusta Amelia, b. June 21, 1788, m. Jan. 13, 1806, to Pr. Eugene, then Viceroy of Italy, now Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstädt.
3. The Empress of Austria.
4. Prince Charles Theodore Maximilian Augustus, b. June 7, 1795, Lieut.-gen. in the service of the King.

b. Of the Second Marriage.

5. Pr. Elisabeth Louisa } b. Nov. 12, 1801.
6. Pr. Amelia Augusta }
7. Pr. Frederica Sophia Dorothea } b. Jan. 27,
8. Pr. Maria Anna Leopoldina } 1805.
9. Pr. Louisa Wilhelmina, b. Aug. 30, 1808.

Sisters.

1. Queen of Saxony.
2. Pr. Maria Anna. See First Ducal Branch.

Widow of the Brother, Duke Charles II. of Deux-Ponts.

D. Maria Amelia, d. of Christian, Elector of Saxony, b. Sept. 26, 1757. Widow, since April 1, 1795. (*Neuberg, on the Danube*).

DUCAL BRANCHES.

First, late Palatine of Deux-Ponts-Birkenfeld.

D. William, Duke of Bavaria, Gen. of Infantry in the Bavar. army, b. Nov. 10, 1752, m. Jan. 30, 1780, to

Maria Anna, b. July 18, 1753, d. of Frederic Count Palatine, Prince of Deux-Ponts, and sister to the King. (*Bamberg*).

Issue.

1. Pr. Mary Elisabeth Amelia, b. May 6, 1784; Widow, June 1, 1815, of Alexandre, Pr. of Wagram, and formerly Pr. of Neufchatel.
2. Pr. Pius Augustus, Lieut.-gen. in the Bavar. army, b. Aug. 1, 1786, m. May 26, 1807, to

Amelia Louisa Julia, d. of Louis, Pr. d'Aremberg, b. April 10, 1789. (*Driesdorf*).

Issue.

Pr. Maximilian Joseph, b. Dec. 4, 1808.

Sister.

Pr. Louisa Christina, b. Aug. 17, 1748. Widow, April 26, 1802, of Henry XXX. Count Reuss of Gera. (*Gera*).

Second, late Electoral Palatine of Neuburg and Sulzbach.

Widow of the Elector Charles Theodore.

Maria Leopoldina, d. of the Archd. Ferdinand of Austria, Duke of Modena-Brisgau, b. Dec. 10, 1776; Widow since Feb. 16, 1799. (*Stelt-berg, near Neuburg*).

BRUNSWICK-WOLFENBÜTTEL (*Protestant*).

Duke Charles Frederic Augustus William, Duke of Brunswick and Oels, b. Oct. 30, 1804; suc. his father, Duke William Frederic, who fell at the battle of Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815, under the guardianship of the Prince Regent, now King of Great Britain.

Brother.

D. Augustus William Maximilian Frederic Louis, b. April 25, 1806.

Grand-Aunt.

D. Elisabeth Christiana Ulrica, b. Nov. 8, 1746, m. to Frederic William II. K. of Prussia, July 14, 1765; separated in 1769.

Widow of Duke Frederic Charles, of Brunswick-Bevern.

Anne Caroline, Pr. of Nassau-Saarbrück, b. Dec. 3, 1751; Widow, April 27, 1809. (*Glücks-burg.*)

DENMARK (*Protestant*).

King Frederic VI. b. Jan. 28, 1768; declared co-regent with his father, K. Christian VII. April 14, 1784, suc. March 13, 1808; m. July 31, 1790, to the

Queen Maria Sophia Frederica, d. of Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, b. Oct. 28, 1767.

Issue.

1. Caroline, Pr. Royal, b. Aug. 28, 1793.
2. Pr. Wilhelmina Maria, b. Jan. 17, 1808.

Sister.

The Princess Dowager of Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg.

Aunt, Daughter of K. Frederic V. and Louisa, Princess of Great Britain.

The Wife of the Landgrave Charles, of Hesse-Cassel.

Issue of the Uncle, the hereditary Prince Frederic (died Dec. 7, 1805) and Sophia Frederica, Duch. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

1. Pr. Christian Frederic, b. Sept. 18, 1786; proclaimed K. of Norway, May 19, 1814, abdicated Aug. 15, the same year; m. May 22, 1815, to his second wife,

Caroline Amelia, d. of Duke Frederic Christian, of Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, b. June 28, 1796.

Issue of the First Marriage with Charlotte Frederica, Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Pr. Frederic Charles Christian, b. Oct. 6, 1808.

2. Pr. Julia Sophia. See *Hesse-Philipsthal-Barchfeld.*
3. Pr. Louisa Charlotte. See *Hesse-Cassel.*
4. Pr. Frederic Ferdinand, Maj.-gen. in the Danish army, b. Nov. 22, 1792.

FRANCE (*Catholic*).

King Louis XVIII. Stanislas Xavier, b. Nov. 17, 1755, King since June 8, 1795, m. Marie

Josephine Louise, d. of Victor Amedeus III. K. of Sardinia, who died Nov. 13, 1810.

Brother.

Pr. Charles Philippe de France (MONSIEUR) b. Oct. 9, 1757, m. Marie Therese, d. of Victor Amedeus III. K. of Sardinia, who died June 2, 1805.

Issue.

Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême, b. Aug. 6, 1775, m. June 10, 1799, to
Marie Therese Charlotte, d. of K. Louis XVI. b. Dec. 19, 1778.

The Widow of the second son Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berry, dec. Feb. 14, 1820.

Caroline Ferdinande Louise, d. of Francis Januarius, Pr. Royal of Naples, b. Nov. 5, 1798.

Issue.

1. Louise Marie Therese, Mademoiselle d'Artois, b. Sept. 12, 1819.
2. Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné d'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux, b. Sept. 29, 1820.

Daughter of K. Louis XVI. Brother to the King.

Duchesse d'Angoulême. See above.

I. BRANCH OF ORLEANS.

Duc Louis Philippe, b. Oct. 6, 1773; m. Nov. 25, 1809, to
Marie Amelie, d. of Ferdinand IV. K. of Naples, b. April 26, 1782.

Issue.

1. Pr. Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri, Duc de Chartres, b. Sept. 3, 1810.

2. Pr. Louise Marie Therese Charlotte Isabelle, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, b. Apr. 3, 18 2.
3. Pr. Marie Christine Caroline Adelaide Françoise Leopoldine, Mademoi elle de Valois, b. April 12, 1813.
4. Pr. Louis Charles Philippe Raphael, Duc de Nemours, b. Oct. 25, 1814.
5. Pr. Marie Clementine Caroline Leopoldine Clotilde, Mademoiselle de Beaujolais, b. June 3, 1817.
6. Pr. François Ferdinand Philippe Louis Marie, Pr. de Joinville, b. Aug. 14, 1818.
7. Pr. Charles Ferdinand Louis Philippe Emmanuel, Duc de Penthièvre, b. Jan. 1, 1820.
8. Pr. Henri Eugène Philippe Louis, Duc d'Aumale, b. Jan. 16, 1822.

Sister.

Pr. Eugenie Adelaide Louise, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, b. Aug. 23, 1777.

II. Branch of Bourbon-Conde.

Pr. Louis Henry Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, b. April 13, 1756, son of Pr. Louis Joseph de Condé, dec. May 13, 1818, and of the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Soubise, dec. March 4, 1760; Widower Jan 10, 1822, by death of Louise Marie Therese Mathilde d'Orleans, from whom he separated in 1780.

Sister.

Pr. Louise Adelaide, b. Oct. 5, 1757.

Hanover (*Protestant*).

See *Great Britain.*

Hesse-Cassel (*Protestant*).

Sovereign Line.

Elector William II. b. July 23, 1777, suc. his

father the Elector William I, Feb. 27, 1821, m. Feb. 13, 1797, to

Frederica Catherine Augusta, Electress, d. of K. Frederic William II. of Prussia, b. May 1, 1780.

Issue.

1. Pr. Caroline Frederica Wilhelmina, b. July 29, 1799.
2. Pr. Frederic William, b. Aug. 20, 1802.
3. Pr. Maria Frederica Wilhelmina Christiana, b. Sept. 6, 1804.

Sisters of the Elector.

1. The Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg.
2. The Duchess-dowager of Saxe-Gotha.

Uncles, Brothers of the Elector William I.

1. Landgr. Charles, b. Dec. 19, 1744, Field-marshal of the Danish army and Governor of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein *(Gottorp)* m. Aug. 30, 1766, to

Louisa, d. of Frederic V. K. of Denmark, b. Jan. 30, 1750.

Issue.

1. The Queen of Denmark.
2. Pr. Frederic, b. May 24, 1771, Gen. of Inf. in the Danish service, and Governor of Rendsborg.
3. Julia Louisa Amelia, Abbess of Itzehoe, b. Jan. 19, 1773.
4. The Duchess of Holstein-Beck.

2. Landgr. Frederic, b. Sept. 11, 1747, m. Dec. 2, 1786 to

Caroline Polixena, d. of Pr. Charles William of Nassau-Usingen, b. Apr. 4, 1762.

Issue.

1. Pr. William, b. Dec. 24, 1787, Maj. Gen. in Danish service, m. Nov. 10. 1810 to

Louisa Charlotte, d. of Frederic, heredit. Prince of Denmark, b. Oct. 30, 1789.

Issue.

1. Caroline Frederica Maria Wilhelmina, b. Aug. 15, 1811.
2. Maria Louisa Charlotte, b. May 9, 1814.
3. Louisa Wilhelmina Frederica Caroline Augusta Julia, b. Sept. 7, 1817.
4. Frederic William George Adolphus, b. Nov. 26, 1820.

2. Pr. Frederic William, b. April 24, 1790, Major-gen. in Prussian service.
3. Pr. George Charles, b. Jan. 14, 1793, Colonel in the Prussian service,
4. Pr. Louisa Caroline Maria Frederica, b. April 9, 1794.
5. The Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.
6. The Duchess of Cambridge. See *Gr. Britain*.

YOUNGER LINES.

HESSE-PHILIPSTHAL (*Protestant*).

(*Philipsthal*).

Landgr. Ernest Constantine, b. Aug. 8, 1771, m. Feb. 17, 1812 to his second wife, the
Pr. Caroline Wilhelmina Ulrica Eleonora, d. of his brother, Pr. Charles. See below.

Issue of the first marriage with Christiana Louisa, d. of Pr. Charles of Schwarzburg-Radolstadt, dec. Dec. 25, 1808.

1. Pr. Ferdinand, b. Oct. 15, 1799, Capt. of Cav. in Austrian service.
2. Pr. Charles, b. May 22, 1803, First Lieutenant.
3. Pr. Francis Augustus, b. Jan. 26, 1805, Sub-lieutenant.

Issue of the second Marriage.

4. Pr. Victoria Emilia Alexandrina, b. Dec. 28, 1812.
5. Pr.....

Daughter of the Brother, Prince Charles, dec. Jan. 2, 1793, and Victoria, Princess of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg.

Pr. Caroline Wilhelmina Ulrica Eleonora, b. Feb. 10, 1793, m. to Pr. Ernest, of this house. See above.

Daughter of the Brother of the Landgrave Louis, dec. at Naples, Feb. 15, 1816.

Pr. Maria Carolina, b. Jan. 14, 1793.

HESSE-PHILIPSTHAL-BARCHFELD (*Protestant*). (*Barchfeld*).

Issue of Adolphus, Landrave of Hesse-Philipsthal-Barchfeld, and Louisa of the house of Saxe-Meiningen.

1. Pr Charles Augustus Philip Louis, Maj. Gen. in the service of the Elector of Hesse, b. June 27, 1784 ; Widower June 8, 1821, by dec. of Augusta Charlotte Frederica Sophia Amelia, d. of Frederic Louis, Pr. of Hohenlohe-Oehringen.

Issue.

Pr. Bertha Wilhelmina Caroline Louisa Maria, b. Oct. 26, 1818.

2. Pr. Frederic William Charles Louis, b. Aug. 10, 1786, Maj. Gen. in Danish service, m. Aug. 22, 1812, to

Julia Sophia, d. of Frederic, hered. Pr. of Denmark, b. Feb. 18, 1788.

3. Pr. Ernest Frederic William, Maj. Gen. in Russian service, b. Jan. 28, 1789

HESSE-ROTHENBURG (*Catholic*).

(*Rothenburg.*)

Langr. Victor Amedeus, b. Sept. 2, 1779, m. Sept. 10, 1812, to his second wife, the

Pr. Elisabeth Eleonora Charlotte, d. of Pr. Charles Louis, of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, b. Nov. 21, 1790.

Sister.

P. Leopoldina Clotilda, b. Sept. 12, 1787. See *Hohenlohe-Bartenstein.*

Mother.

Maria Leopoldina Adelgonda, d. of Francis Joseph, Pr. of Liechtenstein, b. Jan. 30, 1754; Widow of Langr. Charles Emanuel, March 23, 1812.

Aunt.

Pr. Maria Antonietta Frederica Josephina, b. May 31, 1753, Canoness of the secularised Chapter of Thorn.

HESSE-DARMSTADT (*Protestant*).

I. GRAND-DUCAL LINE.

Grand-Duke Louis, b. June 14, 1753, suc. his father, the Landgr. Louis IX, April 6, 1790; assumed the title of Grand-Duke, Aug. 13, 1806; m. Feb. 19. 1777, to

Louisa Caroline Henrietta, Grand-Duchess, d. of the Landgr. George William, of this house, b. Feb. 15, 1761.

Issue.

1. Louis, hered. Gr. Duke, b. Dec. 26, 1777, m. June 19, 1804, to Wilhelmina Louisa, d. of the late Charles Louis, hered. Pr. of Baden, b. Sept. 10, 1788.

Issue.

1. Pr. Louis, b. June 9, 1806.
2. Pr. Charles William Louis, b. Ap. 23, 1809.
3. Pr. Amelia Elizabeth Louisa Carolina Frederica Wilhelmina, b. May 20, 1821.

2. Pr. Louis George Charles Frederic Ernest, b. Aug. 31, 1780; m. Jan. 29, 1804, to Caroline Ottilia, Pr. of Nidda, of the family of Töreck von Zeudrö, b. April 23, 1786.

Issue.

Louise Charlotte Georgina Wilhelmina, Pr. of Nidda, b. Nov. 11, 1804.

3. Pr. Frederic Augustus Charles Antony Paul Maximilian Christian Louis, b. May 14, 1788.
4. Pr. Emil Maximilian Leopold Augustus Charles, b. Sept. 3, 1790.

Brother and Sisters.

1. The Dowager Margravine of Baden.
2. The Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.
3. Pr. Christian Louis, Landgrave, b. Nov. 25, 1763.

Issue of the uncle, Pr. George William, dec. June 21, 1782, *and the Countess Maria Louisa Albertina, of Leiningen-Heidesheim, dec. March* 11, 1818.

1. Pr. Louis George Charles, b. Mar. 27, 1749.
2. Pr. George Charles, b. June 24, 1754.
3. The Grand-Duchess. See above.

II. Younger Line.

Hesse-Homburg *(Protestant)*.

Landgr. Frederic Joseph Louis, sovereign Landgr. b. July 30, 1769; suc. his father the

Landgr. Frederic Louis, Jan. 20, 1820; m. April 7, 1818, to

Elizabeth, d. of George III. K. of Great Britain, b. May 22, 1770.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Pr. Louis William, b. Aug. 29, 1770; Lieut. Gen. in Prussian service; m. Aug. 2, 1804, to Augusta Amelia, d. of Augustus, D. of Nassau-Usingen. (Separated.)
2. The Princess-Dowager of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.
3. The Duchess-Dowager of Anhalt-Dessau.
4. The Hered. Grand-Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.
5. Pr. Philip Augustus Frederic, b. March 11, 1779; Lieut. Field-Marshal in Aust. service.
6. Pr. Gustavus Adolphus Frederic, b. Feb. 17, 1781; Maj. Gen. in Austrian service; m. Feb. 12, 1818, to

Louisa Frederica, d. of Leopold Frederic Francis, hered. Pr. of Anhalt-Dessau, b. March 1, 1798.

Issue.

Pr. Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, b. March 19, 1819.

7. Pr. Ferdinand Henry Frederic, b. April 26, 1783; Maj. Gen. in Austrian service.
8. The wife of Prince William of Prussia.

HOHENZOLLERN-HECHINGEN *(Catholic)*.

Pr. Frederic Herrmann Otho, b. July 22, 1776; suc. his father, Pr. Herrmann Frederic Otho, Nov. 2, 1810; m. April 26, 1800, to

Maria Louisa Paulina, d. of Duke Peter of Courland and Sagan, b. Feb. 19, 1782.

Issue.

Pr. Frederic William Herrmann Constantine hered. Pr. b. Feb. 16, 1801.

Sisters.

Issue of the first marriage of Pr. Herrmann Frederic Otho, with Louisa Julia Constantia, Countess of Merode-Westerloo, (dec. in 1774.)

1. Pr. Louisa Julia Constantia, b. Nov. 1, 1774; m. to Francis Xavier Fischler, Baron von Treuberg, Privy Councillor of the D. of Saxe-Coburg.

Issue of the third marriage of the same Prince, with Maria Monica, Countess of Waldburg-Zeil-Wurzach, (dec. Oct. 25, 1814.)

2. Pr. Maria Antonietta Philippina, b. Feb. 8. 1781; wife of Count Louis of Waldburg-Capustigal.
3. Pr. Maximiliana Antonietta, b. Nov. 30, 1787; Mar. (1) to Everhard, C. of Waldburg-Zeil-Wurzach; (2) to Joseph, C. of Lodron, Maj. in the Bavarian service, Nov. 17, 1817.
4. Pr. Josephine, b. May 14, 1790, m. Aug. 31, 1811, to Ladislaus Count Festitics von Tolna.

Uncle and Aunt.

1. Pr. Francis Xavier, b. May 21, 1757, Gen. of Cav. in Austrian service, m. Jan. 22, 1787, to

Maria Theresa, by birth Countess of Wildenstein, b. June 24, 1763.

Issue.

1. Pr. Frederic Anton, b. Nov. 3, 1790.
2. Pr. Frederica Julia, b. Mar. 27, 1792.
3. Pr. Frederica Josephina, b. July 7, 1795.

2. Pr. Felicité Therese, b. Dec. 18, 1763, m. to Count Hoen of Neufchateau.

Dowager of the Great Uncle, Pr. Frederic Anton, (dec. Feb. 26, 1812.)

Ernestina Josephina, d. of Count Felix of Sobeck and Kornitz, b. Jan. 21, 1753.

Her Issue.

1. Pr. Joseph William Frederic, bish. of Varmia, b. Mar. 20, 1776.
2. Pr. Herrmann, b. July 2, 1777, m. July 29, 1805, to Caroline, by birth Baroness of Weyher.

Issue.

Pr. Lonisa Wilhelmina Ernestina Ida, b. Jan. 1807.

3. Pr. John Charles, b. May 16, 1782, Lieut. Col. in Bavarian service.

Grand Uncle.

Pr. Meinrad, b. June 20, 1730, Canon of the Chapters of Cologne and Augsburg.

HOHENZOLLERN-SIGMARINGEN *(Catholic).*

Pr. Anton Aloys Meinrad Francis, b. June 20, 1762, suc. his father Dec. 26, 1785, m. Aug. 12, 1782, to

Pr. Amelia Zephyrina, d. of Philip Joseph, Pr. of Salm-Kyrburg, b. Mar. 6, 1760.

Issue.

Charles Anton, hered. Pr. b. Feb. 20, 1785, m. Feb. 4, 1808, to the

Pr. Antoinette Murat, b. Jan. 5, 1793.

Issue.

1. Pr. Annonciada Carolina Joachima Antonietta Amelia, b. June 7, 1810.
2. Pr. Charles Anton Joachim Zephyrin Frederic Meinrad, b. Sept. 7, 1811.
3. Pr. Amelia Antonietta Caroline Adriana, b. April 30, 1815.
4. Pr. Frederica Wilhelmina, b. Mar. 24, 1820.

Sister.

Pr. Maria Crescentia Anna Joanna Francisca, b. July 24, 1766.

Holstein.

I. Holstein-Sonderburg.

1. Branch of Augustenburg *(Protestant)*.

(Augustenburg.)

Duke Christian Charles Frederic Augustus, b. July 19, 1798; suc. his father, June 14, 1814; declared of age, July 19, 1816; Lieut. Col. in the Danish service, m. Sep. 18, 1820, to

Louisa, d. of the Count of Danneskiold-Samsöe, b. Sept. 22, 1796.

Issue.

Alexander Frederic William Christian Charles Augustus, hered. Pr. b. July 20, 1821.

Mother.

Louisa Augusta, d. of Christian VII. K. of Denmark, b. July 7, 1771, widow of Duke Frederic Christian, June 24, 1814.

Brother and Sister.

1. The wife of Prince Christian Frederic of Denmark.
2. Pr. Frederic Augustus Emilius, b. Aug. 13, 1800; Lieut. Col. in Danish service.

Uncle.

Pr. Frederic Charles Emilius, b. March 8, 1767; Lieut. Gen. in Danish service; m. Sept. 29, 1801, to

Sophia Eleonora, d. of Baron Scheel, formerly minister of state to the K. of Denmark, b. Dec. 26, 1778.

Issue.

1. Pr. Frederic Augustus Emilius, b. Feb. 3, 1802.
2. Pr. Charlotte Louisa Dorothea Josephina, b. Jan. 24, 1803.
3. Pr. Paulina Victoria Anna Wilhelmina, b. Feb. 9, 1804.

4. Pr. George Eric, b. Mar. 14, 1805.
5. Pr. Henry Charles Woldemar, b. Oct. 13, 1810.
6. Pr. Amelia Eleonora Sophia Carolina, b. Jan. 9, 1813.
7. Pr. Sophia Bertha Clementina Augusta, b. Jan. 30, 1815.

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2. Branch of Beck.

Duke Frederic William Paul Leopold, Maj. Gen. in Danish service, b. June 5, 1785; suc. March 25, 1816, m. Jan. 26, 1810 to the

Pr. Louisa Caroline, d. of Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, b. Sept. 28, 1789.

Issue.

1. Pr. Louisa Maria Frederica, b. Oct. 23, 1810.
2. Pr. Frederica Caroline Julia, b. Oct. 9, 1811.
3. Pr. Charles, b. Sept. 30, 1812.
4. Pr. Frederic, b. Oct. 23, 1814.
5. Pr. William, b. April 19, 1816.
6. Pr. Christian, b. April 8, 1818.
7. Pr. Louisa, b. Nov. 18, 1820.

Sister.

Pr. Elizabeth Frederica Sophia Amelia Charlotte, b. Dec. 13, 1780; widow Feb. 25, 1808, of Bar. Gottlob Samuel von Richthofen.

Mother.

D. Frederica Amelia, d. of Leopold C. von Schlieben, b. Feb. 28, 1757; widow of Duke Frederic Charles Louis, March 25, 1816.

II. Holstein-Glücksburg *(Protestant)*.

Sister of the last Duke Frederic Henry William, dec. March 13, 1779.

Pr. Julia Wilhelmina, b. April 30, 1754; widow Aug. 20, 1817, of Geldric Louis William, Prince of Bentheim-Steinfurt.

HOLSTEIN-GOTTORP *(Protestant)*.

I. ELDER BRANCH. See *Russia*.

II. YOUNGER BRANCH.

(The posterity of the three sons of Christian Augustus, Duke and Bishop of Lübeck, dec. 1726.)

A. *Descendants of K. Adolphus Frederic of Sweden.* See that article.

B. *Son of Duke Frederic Augustus, Bishop of Lübeck, and reigning Duke of Oldenburg, dec. July 6, 1785.*

Duke Peter Frederic William, b. Jan. 3, 1754; suc. his father, Duke Frederic Augustus, Bishop of Lübeck, July 6, 1785, under the regency of his cousin, Duke Peter Frederic Louis. *(Ploen.)*

C. *Descendants of Duke George Louis, dec. Sept. 7, 1763.*

Duke Peter Frederic Louis, b. Jan. 17, 1755; elected Coadjutor of the Bishopric of Lübeck, Sept. 16, 1776; suc. as Bishop of Lübeck and reigning Administrator of the Duchy of Oldenburg, 1785; since 1802 reigning hereditary prince; widower, Nov. 24, 1785, by death of Frederica Elizabeth Amelia, d. of Frederic Eugene, Duke of Wurtemberg.

Issue.

Pr. Paul Frederic Augustus, hered. Pr. b. July 13, 1783; Lieut. Gen. of Inf. in Russian service; widower, Sept. 13, 1820, by death of Adelaide, d. of Victor Charles Frederic, Pr. of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg.

Issue.

1. Pr. Maria Frederica Amelia, b. Dec. 21, 1818.
2. Pr. Eliz. Maria Frederica, b. June 8, 1820.

Issue of the second Son, Pr. Peter Frederic George, (dec. Dec. 27, 1812,) and the Grand-Duchess Catherine of Russia, since Queen of Würtemberg, dec. Jan. 9, 1819.

1. Pr. Fred. Paul Alexander, b. Aug. 30, 1810.
2. Pr. Constantine Fred. Peter, b. Aug. 26, 1812.

LIECHTENSTEIN *(Catholic)*.

Pr. John Joseph, b. June 26, 1760; Field-Marshal in the Austrian service; suc. his brother, Pr. Aloys Joseph, March 24, 1805; m. April 12, 1792, to the

Pr. Josephina Sophia, d. of the Landgr. Joachim Egon, of Furstenberg-Weytra, b. June 20, 1776.

Issue.

1. Aloys Maria Joseph, hered. Pr. b. May 25, 1796.
2. Pr. Maria Sophia, b. Sept. 5, 1798, m. Aug. 4, 1817, to Vincent Count Esterhazy of Galantha, Chamberlain and Lieut. Col. in the Austrian service.
3. Pr. Maria Josephina, b. Jan. 11, 1800.
4. Pr. Francis de Paule Joachim, b. Feb. 25, 1802; Lieut.
5. Pr. Charles John Nepomuk Anton, b. June 14, 1803.
6. Pr. Henrietta, b. April 1, 1806.
7. Pr. Frederic, b. Sept. 21, 1807; Lieut.
8. Pr. Edward Francis Louis, b. Feb. 22, 1809.
9. Pr. Augustus Ignatius, b. April 22, 1810.
10. Pr. Ida Leopoldina Sophia Maria Josephina Frances, b. Sept. 12, 1811.
11. Pr. Rodolpha, b. Oct. 5, 1816.

Sisters.

1. Dowager Landgr. of Hesse-Rotenburg.

2. Pr. Maria Josephina Hermengilda, b. April 13, 1768; m. Sept. 15, 1783, to
Pr. Nicholas Esterhazy.

Widow of the Brother, Pr. Aloys Joseph.

Caroline, by birth Countess of Manderscheid-Blankenhayn, b. Nov. 13, 1768; widow, March 24, 1805.

Issue of the Uncle, Pr. Charles Borromæus Joseph, dec. Feb. 21, 1789.

1. Pr. Maria Josephina Eleonora, b. Dec. 6, 1763; m. Jan. 29, 1782, to John Nepomuk Ernest, Count Harrach.
2. Pr. Joseph Wenceslaus, b. Aug. 21, 1767; Maj. Gen.
3. Pr. Aloys Gonzaga Joseph, b. April 1, 1780; Gen. Fd. Marsh. Lt. in the Austrian service.

Widow of the second Son of the same Prince, Pr. Maurice, dec. March 24, 1819.

Leopoldine, d. of Pr. Nicholas of Esterhazy, b. Jan. 31, 1788.

His Issue.

1. Maria, b. Dec. 31, 1808.
2. Eleonora, b. Dec. 25, 1812.
3. Leopoldina, b. Nov. 4, 1815.

Son of Pr. Charles John Nepomuk, (dec. Dec. 24, 1795,) Son of the Uncle, Pr. Charles Borromæus.

Pr. Charles Francis Antony, b. Oct. 23, 1790; m. Aug. 29, 1819, to
Frances, d. of Rudolph, Count of Wrbna and Freudenthal.

Widow of Pr. Charles John Nepomuk.

Pr. Maria Anna Josephina, d. of Prince Antony of Khevenhüller, b. Nov. 19, 1770; widow, Dec. 24, 1795.

LIPPE *(Protestant)*.

Pr. Paul Alexander Leopold, b. Nov. 6, 1796; suc. his father April 4, 1802, under the guardianship of his mother; assumed the reins of government, July 3, 1820; m. Apr. 23, 1820, to Emilia Frederica Caroline, b. April 23, 1800, d. of Gunther Frederic Charles reigning Pr. of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.

Issue.

Pr. Paul Frederic Emil Leopold, b. Sept. 1, 1821.

Brother.

Pr. Frederic Albert Augustus, b. Dec. 8, 1797, Maj. in Hanov. service. *(Buxtehude.)*

Fourth Wife and Widow of the Grandfather.

Pr. Christina Charlotte Frederica, b. Aug. 30, 1744, d. of Pr. William, of Solms-Braunfels; wid. May 1, 1782, of Count Simon Augustus.

Widow of the Grandfather's Brother, Count Louis Henry Adolphus.

Emilia Louisa, by birth Countess of Ysenburg-Philippseich, b. Dec. 10, 1764, m. April 10, 1786; widow, Aug. 31, 1800.

Daughter of another Brother of the Grandfather, Count William Albert Ernest.

Augusta Henrietta Casimira Wilhelmina, b. Nov. 21, 1774, Abbess of Cappel and Lemgo

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LINE OF LIPPE-BIESTERFELD.

Count William Ernest, b. April 15, 1777; m. July 26, 1803, to Madem. Modesta von Unruh. *(Cologne.)*

Issue.

1. Paul John Charles Ferdinand, b. March 30, 1808.
2. Agnes Julia Henrietta, b. April 30, 1810.

3. Julius Peter Herrmann, b. April 2, 1812.
4. Emma Louisa Hildegarda Frederica, b. Aug. 17, 1815.
5. Herrmann Frederic William Louis, b. June 8, 1818.
6. Leopold Charles Henry, b. Jan. 19, 1821.

Brother.

John Charles, b. Sept. 1, 1778; m. June 9, 1806, to Madem. Bernardine de Sobbe. *(Cleves.)*

Issue.

1. Elizabeth, b. June 8, 1807.
2. Paulina Louisa Modesta, b. March 22, 1809.
3. Constantine Christian William, b. March 4, 1811.
4. Amelia Henrietta Julia, b. April 14, 1814.
5. Bernard Charles George, b. Nov. 28, 1815.
6. Charles Frederic, b. Sept. 28, 1818.

LINE OF LIPPE-WEISSENFELD.

Count Ferdinand, b. Nov. 21, 1772; m. 1804, to Eleonora Gustava, Baroness of Thermo. *(Barut, in Lusatia.)*

Issue.

1. Gustavus, b. Aug. 21, 1805.
2. Agnes, b. Oct. 1, 1806.
3. Frances, b. June 1, 1808.
4. Bertha, b. June 21, 1817.

Brothers and Sister.

1. Christian, b. Feb. 21, 1776; m. in 1809, to Frederica, Countess of Hohenthal, *(Oelse, in Lusatia.)*

Issue.

1. Maria, b. June 10, 1810.
2. Emma, b. July 4, 1811.
3. Oscar, b. Aug. 26, 1813.

2. Henrietta, b. Jan. 8, 1779.
3. Louis, b. July 14, 1781; m. in 1810 to Countess Augusta of Hohenthal. *(See, in Lusatia.)*

Issue.

1. Adolph, b. May 11, 1812.
2. Paulina, b. Aug. 26, 1813.
3. Leopold, b. March 19, 1815.
4. Theresa, b. July 23, 1816.
5. Henry Otho, b. May 3, 1818.
6. Anton, b. Dec. 29, 1819.
7. Matilda, b. July 31, 1821.

Widow of the Uncle, Count Charles Christian.

Isabella Louisa Constantia, by birth Countess of Solms-Barut, b. May 15, 1774; m. June 12, 1800.

Issue of the first Marriage.

1. Louis Alexis Bernard, b. Nov. 30, 1776.
2. Bernard Henry Ferdinand, b. Feb. 22, 1779.
3. Charles Frederic Herrmann, b. March 10, 1783.

Issue of the Second Marriage.

4. Henrietta Louisa Hermina, b. Sept. 30, 1801.
5. Caroline Isabella Irmengard, b. April 2, 1803.

LIPPE-SCHAUMBURG *(Protestant)*.

Pr. George William, b. Dec. 20, 1784, suc. his father Feb. 13, 1787, assumed the reins of government, and the title of Prince, April 18, 1807, m. June 23, 1816, to the

Pr. Ida Caroline Louisa, d. of the late George, Pr. of Waldeck, b. Sept. 26, 1796.

Issue.

1. Adolph. George, Hered. Pr. b. Aug. 1, 1817.
2. Pr. Matilda Augusta Wilhelmina, b. Sept. 11, 1818.
3. Pr. Adelaïde Christina Julia Charlotte, b. March 9, 1821.

Sisters.

1. Wilhelmina Charlotte, b. May 18, 1783, m. Nov. 7, 1814, to Ernest Frederic Herbert, Count Münster, Minister of State and Hered. Marshal to the K. of Great Britain and Hanover.
2. Caroline Louisa, b. Nov. 9, 1786, Canoness of the Chap. of Schildsche.

LUCCA *(Catholic)*.

Pr. Maria Louisa, b. July 6, 1782, d. of K. Charles IV. of Spain, widow of K. Louis of Etruria, May 27, 1803, obtained the Principality of Lucca by the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

Issue.

1. Charles Louis, Hered. Pr. b. Dec. 23, 1799, m. August 15, 1820, to

Maria Theresa Ferdinandina, b. Sept. 19, 1803, d. of Victor Emanuel, K. of Sardinia.

Issue.

Pr. Louisa Frances Anna Maria Theresa, b. October 29, 1821.

2. Pr. Maria Louisa Charlotte, b. Oct. 1, 1802.

Sisters of King Louis of Etruria, Princesses of Parma.

1. Pr. Maria Antonietta Josephina, b. Nov. 28, 1774.
2. Pr. Charlotte Maria Ferdinandina, b. Feb. 7, 1777.

MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN *(Protestant)*.

Grand-Duke Frederic Francis, b. Dec. 10, 1756, suc. his uncle Duke Frederic, April 24, 1785, assumed the title of Grand-Duke June 9, 1815. Widower, Jan. 1, 1808, by death of

Louisa, d. of John Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha.

Issue.

1. *Widow of the Son, Frederic Louis, Hered. Grand Duke, dec. Nov.* 29, 1819.

Augusta Frederica, d. of Fred. Louis, Landgr. of Hesse-Homburg, b. Nov. 28, 1776.

Issue of that Prince by his first marriage with Helena Pawlowna, d. of the Emperor Paul of Russia, dec. September 24, 1803.

1. Paul Frederic, hered. Grand-Duke, b. Sept. 15, 1800, m. May 25, 1822, to Frederica Wilhelmina Alexandrina Maria Helena, b. Feb. 23, 1803, d. of Frederic William III. K. of Prussia.
2. D. Maria Louisa Frederica Alexandrina Elizabeth Charlotte Catherine, b. March 31, 1803.

Issue of the second marriage with Caroline, d. of Charles Augustus, Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, dec. January 20, 1816.

3. D. Albert, b. Feb. 11, 1812.
4. D. Helen Louisa Elisabeth, b. Jan. 24, 1814.

2. D. Gustavus William, b. Jan. 31, 1781.
3. D. Charles Augustus Christian, b. July 2, 1782.
4. D. Charlotte Frederica, b. Dec. 4, 1784; has been married to Pr. Christian Frederic of Denmark.—(Separated.)

MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ *(Protestant)*.

Grand-Duke George Frederic Charles Joseph, b. August 12, 1779, suc. his father, the Grand-Duke Charles, Nov. 6, 1816, m. August 12, 1817, to

Maria Wilhelmina Frederica, d. of Frederic Landgr. of Hesse-Cassel, b. Jan. 21, 1796.

Issue.

1. Pr. Caroline Louisa Maria Frederica Wilhelmina, b. May 21, 1818.
2. Frederic William Charles George Ernest Adolphus, Heredit. Grand-Duke, b. Oct. 17, 1819.
3. Pr. Caroline Charlotte Marianne, b. Jan. 10, 1821.

Sisters.

1. D. Theresa Matilda Amelia, b. April 5, 1773, m. May 25, 1789, to the Pr. of Tour and Taxis.
2. The Duchess of Cumberland.—See *Great Britain.*

Brother by the Father's second marriage with Charlotte Wilhelmina, Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Duke Charles Frederic Augustus, b. Nov. 30, 1785, Lieutenant-general in Prussian service.

MODENA *(Catholic).*

Duke Francis IV. Archd. of Austria, brother of the Archd. Ferdinand, Duke of Brisgau, b. October 6, 1779; recovered the d. of Modena, after the abolition of the kingdom of Italy by the treaties of 1814 and 1815, m. June 20, 1812, to the

Duchess Maria Beatrice Victoria Josephina, d. of Victor Emanuel, K. of Sardinia, b. Dec. 6, 1792.

Issue.

1. D. Maria Theresa Beatrice, b. July 14, 1817.
2. D. Francis Ferdinand Geminianus, hered. Pr. b. June 1, 1819.
3. D. Ferdinand Charles Victor, b. July 21, 1821.

Mother.

D. Maria Beatrice, b. April 7, 1750, d. of Duke Hercules III. of the house of Este, Duchess of Massa and Princess of Carrara, widow of Ferdinand Archd. of Austria, Dec. 24, 1806.

Brothers and Sisters.—See *Austria.*

NAPLES, OR TWO SICILIES *(Catholic).*

King Ferdinand I. (IV.) Infant of Spain, b. Jan. 12, 1751, K. of the Two Sicilies, October 5, 1759, by the cession of his father, Charles III. k. of Spain. Widower Sept. 8, 1814, by the death of Maria Caroline, d. of the Roman Emperor Francis I.

Issue.

1. Francis Januarius Joseph, Pr. roy. and Duke of Calabria, b. April 19, 1777, m. by proxy July 6, and in person October 6, 1802, to his second wife

The Infanta Maria Isabella, d. of Charles IV. K. of Spain, b. July 6, 1789.

Issue of the First Marriage with Maria Clementina, d. of Leopold II. Roman Emperor, dec. Nov. 15, 1801.

1. The Duchess of Berry.—See *France.*

Issue of the Second Marriage.

2. The wife of the Infant of Spain, Don Francis de Paule.
3. Pr. Maria Christina, b. April 27, 1806.
4. Pr. Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Noto, b. Jan. 12, 1810.
5. Pr. Charles Ferdinand, Pr. of Capua, b. October 10, 1811.
6. Pr. Leopold Benjamin, Count of Syracuse, b. May 22, 1813.

7. Pr. Maria Antonietta, b. Dec. 19, 1814.
8. Pr. Antony Pascal, Count of Lecce, b. Sept. 23, 1816.
9. Pr. Maria Amelia, b. Feb. 25, 1818.
10. Pr. Caroline Ferdinanda, b. Feb. 28, 1820.
11. Pr. Maria Theresa Christina, b. March 14, 1822.

2. The Queen of Sardinia.
3. The Duchess of Orleans.—See *France*.
4. Pr. Leopold Joseph Michael, Pr. of Salerno, b. July 2. 1790, m. July 28, 1816, to

Maria Clementina Frances Josephina, Archd. of Austria, d. of the Emperor Francis, b. March 1, 1798.

Issue.

Pr. Maria Caroline Augusta, b. April 26, 1822.

NASSAU *(Protestant)*.

Duke William George Augustus Henry, b. June 14, 1792, suc. his father Pr. Frederic William, of the line of Nassau-Weilburg, Jan. 9, 1816, and on the death of Pr. Frederic William, the last of the line of Nassau-Usingen, March 24, 1816, to all the dominions of the elder Walram branch of the house of Nassau, which had formed a duchy since 1806; m. June 24, 1813, to the

D. Charlotte Louisa Frederica Amelia d. of Duke Frederic of Saxe-Hildburghausen, b. Jan. 28, 1794.

Issue.

1. Pr. Theresa Wilhelmina Frederica Isabella Charlotte, b. Aug. 17, 1815.
2. Pr. Adolphus William Charles Augustus, hered. Pr. b. July 24, 1817.
3. Pr. William Charles Henry Frederic, b. Sept. 8, 1819.

4. Pr. Maurice William Augustus Charles Henry, b. Nov. 21, 1820.
5. Pr. Maria Wilhelmina Louisa Henrietta Frederica, b. April 5, 1822.

Brother and Sister.

1. The wife of the Archduke Charles of Austria.
2. Pr. Frederic William, b. Dec. 15, 1799.

Mother.

Louisa Isabella Alexandrina Augusta, d. of the Burgrave William George of Kirchberg, Count of Sayn-Hachemburg, b. April 19, 1772, widow of Prince Frederic William of Nassau, Jan. 9, 1816.

Aunts.

1. The Princess Dowager of Reuss-Greiz.
2. The Princess of Wied-Runkel.
3. The widow of Pr. Victor of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg.
4. The widow of Duke Louis of Wurtemberg.

NASSAU-SAARBRÜCK.

Widow of the last Prince Henry Louis Charles Albert.

Pr. Maria Francisca Maximiliana de St. Maurice, Pr. of Montbarrey, b. Nov. 2, 1761, m. Oct. 6, 1779; widow April 27, 1797.

Aunts of that Prince.

1. The widow of Frederic Charles, Pr. of Brunswick-Bevern.
2. Pr. Wilhelmina Henrietta. b. October 2, 1752; widow Sept. 7, 1790, of Louis Armand, Marq. de Soyecourt.

Nassau-Usingen.

Daughters of Duke Frederic Augustus, the last of that house, dec. March 24, 1816, *and of Louisa, by birth Princess of Waldeck, dec. November* 17, 1816.

1. The widow of Margrave Frederic of Baden.
2. Pr. Augusta Amelia, born Dec. 30, 1778, was married to Louis William, Pr. of Hesse-Homburg.

Children of the reigning Prince Charles William, dec. May 17, 1803, *Brother of Duke Frederic Augustus and Caroline Felicité, by birth Countess of Leiningen-Heidesheim, dec. May* 8, 1810.

1. The wife of the Landgrave Frederic of Hesse-Cassel.
2. Pr. Louisa Henrietta Caroline, b. June 14, 1763.

Netherlands *(Protestant)*.

King William I. Grand-Duke of Luxemburg, b. August 24, 1772, declared himself sovereign prince of the Netherlands, Dec. 3, 1813, assumed the royal dignity March 15, 1815; m. October 1, 1791, to the

Queen Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, d. of K. Frederic William II. of Prussia, b. Nov. 18, 1774.

Issue.

1. William Frederic George, Pr. Royal, and Pr. of Orange, b. Dec. 6, 1792, m. Feb. 21, 1816, to

Anna Pawlowna, d. of the Emperor Paul of Russia, b. Jan. 19, 1795.

Issue.

1. Pr. William Alexander Paul Frederic Louis, b. February 19, 1817.

2. Pr. William Alexander Frederic Constantine Nicholas Michael, b. Aug. 2, 1818.
3. Prince William Henry Frederic, b. June 13, 1820.
4. Pr. William Alexander Frederic Ernest Casimir, b. May 21, 1822.

2. Pr. William Frederic Charles, b. Feb. 28, 1797.

3. Pr. Wilhelmina Frederica Louisa Marianne, b. May 9, 1801.

PARMA (*Catholic*).

1. House of the late Duke Ferdinand, Infant of Spain.—See *Lucca*.

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2. *The present reigning House.*

D. Maria Louisa, d. of the Emperor Francis of Austria, b. Dec. 12, 1791, m. March 11, 1810, to Napoleon, Emperor of the French, (dec. May 6, 1821) declared Duchess of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla, by the treaty of Paris, May 30, 1814.

Son.

Pr. François Joseph Charles Napoleon, Duke of Reichstädt, b. March 20, 1811.

POPE AND CARDINALS.

Pius VII. (Gregorio Barnaba Chiaramonti) b. at Cesena, August 14, 1742; created Cardinal, Feb. 14, 1785; elected Pope, March 14, 1800.

Cardinals composing the Sacred College.

1. Cardinal Bishops.

1. Barthol. Pacca, b. at Benevento, Dec. 25, 1756, Bishop of Frascati, cr. Feb. 23, 1801.

2. Jos. Spina, b. at Sarzane, March 12, 1756, Bishop of Palestrina, cr. Feb. 23, 1801.
3. Pietro Franc. Galeffi, b. at Cesena, Oct. 27, 1770, Bishop of Albana, cr. July 11, 1803.
4. Thom. Arezzo, b. at Orbitello, Dec. 17, 1756, Bishop of Sabina, cr. March 8, 1816.
5. Franc. Xav. Castiglioni, b. at Cingoli, Nov. 20, 1761, cr. in 1816.

2. Cardinal Priests.

1. Louis de Bourbon, b. at Catahalso, May 22, 1777, Archb. of Toledo, cr. Oct. 20, 1800.
2. Jos. Firrao, b. at Naples, July 20, 1736.
3. Louis Ruffo-Scilla, b. at St. Onofrio, in the kingdom of Naples, Aug. 25, 1750, Archb. of Naples.
4. Ant. Felix Zondadari, b. at Sienna, Jan. 14, 1740, Archb. of Sienna.
5. Ces. Brancadoro, b. at Fermo, Aug. 18, 1755, Archb. of Fermo.
6. Jul. Gabrielli, b. at Rome, July 20, 1748.
7. F. Charles Francis Caselli, b. at Alexandria, Oct. 20, 1740, Bishop of Parma.

created Feb. 23, 1801.

8. Jos. Fesch, b. at Ajaccio, Jan. 3, 1763, Archb. of Lyons, cr. Jan. 17, 1803.
9. Charles Oppizzoni, Archb. of Bologna, b. at Milan, April 15, 1769, cr. March 26, 1804.
10. Annibal de la Genga, b. at Genga, Aug. 2, 1760.
11. Pietro Gravina, b. at Monte Vago, in Sicily, Dec. 16, 1749, Archbishop of Palermo.
12. Dominico Spinucci, b. at Fermo, Mar. 2, 1739, Archbishop of Benevento.
13. Ant. Gab. Severoli, b. at Faenza, Feb. 28, 1757, Bishop of Viterbo and Toscanella.
14. Jos. Morozzo, b. at Turin, March 12, 1758, Bishop of Novara.

created March 8, 1816.

15. Fabrice Sceberas Testaferrata, b. at la Valette in Malta, April 20, 1758, Bishop of Sinigaglia.
16. Franc. Xav. Castiglioni, b. at Cingoli, Nov. 20, 1761, Bishop of Cesena.
17. Charles And. Pelagallo, b. at Rome, March 30, 1747, Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli.
18. Bened. Naro, b. at Rome, July 26, 1744.
19. Francis Cesar Leoni, b. at Perugia, Jan. 1, 1757, Bishop of Jesi.
20. Dionisio Bardaxy d'Azara, b. at Puyarraege, October 9, 1760.
21. Ant. Rusconi, b. at Cento, June 10, 1743, Bishop of Imola.
22. Ewan. de Gregorio, b. at Naples, Dec. 18, 1758, Archimandrite of Messina.
23. Nicol. Riganti, b. at Molfetta, March 25, 1744, Bishop of Ancona.

} created March 8, 1816.

24. Luigi Ercolani, b. at Foligno, October 17, 1758.
25. Paul Joseph Solaro di Villanuova Solara, b. at St. Pölten, Jan. 24, 1743, *ci-devant* Bishop of Aoste.

} created Sept. 23, 1816.

26. Louis Francois de Beausset, b. at Pondicherry, Dec. 14, 1749, cr. July 28, 1817.
27. Casimir Häffelin, b. at Minfeld, Deux-Ponts, Jan. 12, 1737, cr. April 6, 1818.
28. Rudolph John Joseph Rayner, Archd. of Austria, b. at Vienna, Jan. 8, 1788, Archb. of Olmütz, cr. June 4, 1819.
29. Charles de Cunha, b. at Lisbon, April 9, 1759, Patriarch of Lisbon, cr. Sept. 27, 1819.

3. Cardinal-Deacons.

1. Fabrice Ruffo, b. at Naples, Sept. 16, 1744, cr. Sept. 26, 1791.

2. Hercule Consalvi, b. at Rome, June 8, 1757, Secretary of State to his Holiness, cr. Aug. 11, 1800.
3. Jos. Albani, b. at Rome, Sept. 13, 1750, cr. Feb. 23, 1801.
4. Fr. Guidobono Cavalchini, b. at Tortona, Dec. 4, 1755, cr. Aug. 14, 1807.
5. John Caccia-Piatti, b. at Novara, March 8, 1751.
6. Stanisl. Sanseverino, b. at Naples, July 13, 1764.
7. Pietro Vidoni, b. at Cremona, Sept. 2, 1759.

created March 8, 1816.

8. Augustin Rivarola, b. at Genoa, March 14, 1758, cr. October 1, 1817.
9. Ces. Guerrieri Gonzaga, b. at Mantua, March 2, 1749, cr. in 1819.

PORTUGAL AND BRAZIL (*Catholic*).

King John VI. Maria Joseph Louis, b. May 23, 1767, declared Regent July 10, 1799, suc. his mother Queen Mary, March 20, 1816, m. January 9, 1790, to

Charlotte Joachima, d. of Charles IV. K. of Spain, b. April 25, 1775.

Issue.

1. The widow of the Infant Don Pedro Carlos of Spain.
2. Pedro d'Alcantara, Pr. of Brazil, b. Oct. 12, 1798, m. by proxy at Vienna, May 13, and in person at Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 6, 1817, to the Archduchess

Leopoldine Caroline Josephine, d. of Francis, Emperor of Austria, b. Jan. 22, 1797.

Issue.

Maria-da-Gloria Joanna Charlotte Leopoldine, Princess of Beira, b. April 4, 1819.

3. The wife of the Infant Don Carlos of Spain.
4. Pr. Isabella Maria, b. July 4, 1801.
5. Pr. Michael, b. October 26, 1802.
6. Pr. Maria Anna Joanna Josephina, b. July 25, 1805.

Aunt, Sister to Queen Mary.

Pr. Maria Francisca Benedicta, b. July 26, 1746, widow of her nephew Joseph Francis Xavier, Pr. of Brazil, Sept. 11, 1788.

PRUSSIA (*Protestant*).

King Frederic William III. b. August 30, 1770, suc. his father K. Frederic William II. Nov. 16, 1797. Widower July 13, 1810, by the death of Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, d. of Duke Charles Louis Frederic of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Issue.

1. Frederic William, Prince-Royal, b. Oct. 15, 1795.
2. Pr. Frederic William Louis, b. March 22, 1797.
3. The wife of the Gr. Duke Nicholas of Russia.
4. Pr. Frederic Charles Alex. b. June 29, 1801.
5. Pr. Frederica Wilhelmina Alexandrina Maria Helena.—See *Mecklenburg-Schwerin.*
6. Pr. Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia, b. Feb. 1, 1808.
7. Pr. Frederic Henry Albert, b. Oct. 4, 1809.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Queen of the Netherlands.
2. Electress of Hesse.
3. Pr. Charles Henry Frederic, b. Dec. 30, 1781, Gen. of Inf. and Grand Master of the Prussian Order of St. John.
4. Pr. Frederic William Charles, b. July 3, 1783, Gen. of Cav. m. Jan. 12, 1804, to

Amelia Mary Anne, d. of Frederic Louis William, Landgr. of Hesse-Homburg, b. Oct. 13, 1785.

Issue.

1. Prince Henry William Adelbert, b. Oct. 29, 1811.
2. Pr. Maria Elisabeth Caroline Victoria, b. June 8, 1815.
3. Pr. Frederic William Waldemar, b. Aug. 2, 1817.

Children of the Brother, the late Pr. Frederic Louis Charles, and Frederica Caroline Alexandrina, Pr. of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, now Duchess of Cumberland.

1. Pr. Frederic William Louis, b. Oct. 30, 1794, m. Nov. 31, 1817, to the

Pr. Wilhelmina Louisa, d. of Alexis Frederic Christian, Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg, b. Oct. 30, 1799.

Issue.

Prince Frederic William Louis Alexander, b. June 21, 1820.

2. The reigning Duchess of Anhalt Dessau.

Children of the Grand-Uncle, Prince Augustus Ferdinand, (dec. May 2, 1813,) and the Pr. Louisa, d. of Frederic William, Margr. of Brandenburg-Schwedt, dec. Feb. 10, 1820.

1. Pr. Frederica Dorothea Louisa Philippina, b. May 24, 1770, m. to Pr. Antony Henry Radzivil.
2. Pr. Frederic William Henry Augustus, Gen. and Com. of Artillery, b. Sept. 19, 1779.

Reuss.

I. Elder Branch *(Protestant)*.

Reuss-Greitz.

Pr. Henry XIX. b. March 1, 1790, suc. his fa-

ther Pr. Henry XIII. Jan. 29. 1817, m. Jan. 7, 1822, to

Gasparine, Princess of Rohan-Rochefort and Montauban.

Brother.

Pr. Henry XX. b. June 29, 1794, Major in Austrian service.

Mother.

Pr. Wilhelmina Louisa, d. of Charles, Prince of Nassau-Weilburg, b. Sept. 28, 1765, widow of Pr. Henry XIII. Jan. 29, 1817.

Uncle and Aunt.

1. Prince Henry XV. b. Feb. 22, 1751, Gen. Feldzeugmeister, in Austrian service, and Commandant Gen. of Galicia.
2. Pr. Isabella Augusta, b. Aug. 7, 1752, widow of George William, Burgr. of Kirchberg, Feb. 7, 1777.

II. Younger Branch *(Protestant)*.

A. Reuss-Schleitz.

Pr. Henry LXII. b. May 31, 1785, suc. his father Pr. Henry XLII. April 17, 1818.

Brother and Sister.

1. Pr. Christina Philippina Louisa, b. Sept. 9, 1781.
2. P. Henry LXVII. b. Oct. 20, 1789, Capt. of Cav. in Prussian service, m. April 18, 1820, to

Sophia Adelaide Henrietta, b. May 28, 1800, d. of Henry LI. reigning Prince of Reuss-Ebersdorf.

Issue.

Prince Henry V. b. Dec. 4, 1821.

Mother.

Caroline Henrietta, d. of Christian Frederic Charles, Pr. of Hohenlohe-Kirchberg, b. June

11, 1761. Widow, April 17, 1818, of Prince Henry XLII.

Second Wife and Widow of the Grandfather, Count Henry XII.

Christiana Ferdinandina, d. of C. Maurice William of Ysenburg-Philippseich, b. Aug. 24, 1740. Widow June 25, 1784.

REUSS-SCHLEITZ-KÖSTRITZ.

1. *Branch descending from Count Henry VI.*

Prince Henry LXIV. grandson of C. Henry VI. b. March 31, 1787, suc. his father, Henry XLIII. Sept. 22, 1814.

Sisters.

1. Pr. Carolina Julia Frederica Augusta, b. April 23, 1782.
2. The Princess of Reuss-Lobenstein.

Mother.

Louisa Christina, d. of C. Henry XXIV. Reuss of Ebersdorf, b. June 2, 1759. Widow of Prince Henry XLIII. Sept. 22, 1814.

Uncle.

C. Henry XLVIII. Col. in Bavarian service, b. Jan. 25, 1759, m. Nov. 2, 1784, to

Christiana Henrietta, d. of Charles Henry, C. of Schönburg-Wechselburg, b. Dec. 12, 1766.

Issue.

1. C. Emily Charlotte Wilhelmina, b. Jan. 5, 1787, m. April 12, 1807, to Henry Ernest, C. of Reichenbach-Goschitz.
2. C. Cecilia Victoria Clementina, b. Feb. 25, 1788.
3. C. Clementina Frances Augusta, b. July 5, 1789. Widow July 20, 1821, of Adolphus C. of Einsiedel.
4. C. Isabella Theresa Adolphine, b. Sept. 18, 1790.

5. C. Henry LXIX. b. May 19, 1792, Chamberl and Capt. in the service of the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar.
6. C. Ernestine Adelaide Matilda, b. Aug. 25, 1794, m. July 23, 1818, to

Ernest Philip von Kieseweter, Lord of Reichenbach, in Silesia.

2. *Branch descending from C. Henry IX.*

C. Henry XXXVIII. son of C. Henry IX. b. Oct. 9, 1748. Widower by the death of his second wife Joanna Frederica, by birth Baroness Fletscher.

Brother.

Pr. Henry XLIV. Chamberl. to the K. of Prussia, b. April 20, 1753, assumed the dignity of Prince in 1817. Widower by the death of his second wife Augusta Amelia Leopoldina, by birth Baroness Riedesel of Eisenbach, Nov. 21, 1805.

His Issue.

(a.) By his First Wife, Wilhelmina Frederica, by birth Baroness Geuder of Rabenstein, (dec. Dec. 17, 1790).

1. Pr. Henry LX. b. July 4, 1784, m. May 2, 1819, to

Dorothea, by birth Pr. of Carolath-Beuthen, b. Nov. 16, 1799.

Issue.

1. Pr. Caroline Henrietta, b. Dec. 4, 1820.
2. Pr. Maria Wilhelmina Joanna, b. June 24, 1822.

3. Pr. Henry LXIII. b. Jan. 20, 1786, m. Feb. 21, 1819, to

Eleonora, by birth Countess of Stolberg-Wernigerode.

Issue.

1. Pr. Joanna Eleonora Frederica Everardina, b. Jan. 25, 1820.

2. Pr. Henry IV. b. April 28, 1821.
3. Pr. Augusta Matilda Wilhelmina, b. May 26, 1822.

(b.) By the Second Wife.

3. Pr. Augusta Frederica Esperance, b. Aug. 4, 1794...See *Anhalt-Cöthen.*
4. Pr. Carolina Elisabeth Adolphina Louisa, b. Nov. 8, 1796, m. to Pr. Frederic of Carolath.
5. Pr. Henry LXXIV. b. Nov. 2, 1798.

3. *Branch descending from C. Henry XXIII.*

C. Henry XLVII. son of C. Henry XXIII. b. Feb. 27, 1756, formerly President of the Regency of Breslau.

Brothers and Sister.

1. Countess Henrietta Eleonora Elisabeth, b. May 28, 1755.—See *Schönburg-Waldenburg.*
2. C. Henry XLIX. b. October 16, 1759.
3. C. Henry LII. b. Sept. 21, 1763, Lieut. Gen. in Bavarian service.
4. C. Henry LV. b. Dec. 1, 1768, m. July 11, 1797, to

Maria Justina, by birth Baroness Watteville, b. Nov. 18, 1762.

Issue.

1. C. Henry LXXIII. b. June 11, 1798.
2. C. Henry II. b. March 31, 1802.

B. Reuss-Lobenstein.

Pr. Henry LIV. son of C. Henry XXV. (dec. in 1801) b. October 8, 1767, suc. his cousin Pr. Henry XXXV. by virtue of the renunciation of his uncle, C. Henry XXI. March 31, 1803, m. May 31, 1811, to his second wife

Frances, d. of Henry XLIII. Pr. of Reuss-Schleitz-Köstritz, b. Dec. 7, 1788.

C. Reuss-Ebersdorf.

Pr. Henry LXXII. b. March 27, 1797 ; suc. his father, Pr. Henry LI. July 10, 1822.

Sisters.

1. Pr. Caroline Augusta Louisa, b. Sept. 27, 1792.
2. The Wife of Pr. Henry LXVII. of Reuss-Schleitz.

Mother.

Pr. Louisa Henrietta, d. of Gotth. Adolph, Count Hoym, b. March 30, 1772 ; widow of Pr. Henry LI. July 10, 1822.

Aunts.

1. The Duchess-dowager of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg.
2. The Princess-dowager of Reuss-Schleitz-Köstritz.

Reuss-Gera.

Widow of C. Henry XXX. dec. April 26, 1802.

Pr. Louisa Christina, d. of the Count Palatine, Duke John of Birkenfeld, b. Aug. 17, 1748.

Russia (*Greek*).

Emperor Alexander Paulowitsch, b. Dec. 24, 1777, suc. his father, the Emperor Paul, March 24, 1801 ; Czar and King of Poland 1815 ; m. Oct. 9, 1793, to

Elisabeth Alexiewna, previously Louisa Maria Augusta, d. of Charles Louis, hered. Pr. of Baden, b. Jan. 24, 1779.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Grand-Duke Constantine Cesarowitsch, b. May 9, 1779, m. Feb. 26, 1796, to Anna Feodorowna, previously Julia Henrietta Ulrica, d. of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg. This marriage was dissolved by an imperial

ukase of April 2, 1820; and the Grand-Duke was married again, May 24, 1820, to Jane, by birth Countess Grudzinska, created Princess of Lowicz.

2. The hered. Gr.-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar.
3. The Princess Royal of the Netherlands.
4. Grand-duke Nicholas Paulowitsch, b. July 7, 1796, m. July 13, 1817, to

Alexandra Feodorowna, previously Charlotte, d. of Frederic William III. K. of Prussia, b. July 13, 1798.

Issue.

1. Gr.-Duke Alexander Nicolajewitsch, b. April 29, 1818.
2. Gr.-Duchess Maria Nicolajewna, b. Aug. 18, 1819.

5. Gr.-Duke Michael Paulowitsch, b. Feb. 9, 1798; betrothed, Jan. 8, 1822, to the Pr. Charlotte of Wurtemburg.

Mother.

Maria Feodorowna, formerly Sophia Dorothea Augusta, d. of Duke Frederic Eugene, of Wurtemburg, b. Oct. 25, 1759; widow of the Emperor Paul, March 24, 1801.

SARDINIA (*Catholic*).

King Charles Felix, b. April 6, 1765, ascended the throne on the abdication of his brother, K. Victor Emanuel, declared March 13, and confirmed April 19, 1821; m. March 7, 1807, to

Maria Christina, d. of K. Ferdinand IV. of the Two Sicilies, b. Jan. 17, 1779.

Brother and Sister.

1. Pr. Maria Anna Carolina, b. Dec. 17, 1757; widow, Jan. 4, 1808, of her uncle the Duke of Chablais.

2. K. Victor Emanuel, b. July 24, 1759, suc. June 4, 1802, on the cession of the crown by his brother, K. Charles Emanuel IV. (dec. Oct. 6, 1819); abdicated March 13, 1821; m. April 21, 1789, to

Maria Theresa, d. of Ferdinand, Archd. of Austria, D. of Modena-Brisgau, b. Nov. 1, 1773.

Issue.

1. The Duchess of Modena
2. Pr. Maria Theresa Ferdinandina. See *Lucca* } b. Sept. 19, 1803.
3. Pr. Maria Anna Carolina Pia }
4. Pr. Maria Christina, b. Nov. 14, 1812.

SAVOY-CARIGNAN (*Catholic*).

Duke Charles Emanuel Albert, b. Oct. 2, 1798, m. Sept. 30, 1817, to

Maria Theresa, Archd. of Austria, d. of Ferdinand, Gr. Duke of Tuscany, b. March 21, 1801.

Issue.

Pr. Victor Emanuel, b. March 14, 1820.

Sister.

The Wife of the Archd. Rayner, of Austria.

Mother.

Maria Christina, d. of Charles, Duke of Saxe and Courland, b. Dec. 9, 1779; widow of D. Charles Emanuel Ferdinand, Aug. 16, 1800.

Aunts.

1. Gabriella Maria, b. March 17, 1748, widow of Pr. Ferdinand Philip Joseph of Lobkowitz, Jan. 11, 1784.
2. Catherine Louisa Frances, b. April 4, 1762; m. Dec. 1780, to Philip Colonna, Pr. of Palliano.

Saxony.

Ernestine Branch (*Protestant*).

Saxe-Gotha.

Duke Frederic IV. b. Nov. 28, 1774, suc. his brother D. Augustus, May 17, 1822.

Duchess-Dowager.

D. Caroline Amelia, d. of William I. Elector of Hesse, b. July 11, 1771; widow, May 17, 1822, of D. Augustus.

Daughter of Duke Augustus, by his first Wife Louisa Charlotte, Pr. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (dec. Jan. 4, 1801).

D. Dorothea Louisa Paulina Charlotte Frederica, b. Dec. 21, 1800, m. to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg.

Duchess-Mother.

D. Maria Charlotte Amelia Ernestina Wilhelmina Henrietta Philippina, d. of Anton Ulric, D. of Saxe-Meiningen, b. Sept. 11, 1751; widow of D. Ernest II. dec. April 20, 1804.

Saxe-Meiningen.

Duke Bernard Eric Freund, b. Dec. 17, 1800, suc. his father, D. George, Dec. 24, 1803, under the guardianship of his mother; assumed the reins of government, Dec. 17, 1821.

Sisters.

1. D. Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, b. Aug. 13, 1792. See *Great Britain.*
2. D. Ida, b. June 25, 1794. See *Saxe-Weimar.*

Mother.

D. Louisa Eleonora, d. of Christian Albert, Pr. of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, b. Aug. 11, 1763; widow of D. George, dec. Dec. 24, 1803.

Aunt.

D. Charlotte. See *Saxe-Gotha.*

SAXE-HILDBURGHAUSEN

Duke Frederic, b. April 29, 1763, suc. his father, Sept. 22, 1780; widower, May 14, 1818, by the death of Charlotte Georgina Louisa Frederica, d. of Charles Louis Frederic, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Issue.

1. D. Catherine Charlotte Georgina, b. June 17, 1787. See *Wurtemberg*.
2. D. Joseph George Frederic, hered. Pr. b. Aug. 27, 1789, Col. in the service of the K. of Saxony, m. April 24, 1817, to the

D. Louisa Amelia Wilhelmina Philippina, d. of Louis, D. of Wurtemberg, b. June 28, 1799.

Issue.

1. Pr. Alexandrina Maria Wilhelmina Catherine Charlotte Theresa Henrietta Louisa Frederica Georgina, b. April 15, 1818.
2. Pr. Paulina Frederica Henrietta Augusta, b. Nov. 24, 1819.

3. D. Theresa Charlotte Louisa Frederica Amelia, b. July 8, 1792, Pr. Royal of Bavaria.
4. D. Charlotte Louisa Frederica Amelia Alexandrina, b. Jan. 28, 1794, Duchess of Nassau.
5. D. George Charles Frederic, b. July 24, 1796, Major in the service of Bavaria.
6. D. Frederic William Charles Joseph, b. Oct. 4, 1801.
7. D. Edward William Christian, b. July 3, 1804.

SAXE-SAALFELD-COBURG.

Duke Ernest, b. Jan. 2, 1784, suc. his father, Duke Francis, Dec. 9, 1806, m. July 31, 1817, to the

D. Louisa, d. of Augustus, D. of Saxe-Gotha, b. Dec. 21, 1800.

Issue.

1. D. Ernest Augustus Charles John Leopold Alexander Edward, hered. Pr. b. June 21, 1818.
2. D. Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, b. Aug. 26, 1819.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. D. Sophia Frederica Caroline Louisa, b. Aug. 19, 1778, m. Feb. 22, 1804, to Count Emanuel von Mensdorf, Chamberlain and Maj. Gen. in the Austrian service, b. Jan. 4, 1777. (*Prague.*)
2. D. Antonietta Ernestina Amelia, b. Aug. 28, 1779. See *Wurtemberg.*
3. D. Julia Henrietta Ulrica, now Anna Feodorowna, b. Sept. 23, 1781; mar. to the Gr. Duke Constantine of Russia; separated March 20, 1820. (*Switzerland.*)
4. D. Ferdinand George Augustus, b. March 28, 1785, m. Jan. 2, 1816, to

Maria Antonietta Gabriela, d. of Pr. Francis Joseph Kohary, b. July 2, 1797. (*Vienna.*)

Issue.

1. Pr. Ferdinand Augustus Francis Antony, b. Oct. 29, 1816.
2. Pr. Augustus Louis Victor, b. June 13, 1818.
3. Pr. Louisa Augusta Antonietta, b. Feb. 14, 1822.

5. D. Maria Louisa Victoria, b. Aug. 17, 1786. See *Gr. Britain* (*London*).
6. D. Leopold George Christian Frederic, b. Dec. 16, 1790; Widower Nov. 6, 1817, by the death of Charlotte Augusta, d. of the Prince Regent (now King) of Great Britain (*London*).

Duchess-Mother.

D. Augusta Caroline Sophia, d. of Henry XXIV.

C. Reuss of Ebersdorf, b. Jan. 17, 1757; Widow of D. Francis, Dec. 9, 1806.

Aunt.

D. Caroline Ulrica Amelia, b. Oct. 19, 1753, Deaconess of the secularised Chapter of Gandersheim.

SAXE-WEIMAR-EISENACH.

Grand-Duke Charles Augustus, b. Sept. 3, 1757, suc. his father D. Ernest Augustus Constantine, May 28, 1758, declared of age, Sept. 3, 1775, m. Oct. 3, 1775, to the

Gr.-Duch. Louisa, d. of the Landgr. Louis IX. of Hesse-Darmstadt, b. Jan. 30, 1757.

Issue.

1. Charles Frederic, hered. Gr. Duke, b. Feb. 2, 1783, m. Aug. 3, 1804, to the

Gr.-Duchess Maria Paulowna, d. of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia, b. Feb. 16, 1786.

Issue.

1. D. Maria Louisa Alexandrina, b. Feb. 3, 1808.
2. D. Maria Louisa Augusta Catherine, b. Sept. 30, 1811.
3. D. Charles Alexander Augustus John, b. June 24, 1813.

2. D. Charles Bernard, b. May 30, 1792, Maj. Gen. in service of K. of Netherlands, m. May 30, 1816, to the

D. Ida, d. of George, D. of Saxe-Meiningen, b. June 25, 1784. (*Ghent.*)

Issue.

1. D. Louisa Wilhelmina Adelaide, b. March 31, 1817.
2. D. William Charles, b. June 25, 1819.
3. D. Amelia Augusta Cecilia, b. May 30, 1822.

Saxony.

Albertine Branch (*Catholic*).

King Frederic Augustus, b. Dec. 23, 1750, suc. his father, the Elector Frederic Christian, Dec. 17, 1763, under the guardianship of his Uncle, Pr. Xavier; assumed the reins of government, Sept. 15, 1768, and the royal dignity, Dec. 11, 1806; m. by proxy, Jan. 17, and in person, Jan. 29, 1769, to the

Queen Maria Amelia Augusta, d. of Frederic, Pr. Palat. of Deux-Ponts, b. May 10, 1752.

Issue.

Pr. Maria Augusta Nepomuka Antonietta Frances Xaveria Aloysia, b. June 21, 1782.

Brothers and Sister.

1. D. Antony Clement Theodore, b. Dec. 27, 1755; m. by proxy, Sept. 8, and in person, Oct. 18, 1787, to his second wife, the

D. Maria Theresa, d. of the Emperor Leopold II. b. Jan. 14, 1767.

2. D. Maria Amelia Anna Josepha, b. Sept. 26, 1757; widow of D. Charles of Deux-Ponts; abbess of the Chapter of Noble Ladies at Munich. See *Bavaria.*

3. D. Maximilian Maria Joseph, b. April 13, 1759; widower March 1, 1804, by death of Caroline Maria Theresa, d. of Ferdinand, D. of Parma.

Issue.

1. D. Maria Amelia Frederica Augusta, b. Aug. 10, 1790.
2. D. Maria Ferdinandina Amelia, b. April 27, 1796; Grand D. of Tuscany.
3. D. Frederic Augustus, b. May 18, 1797; m. by proxy, Sept. 26, and in person, Oct. 7, 1819, to

Caroline Ferdinandina Theresa Josepha De-

metria, b. April 8, 1801, d. of the Emperor Francis of Austria.

4. D. Maria Anne Caroline, b. Nov. 5, 1799. See *Tuscany*.
5. D. John Nepomuk Maria Joseph, b. Dec. 12, 1801.
6. D. Maria Josepha Amelia, b. Dec. 6, 1803, Queen of Spain.

Aunt.

Maria Cunegunda Dorothea Hedwig Frances Xaveria Florentina, b. Nov. 10, 1740, Princess Abbess of the secularised Chapters of Essen and Thorn.

SCHWARZBURG-SONDERSHAUSEN (*Protestant*).

Pr. Gunther Frederic Charles, b. Dec. 5, 1760; suc. his father, Oct. 14, 1794, eldest Prince of the house of Schwarzburg; m. June 23, 1799, to

Wilhelmina Frederica Caroline, d. of Pr. Frederic Charles of Schwarzburg-Rudoldstadt, b. Jan. 21, 1774.

Issue.

1. The reigning Princess of Lippe-Detmold.
2. Gunther Frederic Charles, hered. Prince, b. Sept. 24, 1801.

Brothers and Sister.

1. Pr. Gunther Albert Augustus, b. Sep. 6, 1767.
2. Pr. Albertina Wilhelmina Amelia, b. April 5, 1771, separated from her husband, D. Ferdinand of Wurtemberg, by an arrangement concluded Aug. 3, 1801.
3. Pr. John Charles Gunther, b. June 24, 1772, Lieut. Gen. in the service of Hanover; m. July 5, 1811, to the

Pr. Gutherina Frederica Charlotte Albertina, d. of Pr. Frederic Christian Charles of the house.

Issue.

1. Pr. Louisa Frederica Albertina Paulina, b. March 12, 1813.
2. Pr. Charlotte Frederica Amelia Albertina, b. Sept. 7, 1816.

Widow of the uncle, Pr. Augustus.

Pr. Christina Elizabeth Albertina, d. of Victor Frederic, Pr. of Anhalt Bernburg, b. Nov. 14, 1746; widow, Feb. 10, 1806.

Issue of that Prince.

Princess-Dowager of Waldeck.

Daughter of the late Pr. Frederic Christian Charles, son of Pr. Augustus.

Guntherina Frederica Charlotte Albertina, b. July 24, 1791; wife of Pr. John Charles Gunther of this house. See above.

SCHWARZBURG-RUDOLSTADT.

Pr. Frederic Gunther, b. Nov. 6, 1793; suc. his father April 28, 1807, under the guardianship of his mother; assumed the reins of government, Nov. 6, 1814; m. Apr. 15, 1816, to Amelia Augusta, d. of Frederic, hered. Pr. of Anhalt-Dessau, b. Aug. 18, 1793.

Issue.

Gunther, hered. Pr. b. Nov. 5, 1821.

Brother and Sister.

1. Pr. Thecla, b. Feb. 23, 1795. See *Schönburg-Waldenburg.*
2. Pr. Albert, b. April 30, 1798.

Mother.

Pr. Caroline Louisa, d. of Frederic Louis William Christian, Landgr. of Hesse-Homburg, b. Aug. 26, 1771; widow of Pr. Louis Frederic, April 28, 1807.

Uncle and Aunt.

1. Pr. Charles Gunther, b. Aug. 23, 1771; m. June 19, 1793, to

Louisa Ulrica, d. of Frederic Louis William Christian, Landgr. of Hesse-Homburg, b. Oct. 26, 1772.

Issue.

1. Pr. Francis Frederic Adolphus, b. Sept. 27, 1801.
2. Pr. Caroline, b. April 4, 1804.
3. Pr. Maria William Frederic, b. May 31, 1806.
4. Pr. Maria, b. April 6, 1809.

2. The reigning Princess of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.

SPAIN (*Catholic*).

King Ferdinand VII. b. Oct. 13, 1784; ascended the throne, March 19, 1808, on the abdication of his father, Charles IV. (dec. Jan. 19, 1819;) widower, May 21, 1806, by the death of Maria Antonietta Theresa, d. of K. Ferdinand IV. of the Two Sicilies; Dec. 26, 1818, by the death of Isabella Maria, d. of K. John VI. of Portugal, m. by proxy, Aug. 28, and in person, Oct. 20, 1819, to the

Queen Maria Josephina, b. Dec. 6, 1803, d. of Pr. Maximilian, of the royal house of Saxony.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. The Queen of Portugal.
2. The Queen-Dowager of Etruria. See *Lucca.*
3. Carlos Maria Isidore, Infant, b. March 29, 1788, m. by proxy, Sept. 4, and in person, Sept. 29, 1816, to the

Inf. Maria Frances, d. of K. John VI. of Portugal, b. April 22, 1800.

Issue.

Inf. Charles Louis Maria Ferdinand, b. Jan. 31, 1818.

4. The wife of the Pr. Roy. of the Two Sicilies.
5. Francis de Paule Antonio Maria, Inf. b. March 10, 1794 ; m. by proxy, April 15, and in person, June 12, 1819, to the

Inf. Louisa Charlotte, d. of Francis Januarius, Pr. Roy. of the Two Sicilies, b. Oct. 24, 1804.

Issue.

1. Isabella Frances Joseph, b. May 18, 1821.
2. Francis Maria Ferdinand, b. May 13, 1822.

Uncle.

Ferdinand IV. K. of the Two Sicilies, b. Jan. 12, 1751. See *Sicily*.

Widow of the Inf. Don Pedro, son of Pr. Gabriel, Uncle of the King.

Theresa, d. of K. John VI. of Portugal, b. April 29, 1793 ; widow, July 4, 1812.

Son of that Prince.

Sebastian Maria, b. Nov. 4, 1811.

SWEDEN (*Protestant*).

King Charles XIV. Jean (Bernadotte), b. Jan. 26, 1764 ; appointed Crown Prince, Aug. 21, 1810 ; suc. K. Charles XIII. of the house of Holstein, Feb. 5, 1818 ; m. Aug. 16, 1798, to

Eugenie Bernardine Desirée Clary, b. Nov. 8, 1781.

Issue.

Jean François Oscar, Prince-Royal, Commandant in chief of the Swedish artillery, b. July 4, 1799.

Son of K. Gustavus III. of the house of Holstein.

Gustavus IV. Adolphus, b. Nov. 1, 1778 ; suc.

his father as K. of Sweden, March 29, 1792; abdicated the crown, June 6, 1809; m. Oct. 31, 1797, to

Frederica Dorothea Wilhelmina, d. of Charles Louis, hered. Pr. of Baden. (Separated Feb. 17, 1812.)

Issue.

1. Pr. Gustavus, b. Nov. 9, 1799.
2. The wife of Charles Leopold, Margrave of Baden.
3. Pr. Amelia Maria Charlotte, b. Feb. 22, 1805.
4. Pr. Cecilia, b. June 22, 1807.

Sister of the Kings, Gustavus III. and Charles XIII.

Pr. Sophia Albertina, b. Oct. 8, 1753, Abbess of Quedlinburg.

TUSCANY (*Catholic*).

Grand Duke Ferdinand, Archd. of Austria, b May 6, 1769; suc. his father, Leopold, July 2, 1790; ceded Tuscany and received in exchange for this Grand-Duchy, by the recess of the Empire, of the 27th April, 1803, the Archbishopric of Salzburg with the Electoral dignity; declared Elector of Wurzburg, after ceding Salzburg to his brother the Emperor, by virtue of a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg, Dec. 26, 1805; acceded to the Confederation of the Rhine, and assumed the title of Gr. Duke, Sept. 25, 1806; recovered Tuscany, in exchange for Wurzburg, by the peace of Paris, May 30, 1814; widower, Sept. 19, 1802, by the death of the Infanta Louisa Amelia, d. of Ferdinand IV. K. of the Two Sicilies; m. secondly, May 6, 1821, to

Maria Ferdinandina Amelia, Gr. Duchess, b. April 17, 1796, d. of Pr. Maximilian, of the royal house of Saxony.

Issue of the first Marriage.

1. Archd. Leopold John Joseph, hered. Pr. b. Oct. 3, 1797 ; m. Oct. 28, 1817 by proxy, and Nov. 16 in person, to

Maria Anna Carolina, d. of Pr. Maximilian of Saxony, b. Nov. 15, 1799.

2. Archd. Maria Louisa, b. Aug. 30, 1798, Abbess of the Chapter of St. Anne.
3. The Princess of Savoy-Carignan.

Brothers, Sisters, &c. See *Austria.*

TURKEY (*Mahometan*).

Emperor Mahmud II. b. July 20, 1785 ; son of the Emperor Abdul Hamid, (dec. April 7, 1789,) proclaimed Emperor, July 28, 1808.

Issue.

1. Fatima Sultana, b. April 18, 1811.
2. Salyha Sultana, b. June 16, 1811.
3. Abdul Hamid, b. Mar. 6, 1813.
4. Mahmud Sultan, b. Feb. 19, 1822.

WALDECK (*Protestant*).

Pr. George Frederic Henry, b. Sept. 20, 1789 ; suc. his father, Pr. George, Sept. 9, 1813.

Brothers and Sisters.

1. Pr. Frederic Louis Hubert, b. Nov. 3, 1790.
2. The reigning Princess of Lippe-Schaumburg.
3. The wife of Duke Frederic Eugene of Wurtemberg.
4. Pr. Charles Christian, b. April 12, 1803 ; Lieut. in Bavarian service.
5. Pr. Herrmann Otho Christian, b. Oct. 12, 1809.

Mother.

Pr. Albertina Charlotte Augusta, b. Feb. 1, 1768, d. of Augustus, Pr. of Schwarzburg-

Sondershausen; widow of Pr. George, Sept. 9, 1813.

YOUNGER BRANCH OF THE COUNTS OF WALDECK.

(*Bergheim.*)

C. Josias William Frederic Christian Charles, b. May 13, 1774, Col. in chief of a battalion of Waldeck Inf.

Brother.

Charles, b. Nov. 17, 1778; m. April 25, 1819, to the

Countess Caroline, d. of C. Schilling of Canstadt, b. Feb. 2, 1798.

Mother.

Christina Wilhelmina, b. Countess of Ysenburg-Budingen, b. June 24, 1756.

WURTEMBERG (*Protestant*).

King William, b. Sept. 27, 1781; suc. his father, K. Frederic, Oct. 30, 1816; widower, Jan. 9, 1819, by the death of Catharine, d. of the Emperor Paul, of Russia, and widow of Duke Peter, of Holstein Oldenburg; m. secondly, April 15, 1820, to

Paulina Theresa Louisa, b. Sept. 11, 1800, d. of Louis Frederic Alexander, Duke of Wurtemberg, Uncle to the King.

Issue of Queen Catherine.

1. Pr. Maria Frederica Charlotte, b. Oct. 30, 1816.
2. Pr. Sophia Frederica Matilda, b. June 17, 1818.

Issue of the present Queen.

3. Pr. Catherine Frederica Charlotte, b. Aug. 24, 1821.

Brother and Sister.

1. Pr. Frederica Catherine Sophia Dorothea, b. Feb. 21, 1783, m. to

Prince Jerome, of Montfort (Jer. Bonaparte).

2. Pr. Paul Charles Frederic Augustus, b. Jan 19, 1785, m. Sept. 28, 1805, to

Catherine Charlotte, d. of Frederic, reigning Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen, b. June 17, 1787.

Issue.

1. Pr. Frederica Charlotte Maria, b. Jan. 9, 1807, betrothed Jan. 8, 1822, to the Grand-Duke Michael of Russia.
2. Pr. Frederic Charles Augustus, b. Feb. 21, 1808.
3. Pr. Paulina Frederica Maria, b. Feb. 25, 1810.
4. Pr. Frederic Augustus Everard, b. Jan. 24, 1813.

Queen Dowager, Second Wife of King Frederic.

Charlotte Augusta Matilda, d. of Geo. III. K. of Great Britain, b. Sept. 29, 1766. Widow Oct. 30, 1816. *(Louisburg.)*

Uncles and Aunt.

1. *Widow of the eldest of the King's Uncles, Pr. Louis Frederic Alexander, dec. Sept.* 20, 1817.

Henrietta, d. of Pr. Charles of Nassau Weilburg, b. April 23, 1780. *(Kirchheim below the Teck.)*

Son of that Prince by his First Wife Maria, d. of Prince Adam Czartorisky.

1. Pr. Adam Charles William Stanislaus Eugene, b. Jan. 16, 1792.

Issue by his Second Wife.

2. The wife of the Archd. Joseph of Austria.

3. The hered. Princess of Saxe-Hildburghausen.
4. The Queen of Wurtemberg.
5. Pr. Elisabeth Alexandrina Constantia, b. Feb. 27, 1802.
6. Pr. Alexander Paul Louis Constantine, b. Sept. 9, 1804.

2. *Widow of Prince Eugene Frederic Henry, b. Nov.* 21, 1758.

Louisa, by birth Pr. of Stolberg-Gedern, b. Oct. 13, 1764. Widow of D. Augustus Frederic Charles of Saxe-Meiningen. Widow for the second time June 20, 1822.

Issue.

1. Pr. Frederic Eugene Charles Paul Louis, b. Jan. 8, 1788, m. April 20, 1817, to the Pr. Caroline Frederica Matilda, d. of George Pr. of Waldeck, b. April 10, 1801.

Issue.

1. Pr. Maria Alexandrina Augusta Louisa, b. March 25, 1818.
2. Pr. Eugene William Alexander Erdmann, b. Dec. 26, 1820.

2. Pr. Frederica Sophia Dorothea Maria Louisa, b. June 4, 1789, m. Sept. 28, 1811, to Pr. Frederic Augustus Charles of Hohenlohe-Ochringen.
3. Pr. Fred. Paul William, b. June 27, 1797.

3. The Empress-Dowager of Russia.

4. D. William Frederic Philip, b. Dec. 27, 1761, Field-Marshal in the King's army. Widower Feb. 6, 1822, by the death of Frederica Francis Wilhelmina, Countess Rhodis of Tundersfeld, b. Jan. 21, 1777, m. Aug. 23, 1800.

Issue, having the title of Counts of Wurtemburg.

1. C. Christian Frederic Alexander, b. Nov. 5, 1801.

2. C. Frederic William Alexander Ferdinand, b. July 6, 1810.
3. C. Frederic Alexander Francis Constantine, b. Feb. 6, 1814.
4. Frederica Maria Alexandrina Charlotte Catherine, b. May 29, 1815.

5. D. Ferdinand Frederic Augustus, Field-marshal in the Austrian army, b. Oct. 22, 1763, m. by proxy, Feb. 3, 1817, to his second wife, the

Pr. Cunegunda Walpurga Paulina, d. of Francis George Charles Pr. of Metternich, b. Nov. 22, 1771.

6. D. Alexander Frederic, b. April 24, 1771, Gen. of Cav. in the Russian service, Governor of White Russia, m. Nov. 17, 1798, to

Antonietta Ernestina Amelia, d. of Duke Francis of Saxe-Coburg, b. Aug. 28, 1779.

Issue.

1. Pr. Antonietta Frederica Augusta Maria Anne, b. Sept. 17, 1799.
2. Pr. Frederic William Alexander, b. Dec. 20, 1804.
3. Pr. Ernest Alexander Constantine Frederic, b. August 11, 1807.

7. D. Henry Frederic Charles, b. July 3, 1772, Lieut.-Gen. in the King's army.

REIGNING SOVEREIGNS

OF

Europe,

WITH THE DATE OF THEIR ACCESSION.

Sovereigns.	Date of Accession.	Age at do.
		Months.
1. Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar ..... declared of age Sept. 3, 1775	1758 May 28	8
		Years.
2. King of Naples and Sicily ..... declared of age Jan. 12, 1767	1759 Oct. 5	8
3. King of Saxony ..... declared of age Sept. 15, 1768	1763 Dec. 17	13
4. Pr. of Reuss Ebersdorf ..... declared of age May 16, 1782	1779 May 13	17
5. Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen ..... assumed the reins of government, 1787	1780 Sept. 22	17
6. Gr. Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin	1785 April 24	28
7. D. of Holstein Oldenburg	—— July 7	30
8. Pr. of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen	—— Dec. 26	23

Sovereigns,	Date of Accession.	Age at do. *Years.*
9. Pr. of Lippe-Schaumburg..... declared of; age April 18, 1807	1787 Feb. 14	2
10. Gr. Duke of Hesse	1790 April 6	36
11. Gr. Duke of Tuscany	—— July 2	21
12. Emperor of Austria	1792 Mar. 1	24
13. Pr. of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen	1794 Oct. 14	33
14. King of Bavaria....	1795 April 1	38
15. D. of Anhalt-Bernburg	1796 April 9	28
16. King of Prussia....	1797 Nov. 16	27
17. The Pope.....	1800 Mar. 14	57
18. Emperor of Russia..	1801 Mar. 24	23
19. Pr. of Lippe-Detmold ..... declared of age in 1820	1802 April 4	5
20. D. of Saxe-Meiningen ..... assumed the reins of gov. Dec. 17, 1821.	1803 Dec. 24	3
21. Pr. of Liechtenstein	1805 Mar. 24	44
22. Pr. Reuss of Lobenstein	—— Mar. 31	38
23. D. of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg	1806 Dec. 9	22
24. Pr. of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt..... declared of age Nov. 6, 1814	1807 April 28	13
25. King of Denmark .. Co-regent since April 14, 1784	1808 Mar. 13	40
26. King of Spain.....	—— Mar. 19	23
27. The Sultan	—— July 28	24

Sovereigns.	Date of Accession.	Age at do. *Years.*
28. Pr. of Hohenzollern-Hechingen	1810 Nov. 2	34
29. Pr. of Waldeck	1813 Sept. 9	23
30. King of the Netherlands	—— Dec. 3	41
31. King of France	1814 May 30	58
32. Duchess of Parma..	—— ——	22
33. Duke of Modena ..	1815 June 8	35
34. Duchess of Lucca..	—— —— 8	32
35. Duke of Brunswick, under the guard. of the K. of Great Britain	—— —— 16	10
36. Duke of Nassau....	1816 Jan. 9	23
37. K. of Portugal and Brazil ..... Regent since 1799	—— Mar. 20	48
38. King of Wurtemberg	—— Oct. 30	35
39. Gr. Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.....	—— Nov. 6	37
40. Prince Reuss of Greiz	1817 Jan. 29	26
41. D. of Anhalt-Dessau	—— Aug. 9	22
42. King of Sweden....	1818 Feb. 5	54
43. Pr. Reuss of Schleiz	—— April 17	32
44. Gr. Duke of Baden	—— Dec. 8	55
45. D. of Anhalt-Cöthen	—— —— 16	48
46. Landgr. of Hesse-Homburg	1820 Jan. 20	50
47. King of Great Britain..... Regent since Jan. 10, 1811	—— —— 29	57
48. Elector of Hesse ..	1821 Feb. 27	43
49. King of Sardinia ..	—— April 19	56
50. Duke of Saxe-Gotha	1822 May 17	47

LIST

OF THE

Diplomatic Agents,

AT

the Principal Courts of Europe.

BERLIN.

ANHALT-Bernburg, } M. de l'Estocq, Resident
——— Dessau, } Minister.
——— Köthen, }

Austria, Count Zichy de Vasonkö, Envoy Extraordinary

Baden, M. von Meyern, Chargé d'Affaires

Bavaria, C. Joseph von Rechberg and Rothenlöwen, Env. Ex.

Brunswick, Baron von Ompteda, Env. Ex.

Denmark, C. de Reventlow, Env. Ex.

France, Bar. de Rayneval, Env. Ex.

Great Britain, Rt. Hon. Sir George Henry Rose

Hamburg, M. Lappenberg, Res. Min.

Hanover, Bar. von Ompteda, Env. Ex.

Hesse-Cassel, M. Wilkens, Ch. d'Aff.

Hesse-Darmstadt, Baron Schuler von Senden, Env. Ex.

Hohenzollern-Hechingen } M. de l'Estocq,
——— Sigmaringen } Res. Min.

Lippe-Schaumburg } M. Greuhm, R. M.
——— Detmold }

Mecklenburg-Schwerin, M. von Lützow, En. E.

——— Strelitz, M. Greuhm, R. M.

Naples, C. Gagliati, Env. Ex.

Nassau, M. de l'Estocq, R. M.
Netherlands, M. de Perponcher, Env. Ex.
Portugal, M. Jos. Balbino Barbosa de Aranjo
Reuss, M. de l'Estocq, R. M.
Russia, ———
Sardinia, C. de Salès, Env. Ex.
Saxe-Weimar, M. de Cruikshank, Ch. d'Aff.
—— Gotha } M. de l'Estocq, R. M.
—— Hildburghausen }
Saxony, ———
Schwarzburg-Sondershausen } M. de l'Estocq,
———— Rudolstadt } R. M.
Spain, ———
Sweden, M. de Brandel, Env. Ex.
Wurtemberg, C. von Winzingerode, Env. Ex.

BERNE.

Austria, M. von Schraut, Env. Ex.
Baden, ———
Bavaria, M. von Orly, R. M.
France, C. de Talleyrand, Env. Ex.
Great Britain, H. W. W. Wynn, Esq. Env. Ex.
Netherlands, C. de Liedekerke
Pope, M. Nasali, Apost. Nuncio
Portugal, Chev. Carneiro Alvelloz, Ch. d'Aff.
Prussia, C. de Meuron, Min. Plen.
Russia, Bar. Krudener, Ch. d'Aff.
Sardinia, Chev. Courtois d'Arcollière, Ch. d'Af.
Spain, M. de Viergol, Env. Ex.
Wurtemberg, M. von Kauffmann, Min. Plen.

BRUSSELS. See HAGUE.

CARLSRUHE.

Austria, Bar. von Hubry Geleny, Min. Plen.
Bavaria, C. von Reigersberg, Env. Ex.

France, C. de Montlezun, Min. Plen.
Hanover, Bar. von Reden, Env. Ex. (at present at Rome).
Netherlands, ———
Prussia, M. von Küster, Env. Ex.
Russia, Bar. von. Benckendorf, Min. Plen.
Sweden, Chev. Hjort, R. M.
Switzerland, M. Escher, Env. Ex.
Wurtemberg, C. von Bismarck, Min. Plen.

Cassel.

Austria, C. von Spiegel-Diesenberg, Env. Ex.
Bavaria, Bar. von Aretin, Env. Ex.
France, Bar. de Cabre, Env. Ex.
Hesse-Darmstadt, Bar. von Wiesenhütten, En. E.
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, M. von Hänlein, R. M.
Netherlands, C. de Grunne, Env. Ex.
Prussia, M. von Hänlein, Ch. d'Aff. *ad interim.*
Russia, M. de Canicob, Env. Ex.
Saxony, C. von Bose, Ch. d'Aff. See *Hanover.*
Sweden, Chev. Hjort, R. M.
Wurtemberg, C. von Winzingerode, Env. Ex.

Constantinople.

America, United States, Mr. Bradish, Agent
Austria, ——— Internuncio
Denmark, Bar. Hübsch, Ag. and Consul-gen.
France, Marq. de la Tour Maubourg, Amb.
Great Britain, Lord Viscount Strangford, Amb.
Naples, C. Constantine Ludolf, Env. Ex.
Netherlands, M. Testa, Ch. d'Aff.
Prussia, C. von Schladen, Env. Ex.
Russia, Bar. Strogonoff, Amb. (absent)
Sardinia, Marq. de St. Laurent, Env. Ex.
Spain, M. Perez, Ch. d'Aff.
Sweden, Chev. de Palin, R. M.

COPENHAGEN.

America, United States, Mr. Rainals, Cons.
Austria, M. von Berks, Ch. d'Aff.
France, Marq. de St. Simon, Env. Ex.
Great Britain, A. J. Foster, Esq.
Hanseatic Cities, M. Pauli, Consul-gen.
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, M. Hiorthy, Consul
Naples, M. de Ambrosio, R. M.
Netherlands, Bar. Combrugghe de Looringhe, Env. Ex.
Portugal ———
Prussia, Bar. von Maltzahn, Ch. d'Aff.
Russia, Bar. von Nicolai, Env. Ex.
Sardinia, M. Becker, Cons.
Saxony, M. von Merbitz, Ch. d'Aff.
Spain, M. Yznardi y Yzquierdo, Env. Ex.
Sweden, M. de Hochschild, Env. Ex.

DARMSTADT.

Austria, Bar. von Handel, R. M.
Bavaria, M. von Sulzer, Min. Plen.
France, C. de Salignac Fenelon
Hesse-Cassel, M. von Lepel, Env. Ex.
Nassau, Bar. von Bock, Min. Plen.
Prussia, Bar. von Otterstedt, Env. Ex.
Sweden, Chev. Hjort, Res. Min. See *Carlsruhe.*
Wurtemberg, Bar. von Wangenheim, Env. Ex.

DRESDEN.

Austria, C. von Palffy, Env. Ex.
Bavaria, C. von Luxburg, Env. Ex.
Denmark, M. Bergh, Ch. d'Aff.
France, C. de Rumigny, Env. Ex.
Great Britain, J. P. Morier, Esq. Env. Ex.
Hanover, Bar. von Ompteda, Env. Ex. See *Berlin.*

Hesse-Cassel, M. von Malsburg, Ch. d'Aff.
Prussia, M. von Jordan, Env. Ex.
Russia, M. de Canicof, Min. Plen.
Saxe-Weimar } M. Verlohren, Ch. d'Aff.
—— Gotha }
Spain, ——
Wurtemberg, C. von Winzingerode, Env. Ex.
See *Cassel.*

FLORENCE.

Austria, C. de Bombelles, Env. Ex.
Denmark, M. de Schubart, Min. Plen.
France, Marq. de Maisonfort, Min. Plen.
Great Britain, Lord Burghersh, Env. Ex.
Naples, Marq. de Silva, Ch. d'Aff.
Netherlands, M. Reinhold, Env. Ex.
Pope, M. Benvenuti, Nuncio
Portugal, M. Quin, Ch. d'Aff.
Prussia, M. Bartholdy, Ch. d'Aff. and Consul-gen. for Italy.
Russia, M. de Swertschkoff, Ch. d'Aff.
Sardinia, C. de Castelalfer, Env. Ex.
Sweden, Chev. de Lagerswärd, Min. Plen.

FRANKFURT.

(*Assembly of the Germanic Confederation*).

1. Austria, C. von Buol-Schauenstein
2. Prussia, C. von Golz
3. Bavaria, ——
4. Saxony, M. von Carlowitz
5. Hanover, M. von Hammerstein
6. Wurtemberg, Bar. von Wangenheim
7. Baden, Bar. von Blittersdorf
8. Hesse-Cassel, M. von Lepel
9. Hesse-Darmstadt, M. de Harnier
10. Holstein, C. von Eyben
11. Luxemburg, C. de Grunne

12. Saxony, Ernestine branch, C. von Beust
13. Mecklenburg, both branches, M. von Pentz
14. Brunswick, M. von Hammerstein
    Nassau, Bar. Marschall von Biberstein
15. Oldenburg
    Anhalt, the three branches
    Schwarzburg-Sondershausen
    ——— Rudolstadt
    } M. von Both.
16. Hohenzollern-Hechingen
    ——— Sigmaringen
    Liechtenstein
    Reuss, both branches
    Lippe-Schaumburg
    ——— Detmold
    Waldeck
    } Bar. von Leonhardy
17. Lübeck, M. Gutschow
    Frankfurt, M. Danz
    Bremen, M. Smidt
    Hamburg, M. Gries

Ministers of Foreign Courts accredited to the Confederation.

France, C. de Reinhard, Env. Ex.
Great Britain, Hon. F. Lambe, En. Ex. & M. Pl.
Russia, M. d'Anstett, Env. Ex.
Sweden, Chev. Hjort. Res. Min. See *Carlsruhe*

Ministers accredited to the City.

Austria, Bar. von Handel, R. M.
Bavaria, Bar. von Härtling, R. M.
Denmark, C. von Eyben
France, C. de Reinhard, Min. Plen.
Hanover, Bar. von Strahlenheim, Ch. d'Aff.
Hesse-Cassel, M. von Motz, Min. Plen.
——— Darmstadt, Bar. von Wiesenhütten, Min. Plen.
Mecklenburg, both branches, M. von Pentz.
Netherlands, C. de Grunne, Min. Plen.
Prussia, M. Himly, R. M.
Wurtemberg, Bar. von Blomberg, R. M.

Hamburg.

America, United States, Mr. Cuthbert, Vice-Con.
Austria, Bar. Charles von Binder-Kriegelstein, R. M.
———M. Mutzenbecher, Cons. Gen.
Bavaria, M. Hildebrandt, Cons. Gen.
Denmark, M. Bokelmann, Cons. Gen.
France, M. de Marandet, Min. Plen.
Great Britain, J. C. Mellish, Esq. Ch. d'Aff.
Hanover, M. von Duve, Res.
Hesse-Cassel, M. Wolf, Agent
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, M. Pauli, Ch. d'Aff.
Netherlands, M. de Huygens, Min. Plen.
Portugal, M. Gabe de Massarellos, Cons. Gen
Prussia, C. von Grote, Env. Ex.
Russia, M. von Struve, R. M.
Sardinia, ———
Saxony, K. of, M. Michaëlis, Cons.
Saxe-Weimar, M. Swaine, R. M.
Spain, M. de Montalbo, R. M.
Sweden, M. de Signeul, R. M.

Hanover.

Austria, C. von Spiegel-Diesenberg, Env. Ex. See *Cassel.*
France, M. de Moustier, Min. Plen.
Mecklenburg-Strelitz, M. Kästner, Agent
Prussia, C. von Grote, Env. Ex. See *Hamburg*
Russia, M. de Canicoff. See *Cassel, &c.*
Saxony, C. von Bose, Ch. d'Aff. See *Cassel.*
Wurtemburg, C. von Winzingerode, Min. Plen.

The Hague.

America, United States, Mr. Everett, Ch. d'Aff.
Austria, C. von Mier, Env. Ex.
Baden, M. Röntgen, R. M.

Bavaria, Bar. von Giese, Env. Ex.
Denmark, Bar. de Selbye, Env. Ex.
France, Bar. de Mareuil, Env. Ex.
Great Britain, Earl of Clancarty, Amb.
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, M. Dahne von Varick, Agent
Naples, Chev. de Raineri, R. M.
Nassau, M. Röntgen, Ch. d'Aff.
Portugal, M. Rama Nobra, Ch. d'Aff.
Prussia, ———
Russia, Bar. von Mayendorf, Ch. d'Aff.
Sardinia, Marquis d'Alfieri, Ch. d'Aff.
Spain, Chev. de Navia, Ch. d'Aff.
Sweden, Chev. d'Ohsson, Env. Ex.
Wurtemberg, M. Wächter, Ch. d'Aff.

Lisbon.

America, United States, Mr. Dearborn, Env. Ex.
Austria, Chev. von Berks, Ch. d'Aff.
Denmark, M. Ayres, Cons. Gen.
France, M. Lesseps, Ch. d'Aff.
Great Britain, E. M. Ward, Esq. Ch. d'Aff.
Hanseatic Cities, M. Lindenberg, Cons. Gen.
Netherlands, M. de Mollerus, Env. Ex.
Pope, D. Joseph Cherubini, Apost. Leg.
Prussia, M. Pieters, Ch. d'Aff.
Russia, Bar. de Borel, Ch. d'Aff.

London.

America, United States, R. Rush, Esq. Min. Pl.
Austria, Pr. Esterhazy, Amb. Mr. Rothschild, Cons. Gen.
Baden, Bar. von Langsdorf, R. M.
Bavaria, Bar. de Cetto, Env. Ex.
Denmark, C. de Moltke, Env. Ex.
France, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Amb.

Hanover, C. von Münster
Hanseatic Cities, Sir J. Colquhoun, Cons. Gen.
Hesse-Cassel. See *Baden*
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, M. Kreeft, Cons. and Ch. d'Aff.
Naples, Count de Ludolf, senior, Env. Ex.
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POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS OF 1821.

I. General Summary of Houses, Families, and Persons in Great Britain, in 1821.

	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Army, Navy, Marines&Sea- men in Regis- tered Vessels.	Gt. Brit.
Houses, inhabited	1,951,973	156,183	341,474		2,429,630
——— by how many Families occupied	2,346,717	146,706	447,960		2,941,383
——— building	18,289	985	2,405		21,679
——— uninhabited	66,055	3,652	12,657	———	82,364
Families chiefly employed in Agriculture	773,782	74,225	130,699	———	978,656
——— in Trade, Manufacture, and Handicraft	1,118,295	41,680	190,264	———	1,350,239
——— all others not comprehended in the two preceding classes	454,690	30,801	126,997	———	612,488
Persons, Males	5,483,679	350,487	983,552	319,300	7,137,018
——— Females	5,777,758	366,951	1,109,904	———	7,254,613
Total of Persons	11,261,437	717,438	2,093,456	319,300	14,391,631

NUMBER *of* PERSONS *upwards of One Hundred Years of Age.*

	Males.	Females.	Total.	
In England	57	111	168	; of which number 25 in Middlesex.
Wales	3	18	21	
Scotland	40	62	102	; of which number 26 in the Shire of Ross and Cromarty.
Total	100	191	291	

II. *Comparative Statement of the Population of the Counties and Shires of Great Britain, in* 1811, *and* 1821.

I. ENGLAND.

Counties.	Population *In* 1811.	*In* 1821.
Bedford	72,600	85,400
Berks	122,300	134,700
Buckingham	121,600	136,800
Cambridge	104,500	124,400
Chester	234,600	275,500
Cornwall	223,900	262,600
Cumberland	138,300	159,300
Derby	191,700	217,600
Devon	396,100	447,900
Dorset	128,900	147,400
Durham	183,600	211,900
Essex	260,900	295,300
Gloucester	295,100	342,600
Hereford	97,300	105,300
Hertford	115,400	132,400
Huntingdon	43,700	49,800
Kent	385,600	434,600
Lancaster	856,000	1,074,000
Leicester	155,100	178,100
Lincoln	245,900	288,800
Middlesex	985,100	1,167,500
Monmouth	64,200	72,300
Norfolk	301,800	351,300
Northampton	146,100	165,800
Northumberland	177,900	203,000
Nottingham	168,400	190,700
Oxford	123,200	139,800

Counties.	Population *In* 1811.	*In* 1821.
Rutland.....	17,000	18,900
Salop	200,800	210,300
Somerset	313,300	362,500
Southampton	253,300	289,000
Stafford	304,000	347,900
Suffolk	242,900	276,000
Surrey	334,700	406,700
Sussex	196,500	237,700
Warwick	236,400	280,000
Westmorland	47,500	52,400
Wilts	200,300	226,600
Worcester.....	165,900	188,200
York, East Riding	173,000	194,300
——, North Riding	171,100	187,400
——, West Riding	675,100	815,400
	9,870,300	11,486,700

II. WALES.

Anglesey.....	38,300	46,000
Brecon.....	39,000	44,500
Cardigan.....	52,000	59,000
Carmarthen.....	79,600	92,000
Carnarvon	51,000	59,100
Denbigh	66,400	78,000
Flint	48,100	54,900
Glamorgan	88,000	103,800
Merioneth	32,000	35,100
Montgomery	53,700	61,100
Pembroke	62,700	75,500
Radnor	21,600	23,500
	632,600	731,800

III. SCOTLAND.

Counties.	Population *In* 1811.	*In* 1821.
Aberdeen	139,600	158,500
Argyll	88,400	99,300
Ayr	107,400	129,900
Banff	37,900	44,400
Berwick	31,800	34,100
Bute	12,400	14,100
Caithness	24,200	30,800
Clackmannan	12,400	13,500
Dumbarton	25,000	27,900
Dumfries	65,100	72,300
Edinburgh	153,600	195,300
Elgin	29,000	31,800
Fife	104,600	116,800
Forfar	110,800	115,700
Haddington	32,200	35,800
Inverness	80,900	92,000
Kincardine	28,400	29,700
Kinross	7,500	7,900
Kircudbright	34,800	39,700
Lanark	198,100	249,300
Linlithgow	20,100	23,100
Nairn	8,500	9,200
Orkney and Shetland	47,700	54,200
Peebles	10,300	10,200
Perth	139,600	141,800
Renfrew	96,100	114,400
Ross and Cromarty	62,900	70,200
Roxburgh	38,500	41,700
Selkirk	6,100	6,800
Stirling	60,200	66,700
Sutherland	24,400	24,300
Wigtown	27,800	33,900
	1,865,900	2,135,300

III. *Table, exhibiting the Population of the Metropolis, at different Periods, since the Year* 1700.

	POPULATION.				
	1700.	1750.	1801.	1811.	1821.
1. City of London, within the Walls	139,300	87,000	78,000	57,700	58,400
2. ——— without the Walls	69,000	57,300	56,300	68,000	72,000
3. City and Liberties of Westminster	130,000	152,000	165,000	168,600	189,400
4. Out-parishes, within the Bills of Mortality	326,900	357,600	477,700	593,700	730,700
5. Parishes not within the Bills of Mortality	9,150	22,350	123 000	162,000	224,300
Total of the Metropolis	674,350	676,250	900,000	1,050,000	1,274,800

IV. *Population of the several Parishes of the Metropolis.*

LONDON CITY,
WITHIN THE WALLS.

Alban, St. Wood-st.	631
Allhallows, Barking	1664
Allhallows, Bread-st.	320
Allhallows the Great	526
Allhallows, Honey Lane	137
Allhallows the Less	98
Allhallows, Lombard-st.	580
Allhallows, London-wall	1677
Allhallows, Staining	577
Alphage, St. near Sion College	1206
Andrew, St. Hubbard	287
Andrew, St. Undershaft	1161
Andrew, St. by the Wardrobe	690
Anne and Agnes, St. within Aldersgate	561
Anne, St. Blackfriars	2938
Antholin, St.	365
Augustine, St.	307
Bartholomew, St. by the Royal Exchange	339
Bennet, St. Fink	511
Bennet, St. Gracechurch	290
Bennet, St. Paul's Wharf	552
Bennet, St. Sherehog	142
Botolph, St. Billingsgate	191
Christ Church	2002
Christ Church Hospital	735
Christopher le Stock	84
Clement, St. near Eastcheap	273
Dionis, St. Backchurch	791
Dunstan's, St. in the East	1,155
Edmund, St. the King	442
Ethelburga, St.	704
Faith, St. the Virgin, under St. Paul's	999
Gabriel, St. Fenchurch-st.	348
George, St. Botolph-lane	215
Gregory, St. by St. Paul's	1468
Helen, St. near Bishopsgate	696
James, St. Duke's Place	732
James, St. Garlick-Hythe	473
John, St. Baptist	417
John, St. Evangelist	86
John, St. Zachary	322
Katherine, St. Coleman	712
Katherine, St. Kree, otherwise Christ Church	1814
Lawrence, St. Jewry	702
Lawrence, St. Pounteney	352
Leonard, St. Eastcheap	307
Leonard, St. Foster-lane	377
Magnus, St.	227
Margaret, St. Lothbury	331
Margaret, St. Moses	149
Margaret, St. New Fish-st.	344
Margaret, St. Pattens	185
Martin, St. Pomroy, Ironmonger-lane	132
Martin, St. Ludgate	1200
Martin, St. Orgars	350
Martin, St. Outwich	252
Martin, St. Vintry	205
Martin, St. Abchurch	505
Mary, St. Aldermanbury	883
Mary, St. Aldermary	429
Mary, St. le Bow	368
Mary, St. Bothaw, Dowgate	225
Mary, St. Colechurch	275
Mary, St. at Hill	818
Mary, St. Magdalen, Old Fish-street	721
Mary, St. Magdalen, Milk street	300
Mary, St. Mounthaw	358
Mary, St. Somerset	270
Mary, St. Staining	221
Mary, St. Woolchurch-Haw	206
Mary, St. Woolnorth	511
Matthew, St. Friday-str.	228
Michael, St. Bassishaw	714
Michael, St. Cornhill	492
Michael, St. Crooked-lane	576
Michael, St. Queenhithe	716
Michael, St. le Quern	252
Michael, St. Paternoster Royal	181
Michael, St. Wood-str.	433
Mildred, St. Bread-str.	329
Mildred, St. in the Poultry	271
Nicholas, St. Acons	180
Nicholas, St. Cole Abbey	228
Nicholas, St. Olave	350
Olave, St. Hart-str.	1012

Olave, St. Old Jewry	239
Olave, St. Silver-str.	1135
Pancras, St. Soper-lane	190
Peter, St. Cornhill	731
Peter, St. near Paul's Wharf	346
Peter, St. le Poor, in Broad-street	576
Peter, St. Westcheap	266
Stephen, St. Coleman-str.	3062
Stephen, St. Walbrook	278
Swithin, St. London Stone	503
Thomas, St. the Apostle	565
Trinity-the-Less	502
Vedast, St. Foster-lane	398
	56,174

PARISHES WITHOUT THE WALLS.

Andrew, St. Holborn, with Barnard's Inn	6234
Bartholomew, St. the Great	2931
Bartholomew St. the Less, Parish and Hospital	823
Botolph, St. without Aldersgate	4003
Botolph, St. Aldgate	9067
Botolph, St. without Bishopsgate	10,140
Bride, St. or Bridget	7288
Bridewell Hospital, with Bridewell	443
Dunstan, St. in the West	3549
Giles, St. without Cripplegate	13,038
Sepulchre, St. without Newgate (part of)	8271
Trinity in the Minories	680
White Friars Precinct, extra-parochial	1247

INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY.

Barnard's Inn (included in St. Andrew's, Holborn).	
Clement's Inn (included in St. Clement Danes).	
Clifford's Inn, extra-parochial	101
Furnival's Inn	100
Gray's Inn	208
Inner Temple	405
Lincoln's Inn	268
Middle Temple	298
New Inn (included in St. Clement Danes).	
Serjeants' Inn, Chancery lane	31
Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-str.	94
Staple Inn	41
	69,260

WESTMINSTER, CITY AND LIBERTY.

Anne, St. Soho	15,215
Clement, St. Danes	10,753
George, St. Hanover-square	46,384
James, St.	33,819
James's, St. Palace, ex.-pa.	
John, St.	16,835
Leonard, St. Foster-lane. (part of) site of New Post-Office.	
Margaret, St.	22,387
Martin, St. in the Fields	28,252
Mary, St. le Strand	1784
Paul, St. Covent-Gard.	5834
Privy Gardens, extra-parochial.	
Whitehall, extra-paroch.	
Verge of the Palaces of St. James's and Whitehall, extra-parochial	641
The Close of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, extra-parochial	181
	182,085

OUT-PARISHES IN MIDDLESEX AND SURREY.

Andrew, St. Holborn, above Bars (part of) with St. George the Martyr	26,492
Artillery Ground, Old	1487
Bermondsey, St. Mary Magdalen	25,235
Bethnal Green, St. Mat.	45,676
Botolph, St. without Aldgate	6429
Charter-house	144
Christ-Church, Spital-fields	18,650
Christ-Church, Surrey	13,339
Clement, St. Danes (part)	4016

Clerkenwell, St. James and St. John	39,105
Duchy of Lancaster (part of)	489
Ely Place	268
Giles, St. in the Fields and St. George, Bloomsbury	51,793
George, St. in the East	32,528
George, St. Southwark	36,368
Glass-house Yard	1358
Hackney, St. John	22,494
Horsleydown, St. John	9,163
Islington, St. Mary	22,417
Katherine, St. near the Tower	2,624
Lambeth, St. Mary	57,638
Limehouse, St. Ann	9805
Luke, St. Middlesex	40,876
Newington Butts, St. Mary	33,047
Olave, St. Southwark	8420
Rolls Liberty	2737
Rotherhithe, St. Mary	12,523
Saffron-Hill and Hatton-Garden	9002
Saviour's, St. Southw.	16,808
Savoy, St. John Baptist	222
Sepulchre, St. (part of)	4740
Shadwell, St. Paul	9557
Shoreditch, St. Leonard	52,966
Stepney, St. Dunstan	49,163
Thomas, St. Southwark	1807
Tower Liberty	463
Tower, Old Precinct	205
Wapping, St. John	3078
Whitechapel, St. Mary	29,407

PARISHES NOT WITHIN THE LONDON BILLS OF MORTALITY,

Chelsea, St. Luke	26,850
Kensington	14,428
St. Mary-le-bone	96,040
Paddington	6,476
Pancras, St.	71,838

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Within the Walls	56,174
Without the Walls, not including any part of Southwark	60,260
City of Westminster and Liberties	182,085
Out-Parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, and Parishes not within the London Bills of Mortality	918,175
Total	1,225,694

N. B. This amount is exclusive of the constant but fluctuating accession arising from the arrival of coasting vessels, to the number of about 17,000 per annum, since the year 1817; for which, if one twenty-fifth part be added, gives a total of 1,274,800 for the population of the metropolis.

V. Population of the Principal Towns, Boroughs, &c. of England, Wales, and Scotland, in 1821.

Aberdeen	44,796	Bedford	5,466
Abergavenny	3,338	Bedminster	7,979
Aberystwith	4,059	Bedwin, Great	1,928
Abingdon	5,137	Berwick	8,723
Alcester	2,229	Beverley	7,503
Alnwick	5,927	Birmingham	106,722
Alton	2,499	Bishop's Castle	1,616
Alverstoke	4,788	Bishop-Stortford	3,358
Andover	4,123	Bish. Wearmouth	9,477
Annan	4,486	Blackburn	21,940
Arbroath	5,817	Blandford	2,643
Arundel	2,511	Blechingly	1,187
Ashborne	4,708	Bodmin	2,902
Ashburton	3,403	Bolton	22,037
Ashby de la Zouch	3,937	Boston	10,373
Ashford	7,743	Bradford (Wilts)	3,760
Ashton und. Lyne	9,222	Do. (York)	13,064
Aylesbury	4,400	Brandon	1,770
Ayr	7,455	Brechin	5,906
Banbury	3,396	Brecon	4,193
Banff	3,855	Bridgnorth	4,345
Bangor	3,579	Bridgwater	6,155
Barnesley	8,284	Bridlington	4,275
Barnstaple	5,079	Bridport	3,742
Basingstoke	3,165	Brighthelmston	24,429
Bath	36,811	Bristol	87,779
Battersea	4,992	Bromley	3,147
Battle	2,852	Bromwich, West	9,505
Beaumaris	2,205	Bromsgrove	7,519
Beccles	3,493	Buckingham	3,465

Bungay	3,290	Coventry	21,242
Burslem	9,699	Cranbrook	3,683
BurtonuponTrent	6,700	Crediton	5,515
Bury (Lancash.)	10,583	Cricklade	1,485
Bury St Edmunds	9,999	Cromarty	1,993
Callington	1,321	Croydon	9,254
Calne	4,549	Cuckfield	2,385
Cambridge	14,142	Cupar	5,892
Camelford	1,256	Darlington	5,750
Campbeltown	6,445	Dartford	3,593
Canterbury	12,745	Daventry	3,326
Cardiff	3,521	Deal	6,811
Cardigan	2,397	Denbigh	3,195
Carlisle	15,476	Deptford	19,862
Carmarthen	8,906	Derby	17,423
Carnarvon	5,788	Devizes	4,208
Chatham&Roch.	24,063	Dewsbury	6,380
Cheadle	3,862	Dingwall	2,031
Chelmsford	4,994	Diss	2,764
Cheltenham	13,396	Dolgelly	3,588
Chepstow	3,008	Doncaster	8,544
Chertsey	4,279	Dorchester	2,743
Cheshunt	4,376	Dorking	3,812
Chester	19,949	Douglas (Isle of Man)	6,054
Chesterfield	5,077	Dover	10,327
Chichester	7,362	Downton	3,114
Chippenham	3,201	Droitwich	2,176
Chipping Norton	2,266	Dudley (Town & Parish)	18,211
Chiswick	4,236	Dumbarton	3,481
Christchurch	4,644	Dumfries	11,052
Cirencester	4,987	Dunbar	5,272
Clapham	7,151	Dundee	30,575
Clare	1,487	Dunfermline	13,681
Clitheroe	3,213	Durham	9,822
Cobham	1,340	Dysart	1,658
Cockermouth	3,790	Eastbourne	2,607
Colchester	14,016		
Corsham	2,727		

Edinburgh	138,235	Hampstead	7,263
Edmonton	7,900	Harrow	3,017
Egham	3,616	Harwich	4,010
Elgin	5,308	Hastings	5,085
Ellesmere	6,056	Hatfield	3,215
Ely	5,079	Haverford, West	4,055
Enfield	8,227	Hawick	4,387
Epsom	2,890	Heaton Norris	6,958
Evesham	3,487	Helston	2,671
Exeter	23,479	Hemel-Hempst.	3,962
Eye	1,882	Henley, Oxon.	3,509
Falmouth	4,392	Hereford	9,090
Fareham	3,677	Hertford	4,265
Farnham	3,132	Heytesbury	1,329
Faversham	3,919	Hinckley	4,216
Folkestone	3,989	Hitchin	4,486
Forfar	5,897	Holyhead	4,071
Forres	3,540	Honiton	3,296
Fowey	1,455	Horsham	4,575
Framlingham	2,327	Huddersfield	13,284
Frome	12,411	Hull, with Sculcoates	39,040
Fulham	6,492	Huntingdon	2,806
Gainsborough	5,893	Hythe	2,181
Glasgow	147,043	Ilminster	2,156
Gloucester	9,744	Inverkeithing	2,512
Godalming	4,098	Inverness	12,264
Godmanchester	1,953	Ipswich	17,186
Grantham	9,394	Isleworth	5,269
Gravesend	3,814	Jedburgh	5,251
Greenwich	20,712	Keighley	9,223
Grimsby	3,064	Kelso	4,860
Grinstead, East	3,153	Kendal	8,984
Guildford	3,161	Kenilworth	2,577
Haddington	5,255	Kettering	3,668
Hales Owen	10,946	Kidderminster	10,709
Halesworth	2,166	Kinghorn	2,443
Halifax	12,623	King's Norton	3,651
Hammersmith	8,809		

Kingston . .	4,908
Kingston-upon-Hull. See Hull	
Kirkaldy . .	4,452
Kirkby Lonsdale	1,643
Kirkby Stephen	1,312
Kirkwall . .	2,212
Knaresborough	5,283
Lanark . . .	7,085
Lancaster . .	10,144
Launceston .	2,183
Leamington Priors . . .	2,183
Ledbury . .	3,421
Leeds (Town & Liberty) . .	83,796
Leicester . .	30,125
Leominster .	3,651
Lerwick . .	2,224
Lewes . . .	7,083
Lewisham . .	8,185
Lichfield . .	6,075
Lincoln . . .	10,367
Linlithgow .	3,112
Liverpool .	118,972
Liskeard . .	2,423
Lochmaben . .	2,651
Loughborough	7,365
Louth . . .	6,012
Lowestoft . .	3,675
Ludlow . . .	4,820
Lutterworth .	2,102
Lyme Regis .	2,269
Lymington . .	3,164
Lynn . . .	12,253
Macclesfield .	17,746
Maidstone . .	12,508
Maldon . . .	3,198
Malmesbury . .	1,322
Malton, New .	4,005
Manchester and Salford . .	133,788
Mansfield . . .	7,861
Margate . . .	7,843
Market-Harbro'	1,873
Marlborough .	3,038
Melford . .	2,288
Melksham . .	4,765
Melton Mowbray	2,815
Middleton . .	5,809
Midhurst . .	1,335
Milborne Port	1,440
Mildenhall .	2,974
Mitcham . .	4,453
Monmouth . .	4,164
Montrose . . .	10,388
Morpeth . . .	3,415
Nairn . . .	3,228
Newark . . .	8,084
Newbury . . .	5,347
Newcastle-upon Tyne, with Gateshead .	46,948
Newcastle-under Lyne . . .	7,031
Newport (Isle of Wight) . . .	4,059
North-Allerton	2,626
Northampton .	10,793
Norwich . .	50,288
Nottingham .	40,415
Oakhampton .	1,907
Oldham . .	21,662
Ormskirk . .	3,838
Oswestry . .	3,910
Otley	3,065

Oundle	2,150	Rugby	2,300
Oxford	16,364	Rutherglen	4,091
Padstow	1,700	Rye	3,599
Paisley	28,000	Saffron Walden	4,154
Peebles	2,701	Salisbury	8,763
Pembroke	4,925	Saltash	1,548
Penryn	2,933	Sandwich	2,912
Penzance	5,224	Scarborough	8,188
Perth	19,068	Seaford	1,047
Peterborough	8,558	Selby	4,097
Peterhead	4,783	Selkirk	2,696
Petworth	2,781	Seven Oaks	2,144
Pickering	2,746	Shaftesbury	2,903
Plymouth	61,212	Sheffield	42,157
Pontefract	4,447	Shepton Mallet	5,021
Pool (Montg.)	4,255	Sherborne	3,622
Poole (Dorset)	6,390	Shields, North	8,205
Portsmouth with Gosport	51,832	Shoreham, New	1,047
Prescot	4,468	Shrewsbury	19,602
Preston	24,575	Skipton	3,411
Putney	3,394	Southampton	13,353
Radnor	2,186	Southwell	3,051
Ramsgate	6,031	Southwold	1,676
Reading	12,867	Spalding	5,207
Reigate	2,961	St. Alban's	4,472
Renfrew	2,646	St. Andrew's	4,899
Retford, East	2,465	St. Austell	6,175
Richmond, (Sur.)	5,994	St. German's	2,404
Richmond (York)	3,546	St. Mawes	1,648
Rickmansworth	3,940	St. Neot's	2,272
Ripon	4,563	St. Peter Port, (Guernsey)	11,173
Rochdale	13,453	Stafford	5,736
Rochester. See *Chatham*		Stamford	5,050
Romford	3,777	Steyning	1,324
Romsey	5,128	Stirling	7,113
Rotherham	3,548	Stockton	5,006
Rothesay	4,107	Stow-market	2,252

Stranraer	2,463	Wakefield	10,764
Stratford upon Avon	3,069	Wallingford	2,093
Stroud)Gloucester)	7,097	Walsall	11,914
Sudbury	3,950	Waltham Abbey	2,997
Sunderland	14,725	Wandsworth	6,702
Sutton (Notts)	3,943	Ware	3,844
Sutton Coldfield	3,466	Wareham	1,931
Swaffham	2,836	Warminster	5,612
Swansea	10,255	Warrington	13,570
Tain	2,861	Warwick	8,235
Tamworth	8,921	Wednesbury	6,471
Taunton	8,534	Wellingborough	4,454
Tavistock	5,483	Wellington (Salop)	8,396
Tenby	1,554	Wellington (Somerset)	4,170
Tenterden	3,259	Wells (Norf.)	2,950
Tewkesbury	4,962	Wells (Somerset	5,888
Thame	2,479	Westbury	2,117
Thetford	2,922	Weymouth and Melcombe Regis	6,622
Thirsk	2,533	Whitby	8,697
Thurso	4,045	Whitchurch	5,489
Tiverton	8,631	Whitehaven	12,433
Tonbridge	7,406	Whithorn	2,361
Totness	3,128	Wick	6,713
Tottenham	5,812	Wigan	17,716
Towcester	2,554	Wigtown	2,042
Tregoney	1,035	Wilton	2,058
Trowbridge	9,545	Winchester	7,739
Truro (borough only)	2,712	Windsor	5,698
Tweedmouth	4,673	Witney	2,827
Twickenham	4,206	Wolverhampton	18,380
Tynemouth	9,454	Woodbridge	4,060
Ulverstone	4,315	Woodstock	1,455
Upton upon Sev.	2,319	Woolwich	17,008
Uttoxeter	4,658	Wootton Bassett	1,701
Uxbridge	2,750		

Worcester	17,023	Yeovil	4,655
Worksop	4,567	York	20 787
Yarmouth	18,040		

VI. *Summary of Baptisms, Burials, and Marriages, in the Years* 1811 *to* 1821, *inclusive.*

In the Metropolis.

	Males.	*Females.*	*Total.*
Baptisms	143,343	141,554	284,897
Burials	119,333	113,977	233,310
Marriages	———	———	120,605

In England and Wales.

	Males.	*Females.*	*Total.*
Baptisms	1,664,557	1,590,510	3,255,067
Burials	1,011,417	998,581	2,009,998
Marriages	———	———	916,426

Annual Average Number not entered in the Parish Registers.

Baptisms	23,066
Burials	9,505
Marriages	191

Population of upwards of Seven Hundred of the Principal Cities in the World, exclusively of Great Britain.

Abbeville	17,913	Altenburg, Saxony	8,800
Abo	12,215	Altona	30,000
Abomey	24,000	Amberg	7,340
Adrianople	100,000	Amersfort	8,682
Agen	10,569	Amiens	40,006
Agram	18,000	Amsterdam	201,628
Aire (Pas de Calais	8,627	Ancôna	20,000
Aix	21,009	Angers	33,000
Aix-la-Chapelle	24,410	Angora	50,000
Ajaccio	6,570	Angostura	7,000
Alais	8,944	Angoulème	13,000
Albe	9,650	Anspach	11,373
Alby	9,646	Antwerp	56,318
Alcala d'Hénarès	5,000	Aquila	13,615
Alençon	12,407	Archangel	7,100
Aleppo	250,000	Arequipa	24,000
Alexandria, (Ital.)	30,000	Arles	18,470
Alexandria, (Eg.)	20,000	Arnheim	9,437
Algiers	170,000	Arnstadt	6,500
Alicante	17,435	Arras	19,958
Alkmaer	7,809	Arzerum	25,000
Alost	10,927	Aschaffenburg	6,694
Altdorf, Swabia	6,900	Aschersleben	8,271
		Asti	21,225
		Astracan	70,000
		Augsburg	29,000
		Aurillac	10,357

Autun	9,176	Besançon	28,436
Auxerre	12,047	Beziers	14,535
Avellino	11,000	Biberach	5,000
Aversa	13,000	Bielefeld	6,540
Avignon	21,412	Bilbao	13,000
Badajoz	10,000	Blois	14,000
Bagdad	100,000	Bologne	70,000
Bailleul	8,944	Bombay	150,000
Bale	15,000	Bonn	8,833
Ballenstedt	2,500	Bordeaux	90,992
Baltimore	62,200	Boston	43,000
Bamberg	17,169	Botzen	8,000
Bar-sur-Ornain	8,961	Boulogne sur mer	15,228
Barcelona	111,410	Bourges	16,330
Bari	16,000	Bras	10,327
Barletta	18,000	Braga	12,362
Bassano	10,000	Brandenburg	10,322
Bassora	50,000	Braunau	6,000
Bastia	11,336	Breda	8,250
Batavia	130,000	Bremen	37,725
Bauzen	9,000	Brescia	40,000
Bayeux	9,000	Breslau	62,923
Bayonne	13,190	Brest	25,865
Bayreuth	7,900	Brieg	8,682
Beaucaire	7,943	Brody	21,000
Beaune	8,344	Bruchsal	5,916
Beauvais	12,392	Bruges	33,632
Bekès	11,000	Brunn	23,600
Belfast	25,000	Brunswick	28,481
Belgrade	30,000	Brussels	66,297
Benares	380,000	Buckeburg	2,000
Bender	20,000	Buda	24,872
Bergamo	25,000	Buenos-Ayres	62,000
Bergen, Norw.	16,000	Bukarest	42,000
Bergerac	8,544	Burgos	10,000
Berlin	156,000	Bournou	10,000
Berne	12,000	Bursa	50,000
Bernburg	4,844		

Cadiz	57,387
Caen	30,923
Cagliari	35,000
Cahors	11,228
Cairo	300,000
Calais	6,996
Calcutta	600,000
Cambray	13,799
Cape Town	15,000
Cape Henry (Hayti)	20,000
Carcassonne	15,219
Carmagnole	12,000
Caroline	12,000
Carpentras	8,489
Caraccas	24,000
Carthagena Am.	25,000
Carthagena Sp.	29,000
Casal	16,151
Cassel	18,000
Castres	15,171
Catanea	50,000
Cette	6,984
Châlons sur M.	11,120
Châlons sur S.	10,431
Chambery	10,800
Chandernagor	100,000
Charcas	30,000
Charkow	10,743
Charlestown	25,000
Chartres	13,794
Châteauroux	8,049
Chatellerault	8,139
Chemniz	12,000
Cherasco	11,166
Cherbourg	11,389
Cherson	15,000
Chieri	10,060
Chieti	12,230
Chotim	20,000
Christiana	10,000
Cinq-Eglises	8,925
Ciudad Rodrigo	11,000
Civita-Vecchia	12,000
Clausthal	7,650
Clermont	30,000
Coblenz	10,691
Coburg	7,100
Coimbra	11,871
Colmar	11,933
Cologne	42,706
Como	15,000
Compostella, St. Jago de	21,334
Conception	13,000
Coni	16,500
Constance	5,000
Constantinople	300,000
Copenhagen	98,000
Cordova	20,274
Corfu	10,000
Cork	67,000
Cosenza	15,000
Coutances	8,507
Cremona	24,000
Creveldt	8,319
Csaba	12,000
Cuença, Am.	30,000
Cumana	18,000
Cusco	32,000
Damascus	200,000
Damietta	50,000
Dantzick	42,273
Darmstadt	11,350
Debreczin	35,000

Delft	13,859	Felibe	100,000
Delhi	1,700,000	Ferrara	30,000
Derbent	20,000	Fez	50,000
Dessau	9,220	Fiume	11,000
Detmold	2,180	Flensborg	15,000
Deventer	10,088	Florence	74,000
Diarbecker	100,000	Flushing	5,700
Dieppe	20,000	Foggia	17,000
Dijon	18,888	Fontainebleau	7,429
Dôle	8,235	Forli	12,000
Dordrecht	19,402	Fossano	14,000
Dorpat	3,603	Francfort on the Mein	37,000
Douay	18,230	Francfort on the Oder	10,000
Dresden	58,000	Fraustadt	5,585
Drontheim	8,200	Freyberg	10,000
Dublin	167,900	Friburg	8,000
Dunkirk	21,158	Furth	12,700
Dusseldorf	11,848	Fulda	6,532
Ecija	28,176	Funchal	15,000
Egra	7,544	Gap	8,050
Eichstedt	5,837	Gaza	26,000
Einbeck	5,292	Gefle	5,730
Eisenach	8,214	Gemund	5,316
Eisleben	5,330	Genoa	80,000
Elberfeld	19,513	Geneva	22,759
Elbing	19,270	Gera	7,000
Elche	17,403	Ghent	55,161
Elvas	12,500	Gibraltar	8,500
Emden	11,251	Giesen	5,174
Erfurt	16,000	Girge	25,000
Erlangen	9,000	Girgenti	20,000
Erlau	15,942	Glatz	6,681
Eschwege	4,441	Glogau	12,000
Eskjudar	60,000	Görlitz	8,200
Evora	11,903	Görz	12,000
Evreux	8,426	Göttingen	8,063
Fai-Billet (le)	9,991		
Falaise	14,000		

Gondar	80,000	Helmstädt	5,080
Goslar	6,076	Herforden	5,017
Gotha	11,500	Hermannstadt	13,313
Gottenburg	13,000	Herzogenbusch	12,627
Gonda	11,379	Hildburghausen	3,500
Grasse	12,521	Hildesheim	10,949
Grätz, Austr.	40,000	Hirschberg	6,000
Graiz	4,500	Hof	5,000
Greifswalde	4,000	Honfleur	8,664
Grenada, Sp.	52,000	Hoorn	8,193
Grenoble	20,654	Hydernagor	150,000
Groningen	26,044	Jaen	27,000
Guadalaxara, Mexico	30,000	Janina	30,000
Guamanga, Peru	26,000	Jaroslaw	20,000
Guanavacoa, Cuba	12,000	Jassy	14,963
Guanaxuato, Mexico	70,000	Jasz Bereno	12,000
Guayaquil	20,000	Jeddo	1,000,000
Guben	5,099	Jena	4,330
Gustrow	6,435	Jerusalem	20,000
Hague	42,150	Iglau	10,948
Halberstadt	12,960	Inspruck	8,800
Halifax, Amer.	20,000	Irkutsk	20,000
Hall, Wirt.	5,683	Isle de Leon	20,000
Halle, Saxe	13,477	Ispahan	50,000
Hallein	6,020	Issoudun	10,265
Hallstadt	8,000	Kacho	1,000,000
Hamburg	106,920	Kaluga	19,000
Hanau	11,953	Karlsburg	12,000
Hanover	21,360	Karlskrona	13,800
Harlem	20,080	Karlsruhe	8,721
Havannah	70,000	Kartasura, Java	100,000
Havre	16,000	Kasan	16,000
Heidelberg	8,920	Kasbin	60,000
Heilbronn	5,800	Kaschau	12,000
		Kempten	8,000
		Ketzkemet	24,000
		Kiel	[illegible]

Kiew	40,000
Kingston, Jama.	15,000
Klagenfurth	11,000
Klausenburg	14,522
Königsberg	56,710
Köthen	5,270
Komorn	12,067
Kongsberg	10,000
Kotbus	5,566
Krakau	25,000
Kremniz	10,000
Kronstadt, Rus.	40,000
Kronstadt Trans	18,118
Kustrin	5,400
Kursk	15,180
Laibach	20,000
Landsberg on the Warta	6,144
Landshut	7,820
Langensalza	5,374
LaPaz, (S. Am.)	20,000
Larissa	20,000
Lauban	6,091
Lausanne	8,000
Laval	15,267
Leghorn	60,000
Leiden	30,636
Leipsic	30,800
Lemberg	50,000
Lérida	16,818
Leuwaarden	16,504
Libourne	8,076
Liège	50,000
Liegnitz	7,478
Lierre	9,581
Lille	54,757
Lima	52,000
Limburg	15,000
Limerick	39,000
Limoges	20,252
Linz	18,754
Lisbon	350,000
Lisieux	10,271
Lissa	7,598
Locminé	9,429
Lodi	10,000
Lokeren	11,941
Lorca	21,866
Loretto	7,000
Louisburg	5,500
Louvain	25,000
Lubeck	25,526
Lucca	20,000
Lugano	8,000
Luneburg	10,039
Luneville	10,436
Luxemburg	9,002
Lyons	115,128
Macassar	100,000
Macerata	14,000
Macon	10,807
Madras	300,000
Madrid	156,672
Maestricht	17,963
Magdeburg	25,867
Malaga	42,000
Malines	16,072
Manheim	18,818
Manilla	13,000
Mans	18,081
Mantua	13,000
Maracaybo	25,000
Maranham, Braz	15,000
Marburg	5,663
Marien-Theresienstadt	30,000

Marseilles	96,413	Münden	4,536
Massa	9,826	Münich	66,000
Matera	14,000	Münster	12,800
Mayence	23,325	Murcia	44,000
Mayenne	9,095	Murzuk	20,000
Meaco	600,000	Namur	15,085
Meinungen	4,200	Nancy	28,227
Meissen	4,500	Nanking	1,000,000
Memel	5,111	Nantes	77,162
Memmingen	6,941	Naples	440,000
Mendoza	21,000	Narbonne	9,086
Merseburg	5,239	Naumburg	12,000
Messina	30,000	Neuruppin	7,050
Metz	41,035	Neusatz	13,262
Mexico	137,000	Neustadt, near Magdeb.	5,566
Middelburg	17,687	Neustadt, near Vienna	10,680
Milan	120,000	Nevers	11,200
Minden	6,915	New York	60,500
Mirandola	8,180	Nice	18,475
Miskolz	13,500	Nicopoli	20,000
Mitau	12,350	Nimeguen	11,000
Mocha	18,000	Niort	15,032
Modena	20,000	Nismes	39,594
Modica	23,500	Nordhausen	8,712
Moissac	10,035	Nordlingen	5,804
Mondovi	21,557	Nuremberg	27,000
Mons	18,291	Oedenburg	12,319
Montauban	15,000	Odessa	15,000
Monte Video	15,000	Offenbach	9,000
Montpellier	32,723	Olmutz	8,600
Morlaix	9,351	Orel	15,524
Morocco	25,000	Orenburg	24,000
Moscow	300,000	Orient	17,837
Mosul	70,000	Orihuela	21,000
Moulins	13,509	Orleans	41,937
Mühlhausen, Fr.	9,353	Orleans, New	27,000
Mühlhausen, Upper Saxony	9,227		

Osnabruck	8,997
Ostend	10,459
Otabalo	20,000
Paderborn	4,752
Padua	12,000
Palermo	140,000
Palma	29,259
Paramaribo	80,000
Paris	547,756
Parma	35,000
Passarowan	30,000
Passau	8,330
Pau	8,465
Pavia	25,000
Paz	20,000
Pekin	2,000,000
Pernambuco	32,000
Perpignan	10,000
Perugia	16,000
Pesaro	12,000
Pesth	36,000
Pforzheim	5,062
Philadelphia	114,000
Philippopoli	120,000
Pignerol	10,086
Pilsen	5,424
Pisa	15,000
Pistoia	10,000
Plasencia	15,000
Plauen	6,082
Pleskow	8,000
Poitiers	18,223
Pondichéry	25,000
Popayan	25,000
Poperlingen	7,967
Porto	30,000
Posen	23,000
Potosi	100,000
Potsdam	26,000
Pozzuolo	9,000
Prague	80,317
Prato	10,000
Prenzlau	7,200
Presburg	32,200
Puebla, Mexico	68,000
Puerto del Principe	30,000
Puy en Velay	12,069
Quebec	18,000
Quedlinburg	10,476
Quito	70,000
Raab	13,071
Raconigi	10,536
Ragusa	12,000
Rangoon	30,000
Raschid	40,000
Rastadt	3,100
Ratisbon	21,433
Ravenna	14,000
Reggio, Ital.	15,000
Reggio, Calabria	12,000
Reichenberg	10,500
Renaix	9,500
Rennes	25,904
Reusse	2,000
Reutlingen	8,000
Revel	11,800
Rheims	30,229
Riga	30,100
Rimini	15,000
Rio Janeiro	100,000
Riom	13,328
Rise	30,000
Rochefort	15,000
Rochelle	17,512
Rome	160,000

Rostock	13,736	Santo Domingo	12,000
Rotenburg	5,657	Saragossa	42,000
Rotterdam	53,866	Sarajevo	40,000
Roubais	8,091	Sassari	30,000
Rouen	87,000	Saumur	9,636
Roulers	8,063	Savigliano	18,752
Rudolstadt	4,100	Savona	16,000
Saint-Amand	8,039	Schaffhausen	7,000
Saint-Brieux	8,090	Schemnitz	22,000
Saintes	10,050	Schiedam	9,151
Saint-Etienne	16,259	Schleiz	3,000
St. Gall	8,000	Schmalkalden	5,050
St. Germain-en-Laye	8,954	Schwabach	6,500
St. Malo	9,147	Schwaz	8,000
St. Nicolas	10,980	Schweidnitz	8,232
St. Omer	20,109	Schweinfurt	6,360
St. Petersburg	271,000	Schwerin	9,800
St. Pierre, Mart	31,000	Sedan	10,634
St. Quentin	10,477	Ségo	30,000
St. Servan	8,836	Selaniki	62,000
Salamanque	15,000	Sens	8,575
Salins	8,125	Seville	80,268
Saluces	10,150	Sidney, New Holl.	12,000
Salzburg	15,500	Siena	18,000
San-Felipe	14,000	Sinigaglia	10,000
San-Juan, South America	19,000	Smyrna	120,000
San-Marino	5,000	Smolensko	12,000
San-Salvador, Brasil	100,000	Solingen	9,000
San-Sébastian	12,000	Sondershausen	3,052
Santa-Cruz, Teneriffe	7,000	Sophia	46,000
StaFé de Bogota	30,000	Sorento	15,000
Sant-Jago de Cuba	35,000	Spa	2,106
Sant-Jago, Chili	46,000	Spalatro	12,000
		Stade	6,216
		Stargard, Pomerania	6,749
		Stettin	18,463

Steyer	6,958	Tranquebar	15,000
Stockholm	75,570	Trapani	20,000
Stockport	20,000	Treviso	15,000
Stralsund	11,164	Trent	7,000
Strasburg	49,056	Treves	9,118
Straubing	6,200	Trieste	32,700
Stuhlweissenburg	12,248	Tritchenopoli	300,000
Stutgard	24,000	Troppau	8,000
Suhl	6,100	Troyes	24,061
Surat	150,000	Tubingen	5,800
Syracuse	14,000	Tula	17,638
Szegedin	25,347	Tulle	9,360
Szistowe	21,000	Tunis	200,000
Tarascon	11,320	Turcoing	11,038
Tarento	18,457	Turin	79,000
Taschkent	40,000	Turnhoult	8,065
Tauris	250,000	Twer	17,395
Teheran	50,000	Ubigau	7,000
Teltow	9,000	Udine	15,000
Temeswar	10,100	Ulm	11,289
Terracina	9,000	Upsal	4,400
Tetuan	20,000	Urbino	8,000
Thiers	10,605	Utrecht	34,881
Thorn	6,591	Valencia	105,000
Tiflis	20,000	Valenciennes	16,918
Tilsit	8,656	La Valette	12,000
Tivoli	18,000	Valladolid	24,000
Tlascala	50,000	Vannes	9,131
Tobolsk	16,300	Velletri	14,000
Toledo	25,000	Venice	160,000
Tombuctu	25,000	Vera Cruz	16,000
Tortona	8,480	Vercelli	16,162
Touci	21,974	Verden	5,062
Toulon	22,000	Verdun	9,136
Toulouse	50,171	Verona	57,000
Tournay	21,303	Versailles	27,574
Tours	20,240	Verviers	10,072
		Vicenza	36,000

Vienna, in Austria	225,000	Wismar	6,254
Vienne, in Fr.	10,362	Wittenberg	5,500
VillaRica, Bras.	20,000	Wolfenbuttel	7,050
Ville-franche	9,331	Worms	5,000
Villeneuve d'Ag.	10,500	Wurzburg	21,380
Viterbo	15,000	Xeres	30,000
Vitre	8,809	Ypres	15,148
Voghera	10,000	Yvetot	10,000
Warna	16,000	Zaardam	9,350
Warsaw	64,400	Zacatecas, Mexico	33,000
Washington	13,250	Zante	12,000
Waterford	20,000	Zara	7,000
Weimar	8,500	Zeitz	7,000
Weissenfels	5,000	Zelle, Luneb.	7,848
Wernigerode	5050	Zerbst	7,200
Wesel	8,500	Zittau	7,828
Wetzlar	5,000	Znaïm	5,390
Widdin	20,000	Zullichau	6,402
Wilna	20,900	Zurich	11,000
		Zwoll	12,220

Historical Chronicle

FOR 1822.

To be continued annually.

JANUARY.

1. Convocation of the States-General of Bavaria.
2. Fresh conspiracy against the government of the King of France at Béfort. Apprehension of most of the conspirators.
8. Change in the Spanish ministry.
15. The National Assembly of the states of Greece, convoked at Epidaurus, issues a decree respecting the new constitution of the Hellenes.
19. Opening of the meeting of the states of Hanover.
26. Opening of the States-General of Bavaria, at Munich.
Continuation of the anarchy in Spain.
Disturbances in Ireland.

FEBRUARY.

2. Entry of the President Boyer into the city of St. Domingo.
3. Frays between the Swiss and the French at Orleans.
4. Cessation of the censorship in France.
5. Ali-Pacha, the most cruel tyrant of modern times, after leaguing against the Porte with the people of his former government, whom he had oppressed, is at length obliged to surrender at discretion to the conqueror, and is put to death by command of the Grand Signor.
— Opening of Parliament.
7. Discovery of a plot at Nantes.
8. Apprehensions at Marseilles and Toulon.
11. The Prince-royal of Brazil orders the Portuguese troops to be sent back to the mother country. They sail on the 16th for Portugal.
12. Entry of General Riego into Madrid.
16. Decree of the Prince-royal of Brazil, respecting the establishment of a national representation.
17. Detonations of Vesuvius, which announce an approaching eruption.

19. Earthquakes in Italy and the south of France: in the department of the Ain, a shock throws down a horse and his rider.
24. Opening of the Congress of the deputies of Mexico.
— General Berton strives to excite an insurrection between Thouars and Saumur.
25. The county of Cork, in Ireland, proclaimed in a state of insurrection.
27. Fresh change of ministry in Spain.
— French troops make a descent on what was formerly the Spanish part of Haiti (St. Domingo).
28. Divan of Constantinople rejects the *ultimatum* of Russia.
Remarkable eruption of Vesuvius, towards the conclusion of the month.

At this time violets and snow-drops were in flower: the elder, gooseberry, and other early shrubs, began to put forth leaves. Upon the whole, vegetation was this season six weeks earlier than usual. This meteorological phenomenon nearly resembled that of 1804.

MARCH.

1. Opening of the session of the ordinary Cortes at Madrid. General Riego elected President. Another change of ministry.

In the early part of this month, many disorders are committed in the churches of Paris, where the Missionaries perform the services of Lent. The students of that capital also occasion much rioting in the adjacent streets for some successive days. Several are excluded from the lectures of all the faculties of Paris, for having taken part in illegal meetings.

— Eruption of a volcano in the island of Umnak: violent shocks of earthquakes and subterraneous detonations.
3—6. Sea-fight between the Turks and Greeks off Patras.
8. Message of the President of the Congress of the United States, recommending the recognition of the independence of the Republic of Colombia, agreeably to the application of this new state. The representatives acquiesce in this recognition.
19. A new military conspiracy breaks out at La Rochelle, but fails.
23. Landing of the Greeks on the isle of Scio.

24. New Tarif of Russian customs.

At the beginning of this month Bolivar makes his entry into Quito. All Spanish America, with the exception of some points in the south of Chili, and in the interior of Peru, and also Porto Cabello, in the hands of the natives.

On the 6th of this month the Thames exhibited an extraordinary phenomenon. The wind blowing so violently from the S. W. that the flood-tide was interrupted for two hours, the water of the river was in consequence so low, that, in many places, people could walk on its bed. About noon the tide began to rise with great rapidity, and did considerable mischief.

APRIL.

2. A counter-revolution in Mexico, for the purpose of restoring the former connexion between that colony and Spain.

11. The Turks land in Scio, and ravage the island with fire and sword.

15. Capture of a squadron of French and Spanish slave-ships, by the boats of the British ships of war on the coast of Africa.

24. Tarif of customs in France.

28. M. de Poletica, the Russian envoy to the American Congress, quits Washington.

MAY.

6. The Asiatic troops begin to evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia. The Sublime Porte resolves to appoint Boyars of these two provinces to the post of Hospodar.

8, 9, 10. Earthquake in Sicily. One of the shocks does great damage at Nicosia.

10. Death of the Abbé Sicard, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris.

12. A comet discovered at Marseilles.

13. The Prince-royal of Portugal assumes the title of Prince Regent and Constitutional Protector of Brasil.

21. The Sovereign Congress of Mexico proclaims Emperor Don Augustin Iturbide, born in New Spain, in 1799.

26. The Emperor Alexander sets out to review his army at Wilna, Witepsk, &c.

28. Closing of the States-general of Bavaria.

29. Violent earthquake at Bourbon-Vendée, in the direction from N. W. to S. W.

Great distress manifests itself in Ireland, owing to the failure of the potatoe-crops. Subscriptions opened in London and all over England for the relief of the Irish perishing by famine and disease.

JUNE.

2. A conspiracy frustrated at Lisbon.
4. Change of ministry at Naples.
9. Dey of Algiers declares war against Spain and Holland.
11. A custom-house order issued in Bavaria, and on the 24th in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, against the importation of French productions and manufactures.
12. Great fire at Stockholm and at Norköping.
14. Commercial Treaty, signed at Washington, between France and the United States of America.
17. The United Brethren, or Moravians, celebrate the secular jubilee of the foundation of their community at Herrnhut, the principal establishment of their sect.
19. In the night between the 19th and 20th, Greek fire-ships approach the Turkish fleet, lying at anchor off Scio: they set fire to it, and the admiral's ship is blown up. The Captain-Pacha, the author of the miseries of that most unfortunate island, perishes.
30. Spanish Cortes closed by the King with a speech from the throne.

In the course of this month many Greeks put to death, and sold for slaves at Constantinople.

Plague at Algiers.

JULY.

2. Futile attempt of Lieutenant-colonel Carron to excite insurrection against the French government at New Breisach.

— Mutiny of the Royal Guards at Madrid. In an action on the 7th, between them and the militia, supported by the armed inhabitants, they lose 400 men, and are compelled to lay down their arms. Another change of ministry succeeds.

— Don Carlos, the king's brother, implicated in this revolt of the guards, brought before a court of justice; and on his refusal to answer interrogatories on oath, his property is sequestrated.

10. Prussian loan of three millions and a half sterling contracted for by Rothschild.

10. Grand dinner given at the London Tavern to Don Francisco Zea, minister of the Colombian Republic.
19. In consequence of disturbances in Catalonia, king Ferdinand signs a decree for a new levy of 25,000 men. The province of Biscay full of insurgents.
22. 200,000*l.* voted by Parliament for the relief of distress, and 10,000*l.* for building new churches, in Ireland.

Preparations for the assembly of a Congress of the principal Powers of Europe at Vienna.

AUGUST.

6. Prorogation of the British Parliament.
10. The King embarks at Greenwich for Scotland; lands at Leith on the 15th; goes in solemn procession to Edinburgh Castle the 22d; dines with the Corporation of Edinburgh, in the Parliament-house, on the 25th; embarks at Queensferry on the 27th; and lands again at Greenwich on the 30th.
12. Death of the Marquis of Londonderry, who is succeeded in the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by the Right Hon. George Canning.

The Sanitary Cordon, established by the French government on the Spanish frontier, under pretext of preventing the introduction of disease, declared to be an army of observation.

SEPTEMBER.

1. New Marriage Act takes effect.
7. The Emperor of Russia arrives at Vienna.
17. The Duke of Wellington sets out for Vienna, as the representative of Great Britain, at the approaching Congress, which is to be held at Verona.
— Berton and four of his accomplices tried at Poictiers for high treason, and condemned to die.
22. Execution at Paris of four subaltern officers, implicated in the conspiracy at Rochelle.
— Execution of General Elio, late Governor-general of Valencia, at the city of Valencia, condemned on a charge of betraying the Constitution.

THE END.

Printed by C. E. Knight, Butcher Row, East Smithfield.

On the 1st of January, 1823, will be published,

No. 1, OF

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OF THE

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